The Fall Fashion Number

PICTORIAL REVIEW

713649

OCTOBER 1914 · FIFTEEN CENTS

BEGINNING A REMARKABLE SERIAL BY MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY NEW YORK

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PICTURAL REVIEW

Issued the Fifteenth of each month and dated one month in advance

THE PICTURAL REVIEW COMPANY
The Pictural Review Building
222-224-226 West 39th Street, New York

William F. Ahnell, President — Chas. W. Nelson, 1st Vice-Pres.
Leon Lewin, Sec. and Treas. — Everett D. Trumbull, 2nd Vice-Pres.
Paul Block, Advertising Director — B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director

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Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Branch Offices: 325 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th St., St. Louis; 617 Mission St., San Francisco; 82 and 84 North Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Belfield St., Boston; 150 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

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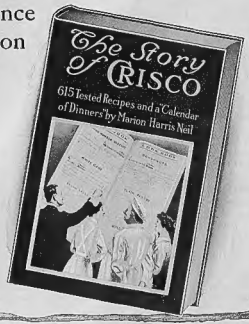

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

Vol. XVI
No. 1

Edited By
Arthur J. Vance

October
1914

DON'T BE AFRAID TO SAY "NO"

ANY one can say "Yes." It sometimes requires the stuff of which heroes are made to say "No."

"Yes" usually represents the line of least resistance. "No" is often a test of character.

Those of us who say "Yes" to almost any proposition, float with the tide. Those of us who say "No" are generally battling up-stream with an eye on the trophy which goes to the winner.

Within the next few months thousands of young people will learn to reach decisions for themselves. Among these may be reckoned young men and women going away to school, others going into business, and still others marrying and starting homes of their own. Heretofore, in reaching decisions they have been aided by their parents to a large extent; sometimes willingly, sometimes against their personal wishes.

"I wouldn't do that, dear," or "Father and I would rather you did not go," has been the maternal admonition. Sometimes it has been even more emphatic. "We cannot possibly permit you to do it and we will not give you the money."

Thus the young man or woman with a question to decide has not been forced to assume responsibility. He has been able to evade, to hide his own indecision by saying, "Dad thinks I'd better not;" adding perhaps "Of course, if it wasn't for hurting Dad's feelings," or "If I was my own boss."

But now he cannot use Dad for an excuse or a buffer. Dad will not be there to be hurt by what he does. He is his own boss. He must take the initiative, and accept the responsibility. He must make his own decisions and abide by the consequences.

Take the young chap off to preparatory school. Mentally, scholastically, he will be prepared for entrance to college. Morally, he will lay the corner-stone of his character as a man. There will be a certain amount of restraint, a certain number of rules and regulations laid down by the faculty. Certain results must be given in order to insure promotion at the end of the term. Certain rules of conduct must be observed if he is to remain in the school.

THERE can be no hiding now behind parental wishes, no shifting of responsibility. There is no time to write and ask what father and mother think. He must say "Yes" or "No" for himself. Perhaps that is just one reason why Dad stood out for the military or "prep" school. He wanted his boy to learn to stand on his own feet. He wanted to find out what sort of stuff the lad is made of!

And so the boy faces a lot of problems which seemed comparatively easy at home, but are now a bit puzzling. That is, of course, if he is the right sort of a chap. The boy who has no mind of his own, who is led by his fellows, says "Yes" and floats. The right sort of a boy squints an eye at the tide to see where it carries those who float upon it.

He would like to be recognized as an all-round good sport, a fellow who could take a chance at almost any sort of a game and come out unscathed; who could play with fire and not burn his fingers. He does not think it would do to tell the other fellows that he didn't dare to do this or that.

His father is successful and popular in their home town. He smokes, but not to excess. He sticks to soft drinks and leaves alcohol alone. And he doesn't play cards for money. He and the boy talked it all over before the latter left for school.

"I don't want you to be a mollycoddle or a prig, but I want you to be a healthy man, fit to take up your work in life when you leave college. So cut out the cigarets, and drinking until you are twenty. By that time they won't harm you so much, or you will be strong enough to get along without them."

Father didn't exact a promise, however,—perhaps because he wanted to make the boy decide for himself. Now, the boy rather wishes he had that promise to fall back on. The fellows who smoke cigarets to excess, think he's a coward. The chaps who toss off a gin fizz or a cocktail with such nonchalance, think him a spoil-sport. If he doesn't approve of their ways, why he needn't come around.

He feels the insinuation that he is tied to Mother's apron-string, that he hasn't outgrown the home influences. He hasn't the courage to face the laughter which follows his weak and wavering "I guess I better not." He doesn't realize that the moment his back is turned the laughter turns to a shrug of the shoulders and his tempters start off in search of a fresh victim. He is afraid to say "No" flatly and emphatically.

Temptation is not always presented in the same form. The subtle tempter is he who flatters,—who suggests that the new boy can smoke and drink and carouse and still stand well in his studies and athletics.

And especially if the tempter is avaricious as well as clever, he insinuates that the whole school understands the new boy comes from a rich home. And how the average new boy does hate to admit that this is a mistake—that, as a fact, the folks at home are making sacrifices to put him through college.

Girls face temptation in a different form. The most prevalent evil in boarding-school and college for girls to-day is extravagance, and this despite the fact that the average faculty strives hard to create a democratic spirit among the girls and to instil appreciation for the simpler and finer things of life.

IN every school for girls are found daughters of the newly rich and daughters of indulgent, unthinking mothers who place apparel above educational advantages. These girls with their hand-wrought lingerie, their filmy, fragile blouses, their elaborate dressing-table appointments, infect the hundreds who left home with the firm intention of securing mental stimulus, not fashionable fads, at "prep" school or college. The fair but brainless daughter of the unthinking, indulgent mother is good to look upon; the shimmer of her silks, the clinging folds of her chiffons, the softness of her laces, the smartness of her hats—which one of her sisters thus attired would not be equally good to look upon?

And so, when the little daughter of the rich says to the daughter of the parents who are making sacrifices, "I know where you can get a blouse like this for five ninety-eight," the girl from the modest home finds it hard to say "No, I have blouses enough." She figures that she can give up the concert she was to hear the next week, or the lecture, and she won't go to the tea-room for two weeks at least, and she will call off the spread for Friday night all for a waist, though she thought her supply of waists ample when she left home. So she buys the new blouse, forgetting that the concert and the lecture are part of the all-round education for which her parents are paying gladly. And when the other girls go to the tea-room, she finds that she hasn't courage to stay home alone, nor can she call off the invitations for the spread because a girl must be hospitable if she is to be popular in college.

It takes courage to say "No" to the lure of the filmy blouse. It takes courage to serve tea and wafers in your own room to girls who generally seek out the "Teacup Inn" with its expensive sandwiches and sweets. But in the end, it makes for self-respect and the honest admiration of the girls who have not the same brand of courage, only money and the trick of wasting it.

The young man or woman starting in business on a small salary, has even more serious temptations to meet, and requires an equally stiff brand of courage to say "No." For now it's the earning capacity which is under fire, his success which is questioned. If he hasn't got the money he can't be making good, is implied, for in this day and age a lot of people have acquired the habit of expecting a young chap to start off with the income which his father is earning after years of preparation.

"It's the young man's day," they say. "The young men are doing things and holding big positions." So the young man who hasn't the money to spend, feels that to admit it is a reflection on his own powers.

THE young man or woman new in the world of business, faces an ever increasing number of problems. Most of these come in the form of what might be termed a financial temptation. In the average business concern salaries are not made public. One man can only guess shrewdly at what the other man is earning. False pride often makes the newcomer hide the smallness of the salary he is receiving. Certain of his fellow workers flaunt the wealth and play upon it. They cleverly insinuate that he is drawing a paltry big salary for a young fellow, that he ought to buy cigars or take up the lunch check for treat. And he lacks the courage to say "No, can't afford it."

They come around with a subscription paper. The head of the department is to be married. The foreman's wife has died. They are getting up a basket for a fellow worker. The newcomer could spare half a dollar or a quarter, but the man who passes around the subscription paper,—generally a self-seeking individual,—hints that the boss will see the paper, and no one wants the reputation of being a tightwad. So the young worker, who could not afford more than a quarter, gives a dollar, and is immediately stamped as an easy mark.

It is mighty hard to deny the insinuation,—the flattery that you have money to spend, in an age when success is the most glittering of golden calves set up on the highest of pedestals.

Then to every young man of small income there is the girl question. There is the girl down-town working at your elbow, who somehow or other makes it seem almost discourteous not to pay her car-fare. Or she leaves her lunch check where you can't very well ignore it, or she lets you buy her evening paper along with yours, or she tells you about the dancing club she is organizing. You really don't care anything about her, and she doesn't care anything about you, but you hate to let her spread the tale around the office that you are stingy. And so she gets more of your salary than you can really spare.

Then there's the other girl,—the girl on whom you'd gladly spend all that you earn. If she's the right kind of a girl, she doesn't want you to do it. If she's the wrong kind of a girl, she soon has you in debt to your tailor and your landlady.

The best time to start saying "No" is the day that you start to work. You will find that you can tear up a salary envelope but you can't stretch it. Ten dollars will go no further next week than this, so if you want a clear head keep out of debt.

THE young couple, settling in their brand-new home, with all the temptation to entertain the good friends who helped to fit out the home with wedding gifts, have their troubles saying "No." *His* salary is not very big now, but it's going to be larger next year, so why worry if the grocery bill is larger than the sum set aside in the household budget? They will just entertain a few more friends and then economize. They will just buy one more lounging chair for the porch, and then consider the house completely furnished. They will just buy that second-hand runabout and save car-fare.

It's hard to say "No" during the honeymoon to the little woman who has given herself to you so unquestionably, but it is harder still to make her face debt, bankruptcy or disgrace with you later.

In one of the big western cities, where the young people are prepared for college at a splendidly equipped high school, the teachers noticed a wave of extravagance sweeping over the girls and the boys. The girls were overdressing at the dances, and the boys were spending too much money in order to keep up with these pretty frocks and frills. Carriages and candy, violets and matinées, tea-rooms and motor rides, were making fathers and mothers look serious, and in more homes than one there were sulky boys, talking about tightwad parents.

The teachers at the high school, practical men and women, took the matter in hand. There was a large class in domestic science and household economics. The teachers specialized on budgets. First came the budget of the boy or girl paying for all clothing and incidental expenses with an allowance; second, the budget of a young man earning ten, fifteen and twenty dollars a week, showing how much each had left for recreation and entertaining and, finally, the budget of the young husband making twenty-five dollars a week. From the fascinating task of finding out how the boys divided up the money they got, the girls passed to a realization of how little the boys had left to spend on them. They began to realize that carriages and violets for parties, matinées and tea-room tangoing could not possibly be paid for by the boy on the average allowance or the average salary. Somebody was going into debt that they might ride and dance; and, being wholesome, right-thinking American girls, they proceeded to reform the social life of that high school. They tasted the joy which comes of the courage to say "No."

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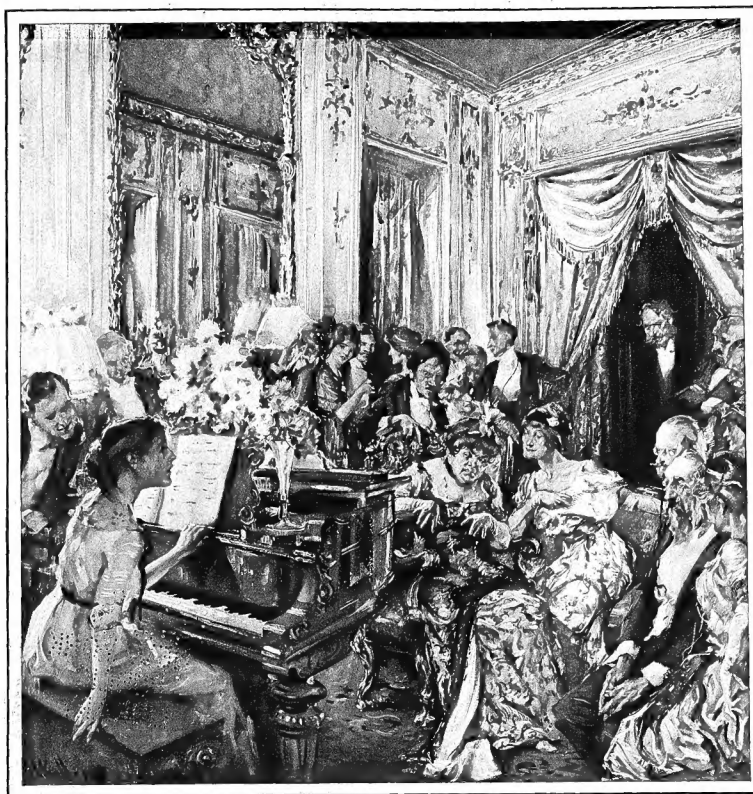

"She Broke off Abruptly, Another Startled Exclamation Falling from Her Lips, and Then Mute and Astounded, She Stared toward the Back of the Room"

THE FORGOTTEN HOUSE

The Opening Instalment of an Intensely Interesting Serial Story in Four Parts

By Maximilian Foster

Author of "The Whistling Man," "Keeping Up Appearances," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR I. KELLER

PROMPTLY at eight o'clock on a Sunday evening, the drawing-room at Mrs. Munger's on West Seventy-fifth Street began to fill itself with Mrs. Munger's guests. They came on foot, as a rule, and it was astonishing how many among them arrived singly—unattached men and unattended women who, for some particular reason, seemed neither to know one another well, nor their hostess either. But this was always more or less the case with these entertainments. The manner in which Mrs. Munger drummed her party together, and filled her drawing-room to the walls, reflected no little credit on her activities, her persistence, and her ingenious social enterprise.

"So good of you to come," murmured Mrs. Munger to each newcomer, and then, after a commonplace or two, a hint about the weather, perhaps, the guest was introduced profusely to all within reach and turned adrift among the others herded in the drawing-room. "So good of you to come!" murmured Mrs. Munger, greeting a fresh arrival; and thus it continued, exactly in a fashion with all Mrs. Munger's evenings at home.

The hostess was a large, heavy-featured person, loose jowled, dark and solemn, with a pair of eyes of the most singular dullness peering between thick and heavy lids. These and the deep puffs beneath them, her flabby cheeks and the habitual droop of her mouth, gave to Mrs. Munger, in moments of repose, an aspect of wistfulness—a stolid, almost sullen gravity. A slight difficulty in her gait impeded her, and as she passed among her guests Mrs. Munger leaned on a stick that thwacked the floor like a blind man's. Occasionally, however, she discarded this support, and in moving about relied entirely on the arm of her paid companion, Miss Nancy Robinson, a young, plainly dressed girl who sat in the background until needed. Miss Maria Munger, who was understood by Mrs. Munger's acquaintances to be some sort of a poor relation, sat there also, equally in the background but, unlike the companion, rarely required to come forward. No one recalled having ever seen a Mr. Munger but this was overlooked in the inference that Mrs. Munger had long been a widow.

MISS MARIA resembled Mrs. Munger in no other particular than the name. She was small and spare in contrast to her patron's bigness, a wasted blonde with the thin, straw-colored hair that, in place of turning gray with years, grows to a lighter sorrel instead; and to catch a single gleam from her pale, watery eyes was enough to invite in her a perfect convulsion of embarrassment. Thus effaced and forgotten, she sat there silently in the background, never by any chance speaking unless spoken to.

To describe Mrs. Munger's guests separately would be difficult—particularly were one to consider their variety. Collectively they appeared to be of the class that infest the drawing-rooms of women who have a purpose to achieve, but with little knowledge of how to effect it. In mass, her guests seemed to bulk somewhat on the ordinary; though one descried three or four individuals in whom there were suggestions not entirely limited to the social or the deliberate struggle to obtain it. For instance, there leaned against the mantelpiece a Mr. Alfuente, a lean, rumpled person with an oily, dissatisfied face. To use an expression, he was one of the lions of the evening, a usual type of the performer, notably a *poseur*, grubbed up by Mrs. Munger to give her evenings a tone. He was a musician—or so it was proclaimed.

Close beside him stood a tall, angular woman very much overdressed in a low-cut, yellow gown. This was Miss Mina Sutro Freedlark, a lady who was known from her own account to have cast before the public many pearls of Sapphic verse, all keyed in the most passionate strain imaginable. It was less generally understood, however, that Miss Freedlark also contributed to a newspaper under the conciliating title of *West Side Society*.

MRS. MUNGER'S name stood regularly in this budget, her entertainments invariably described as functions, and the hostess as the "well-known society leader." Occasionally, at Mrs. Munger's invitation, the poetess had been suffered to regale the guests with selections from her Sapphic verse, all of which were shortly to be published when a publisher that would undertake it had been decided on.

In addition, there were—but why go on? Many such persons had passed through the crucible of Mrs. Munger's drawing-room—painters, poets, writers, musicians, a tragic actor and an heroic actress or so, and once even a turbaned Hindu pundit, fat and discreetly smug; men and women of many varied degrees, all imminently on the point of doing something, all artistic, perhaps abnormally so, and all, for some inexplicable reason, never quite making a success of it.

Mrs. Munger sat down. She drew the folds of her plum-colored brocade about her, and leaning back waved imperiously to her paid companion.

"Play!" she commanded.

The young girl thus directed arose and moved quietly across the drawing-room. In a corner near a window stood the piano, a large, cumbersome grand, finished in the natural rosewood. Like all the other furnishings it, too, cried opulence—a fat-legged instrument, obese, pompous, florid, and no more harmonizing with its companion furnishings than it harmonized with the dingy, lamentable dowdiness of the young woman who now sat down to play on it.

She was a slender, delicately-featured girl, shadowy-eyed and repressed. One might have thought her about nineteen or twenty, though her quietness and repose under the trying circumstances of her position would have dignified a much older woman and one of a far better place in life. As was the case with Miss Maria, few of Mrs. Munger's guests ever troubled themselves with her presence; and in saying this, one feels a suspicion that Miss Robinson herself may have contributed to it by her reserve and quiet aloofness. In moments of her deepest repose, a look of real and intense wistfulness sometimes crept into her face—

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then Miss Robinson seemed to exist far away from the drawing-room, its lavish opulence, and its atmosphere of persistent social effort. Perhaps the reason why this was not more generally remarked in her, was that few appear attractive or show off to advantage who drag back their hair from the temples and wring it into a stiff, ungainly knot like a housemaid's done up for the morning. Still, this dowdiness and lack of personal adornment could not conceal the depth and animation of her eyes, once they awoke. They were a dark hazel, fringed by heavy lashes, and were of that quietly reflective nature that fastens upon whatever they study. It was just such a glance that she turned toward Mrs. Munger and her guests when she sat down to play; there was nothing contemptuous in it, or the slightest bit superior, but a clear-eyed, girlish look, calm and reflective. Superficially, it was known that the girl had been adopted very early in life, and that she had many reasons to feel grateful to Mrs. Munger. One or two who had felt embalmed to ask about her parentage had been answered with an expressive shrug of Mrs. Munger's shoulders and an embarrassing change in the topic. Her father and mother? Mrs. Munger's shrug was, indeed, definite.

"Play," said the hostess, imperiously waving her hand; and as the girl turned over the music sheets, the hangings parted and admitted another guest.

HERE, at least, was one who seemed to have long survived the trial of Mrs. Munger's evenings. A few who had met him before knew him incompletely as Mr. Gaylord, a tall, well-formed, wiry man of an almost military bearing, who wore the unmistakable, though somewhat careless, evidences of breeding. He still clung to the past fashion of side whiskers and these, with his hawk-like face and cool, steady eyes, gave to him a confident, distinguished air that was somehow lacking among the other guests, all of whom Mr. Gaylord treated with a patient, supercilious tolerance, entirely intolerable to the victims. Smiling slightly, and with a careless glance at the young woman seated before the piano, he walked across the drawing-room and murmured a good evening; a greeting the hostess mutely acknowledged by motioning to a chair at her side.

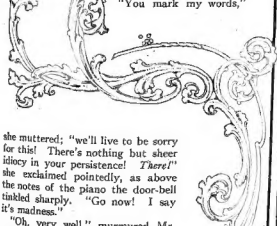
"Play, I tell you!" she commanded a little sharply, and the companion, averting her eyes, struck into the bars of the "Melody in F." At the same moment, Miss Maria, her gaze fastened on the newcomer, edged along the wall toward the doorway, and with a last agitated look around her, slipped away through the hangings for the evening, unnoticed by either hostess or guests.

There was a perturbed expression on Mrs. Munger's face that knitted her shaggy brows more closely together than before. It was as if she pondered something fretfully, and that Mr. Gaylord's coming had contributed to it. If so, however, Mr. Gaylord affected to ignore her mood; for, still smiling, he leaned toward her a moment later.

"Well, heard anything?" murmured Mr. Gaylord, lightly.

Mrs. Munger abruptly moved. "Hush!" she remonstrated, darting a quick, warning glance, and as the smile widened on Mr. Gaylord's lips her irritation grew with it. "Look here! Why did you persist in coming?" she demanded suddenly, her whisper harsh and reproachful. "I'm not going to do this for you again. You know there's nothing to be gained by it, and——"

Mr. Gaylord smiled a little more broadly, a whimsical, well-managed smile, mocking and careless. "And everything to be lost, do you mean?" he inquired teasingly.



"Tut! Tut! don't be so uneasy."

Mrs. Munger bit her lip, and with her head averted, affected to listen to the music. But what she had in her mind seemed to be of too much importance to leave unsaid. "You mark my words," she muttered; "we'll live to be sorry for this! There's nothing but sheer idiocy in your persistence! *There!*" she exclaimed pointedly, as above the notes of the piano the door-bell tinkled sharply. "Go now! I say it's madness."

"Oh, very well," murmured Mr. Gaylord in a placating tone; "if you feel that way about it."

Directly on the heels of Mr. Gaylord's departure entered a young man of, say, twenty-five or twenty-six. There was nothing particularly remarkable in his appearance beyond a certain smartness of dress and the way in which he smiled. It was one of those rare smiles capable of lighting up even the homeliest of countenances, and while the young man was hardly to be called homely, on the other hand none could scarcely term him handsome. He stood by the door until the music ended and then, without any of the visible embarrassment that marked so many of Mrs. Munger's other guests, made his way across the room toward the hostess.

Mrs. Munger was prepared for his coming. "So good of you to come, Mr. Harding," she murmured, ready with the set expression, and instantly the faintest of smiles sprang to Mr. Harding's lips.

"So good of you to have me," he retorted, so readily that Mrs. Munger narrowed her heavy eyes as if she suspected Mr. Harding of poking fun at her with a set echo for her ready-made, habitual greeting.

"Be seated," she bade him in her thick, mannish voice; and then she looked slowly around the room, her mouth set in its usual solemn droop.

At the piano the companion, with her eyes downcast, intently turned the sheets of music. There was a faint color in her face and her brow was puckered in a little frown. The majority of the guests waited expectantly for whatever else was on the program; and near the mantelpiece Miss Freedlark still poised herself. The poetess was alone for, at the beginning of the music, Mr. Alfuente had seized his opportunity to escape, had gravitated to the piano and, leaning on the edge of it, was slowly twirling his mustache at Mrs. Munger's companion. One would not have said that his velvet eyes stared openly; but the fact remains that the girl might have been embarrassed by such close attention had she taken the pains to look at him.

Mrs. Munger, looking at the young man beside her, found him scowling in the direction of the piano. But Mrs. Munger, following his look, saw nothing except her companion engrossed in the music and Mr. Alfuente edging a little nearer. A steady hum of small talk had risen in the drawing-room; the guests had broken their solemn silence at last; and Mrs. Munger smiled about her almost genially, her momentary air of uneasiness gone, once more the contented, sufficient hostess.

"Well, young man," she exclaimed, with an almost kittenish playfulness, "it's taken you a long time to find the way to my Sunday nights. Never mind, I'll forgive you. How're you getting on?"

Mr. Harding detached his eyes from the little comedy in the corner, and looked at his hostess inquiringly. "I beg your pardon! You mean the houses?"

Mrs. Munger nodded, smiling at him majestically and with encouragement. "That's what! though I suppose I shouldn't talk business when you're here for a good time. Still," she observed oracularly, "nothing like talking shop to a man to keep him interested!"

Mr. Harding, who was an architect, assented good-naturedly. "But look out, Mrs. Munger," he warned with a mock seriousness, "if you get me started you know what I'll say about your houses. You know what I think about the fittings you have selected," he added laughingly.

Miss Robinson's eye, had risen to smile and bow to her eagerly.

"Hey! you know some one here?" exclaimed Mrs. Munger, alertly, not seeing her companion's shy little nod of recognition. "Hey! who is it?"

Mr. Harding resumed his seat. "I was bowing to Miss Robinson," he answered quietly.

Mrs. Munger sank back almost crossly. "Huh? Oh, you mean her?" she mumbled brusquely, her thick lids fluttering as she blinked again toward the piano. "Where did you ever meet my companion, heh?"

Mr. Harding explained that he had seen Miss Robinson on occasions when he had called on business and found Mrs. Munger out. How many occasions, however, he didn't say. "Why, day before yesterday, I talked with her nearly an hour. She's very pretty, isn't she?"

Mrs. Munger nodded, but without enthusiasm.

"You'll laugh when you hear what we talked about," he volunteered.

"Indeed!" murmured Mrs. Munger, absently.

"Yes, I'm sure you will," he laughed; "guess what it was, now."

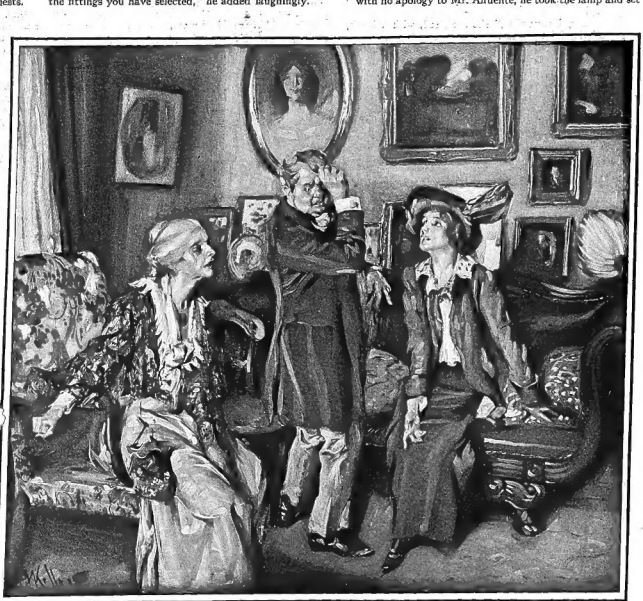
"Oh, I'm sure I couldn't," she muttered uninterestedly. Mr. Harding gazed at her whimsically. "We talked houses—what do you think of that? Or rather, we talked about a particular house—all about a single little red brick dwelling—one she wanted to locate!"

Mrs. Munger moved uneasily. "To locate a house?" she repeated, a tone almost of wonder in her voice. "What house did she want to locate? What kind of a house was it?" she demanded, and after that the heavy-lidded eyes blinked as they left his face and traveled toward the young woman at the piano.

BUT from Mr. Harding's answer, it seemed unlikely that Miss Robinson hunted any particular house; rather, it was a type of house. "Just an ordinary brick dwelling, Mrs. Munger—one of your usual old-fashioned affairs, you know," he said lightly, quite unconscious of the growing alertness, her rising interest and concern; and Mr. Harding was already about to change the topic when the comedy at the piano reached its climax.

"Excuse me a moment," said the young man, rising hastily.

Miss Robinson had left her seat and, still ignoring Mr. Alfuente, was struggling with a large lamp that stood on the music cabinet at her side. The musician, twirling his mustache, made no effort to aid her and she was trying to lift the lamp to the piano top when Mr. Harding reached her. "Let me help you, won't you?" he asked; and then, with no apology to Mr. Alfuente, he took the lamp and set



"'Because,' Answered Nancy, Raising Her Face; 'I Lived There with Her. Because I Know the House and Remember It"

it down in a place where it effectually obliterated the velvet-eyed gentleman, his mustaches and his dreamy languishing smiles.

Miss Robinson looked at him gratefully. "Thank you so much," she said quietly; "that's just where I wished it." There was no other meaning than thanks for the civility in her tone, nor did she even cast a glance at the now retreating Mr. Alfuente who, after a sour, conscious glare, had departed to the other side of the room. But none who had watched the little group could have had any reason to doubt the real cause of her gratefulness—

Mrs. Munger's air of playfulness became even more playful. "Oh, you architects!" she laughed jocosely and tapped him on the sleeve, "you'd like to ruin us all with your notions! Do you want to make palaces out of laborers' huts? Why, if I——"

Mrs. Munger broke off abruptly, and darted another quick look around her. For Mr. Harding, at last catching

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no one, unless it were the lean musician, so completely extinguished in his attentions.

The young man still lingered by the piano. "Found your house yet, Miss Robinson?" he inquired gaily. "What!" he exclaimed, when she shook her head; "haven't you found it? Really? And after all my aid and encouragement?"

Miss Robinson shook her head again, and smiled back at him. "I have about given up all hope," she answered lightly, slowly sorting her music.

"Oh, never say die!" chided the young man, promptly; "what kind of a house was it?"

The girl fluttered the sheets of music in her hand, the shadowy light in her eyes grown deeper now and more thoughtful. "A castle in Spain, I think—a mansion in the skies, perhaps," she answered.

"A castle in Spain?" he repeated, and then puckered his brows in mock seriousness. "Now see here, Miss Robinson. I've been thinking about that house of yours. It was a double brick house—wasn't that it?—and it had white columns at the door, a fanlight, a spindle railing out in front, and green blinds? Yes—you see my wonderful memory?" The girl smiled and nodded. "Very well, then," he cut in buoyantly, a twinkle in his eyes; "I know where you can march right up to a house like that!"

"Where?" she asked, oblivious of Mrs. Munger, who was biting her lip, and irritably trying to catch her attention.

"Old Greenwich Village!" he answered promptly; "if there's one house down there like it, there are hundreds." But there the girl broke into a ripple of amusement.

"Hundreds!" she gibed; "and I'm looking for only one."

"Still," he ventured hopefully, "your house might be among them; and after the way you've hunted for two years, as you tell me, it might be worth trying. Are you going on a still hunt again to-morrow?—and in the morning, as usual?" She nodded, and he went on with a newer, livelier twinkle in his eye. "Very well! Then it might pay you if you took a look in at Hedge Street. There's a house like yours in that street, too."

The girl laughed again and thanked him.

"But mind!" he added, "I don't think you'll really ever find it unless you keep your promise to let me go with you. You know what you promised the other day?"

"Yes, I remember," she answered, with a laugh, coloring faintly again.

"Mind now! You'll have hard work without me. It's a pretty large order to find any house by description, just as I've been telling Mrs. Munger. You see——"

A low, startled exclamation interrupted him. "Mrs. Munger!" she repeated sharply. "I hope you haven't told her what we talked about?"

"Why, I did—yes. I hope I haven't done anything clumsy, have I? Why——"

The girl turned her head nervously, and shot a swift glance toward her patron. It was a furtive look, a glance as uneasy as that which Mrs. Munger had thrown toward the piano when Mr. Harding repeated her companion's talk about a house and houses. There was wakefulness and concern in the girl's face. Beside the hostess Miss Freedlark was still chattering away, her mouth spread in the widest of smiles, and emphasizing her talk with many eloquent shrugs of her lean, scraggy shoulders. But Mrs. Munger, so far from appearing to listen to her, now had her eyes fixed on the hangings of the door through which Mr. Gaylord had so lately made his exit. Some one was peering through the parted curtains, and whoever the person was, Mrs. Munger was watching him with every manifestation of alarm.

"Listen!" warned the girl, swiftly; "please forget that I spoke to you about the house! I cannot tell you what it means to me to say no more about it." She looked at Mrs. Munger, her troubled eyes still brimming with concern. "You may have done no harm, yet——"

She broke off abruptly, another startled exclamation falling from her lips, and then mute and astounded, she stared toward the back of the room.

THERE between the hangings appeared for a moment the face of Mr. Gaylord. He was gazing toward the two at the piano and Mrs. Munger, from her chair, was violently signaling to him, her heavy features convulsed into a look of warning and dismay, utterly unaware of the fact that Miss Freedlark sat open-mouthed and dumb, staring at the pantomime. But almost instantly, as the young man at the piano started to look around, Mr. Gaylord's face withdrew; and the hostess, falling back into her seat, glared abruptly toward her companion.

"Play!" she grumbled in a thickened voice, her nostrils distended like those of a war-horse answering the alarm. "PLAY!" cried Mrs. Munger in a thundering voice; and the young girl, her lip trembling and the color flooding into her face, bent over the piano, her fingers stumbling among the keys.

Late that night and long after the last guest had departed from Mrs. Munger's, Nancy Robinson sat up in bed with her hands pressed to her throbbing temples, and stared wakefully through the dark.

"Nancy! Nancy! Nancy!" shrilled a fantastic, jeering voice drumming in her brain. "Nancy! Nancy!"—and afterward, in an accusing trumpet blast—"Nancy"—contemptuously—"Nancy *Who?*"

Nancy didn't know. All her mind could bear upon was that she was nineteen now, and Mrs. Munger's paid companion. It seemed enough. But Nancy—why couldn't Nancy know? It was because she couldn't that Nancy sat up in bed in the dark and knuckled her head so distractedly. Between her throbbing temples the voice, the mocker, thumped away in aching sledge strokes, the way it always made her head ache when it came to taunt her, pleading, teasing, by turns. "Nancy. Oh, Nancy!" But, "Nancy *Who?*"

As obscure, vague, indefinite, was her first memory of Mrs. Munger. She thought, or so it seemed, she thought she played beneath a flowery bush in an old, tangled garden, and that the leathery face stared suddenly down at her—a dream, no doubt, an uneasy, troubling dream this time. "*You*, there!" grunted Mrs. Munger, and crooked her finger. Then her thick, flabby lips parted with a gleam of teeth. "*You, there!*" she croaked. Afterward came a confused, bewildering memory of getting up and going with Mrs. Munger—the shifting of that first time and place to another scene—to this life she had learned to know, certain only of its narrow reality. There was no dream about that. But beyond it, forgetfulness, like a fog, rolled in and hid everything from view. When she awoke, she came to herself only as Nancy, and nothing but that—Nancy, a wise, solitary child allowed to play with only the servants, and only when they'd let her.

It was Miss Maria who taught Nancy to read, since she had never been sent to school. It was through this—by instinct, intuition, whatever you wish to call it—that Nancy was led to the box of books hidden in Mrs. Munger's garret. That was when she was seven or eight.

ALMOST all the books were in French, and Nancy knew no French. But among them was one book she could understand—a book filled with magic tales of palaces and caves and fairy islands where lived genii and ogres and more princes and princesses—and poring through their adventures, the child shivered with creepy, crawly feelings up and down her spine, or shook with delicious pleasure. And on the fly-leaf was written in a boy's scrawling hand:

"When this you see,
Remember me.
R. Barnaby, his Book"

Also in the box was another book; a fat, leather-bound volume fitted with a brass clasp and filled with pictures of people of a bygone day. One face—the first in the album—she decided must be a portrait of Mrs. Munger's youth, though the face was less gross and flabby than the face she knew now. Then came the picture of a tall, slender man in black; a solemn, gentle-faced man, who singularly enough held a very small child in his arms. With a child's profound interest in children, her attention was fixed permanently on this; and beside it, there grew into her living mind the face of another figure in the album, one that appeared again and again, the face of a young, dark-eyed woman, the softness of whose clear eyes and quiet smile still shone unobscured from the faded, yellowing prints. Who was she?

But to go back. If Nancy were really only Nancy, and Mrs. Munger merely Mrs. Munger, there was a great deal to be explained. Why, for instance, was Nancy never sent to school—never, never allowed to play with the other children? What was it that was wrong about her? There was the boy who had tried to talk to her through the fence, and—but wait!

They dwelt then in the other house—the house with the white columns at the door, the green blinds, the fanlight, and so on—not the one in which Mrs. Munger was now settled so comfortably, so much after her own taste. When Mrs. Munger was comfortable and cosy and had everything she wished, Mrs. Munger grunted thickly, smacking her lips and chuckling softly and grinning to herself. And when she hadn't what she wished, one always knew it. Rows and rows of silk and satin gowns hung in her closets and she'd look them over and feel their fineness between her fingers and stand back and admire them; and on her tables were always candies and cake and other comforts, and there were flowers and perfumes, too, all of which Mrs. Munger liked so much. Only little girls mustn't touch, and when little girls couldn't help but touch, they almost always got their knuckles rapped. Afterward Mrs. Munger would take a sniff, or a nibble, and purr contentedly through her nose.

Nancy, even as a child, realized the grim nature of that massive, self-indulgent woman, and she feared her. There was the cane—the stick that thwacked the floor like a blind man's. Nancy had reason to remember it.

That time Nancy had talked through the fence to the boy the cane had come hopping soundlessly down the walk and crooked itself on Nancy's arm. Oh! how she'd jumped, scared, and only five! But why a snub-nosed boy with blue eyes and brown, wavy hair, and armed only with a slice of bread and jam, should so excite the emotion of Mrs. Munger, Nancy even now couldn't imagine.

"Mus'n't talk to you," Nancy had mumbled to the boy, for orders were orders, when Mrs. Munger gave them.

"Go on!" gibed the boy, grinning widely. "Nobody's looking."

"They are too! Things is always watching," corrected Nancy, who knew. For had not Mrs. Munger always warned her that *something* would catch her if she didn't watch out?

"We've just moved in; and say, I know about you!" declared the boy, importantly; "you live in Munger's and father, he says your father——"

Just then the cane's ivory handle crooked about her arm, and she was dragged backward with a jerk.

"Didn't I tell you?" menaced Mrs. Munger under her breath. At one glimpse of the warfare in her face the boy had taken to his heels terrified. "Didn't I tell you?" She hopped back up the walk, one hand gripping Nancy under the arm; and in the dark, top-floor room where Nancy was always locked, Mrs. Munger flopped down on a chair, one fluttering hand over her heart, and her flabby lips twitching convulsively.

"That was close—very close!" she whispered to herself. "I must take care—yes, I shall have another stroke unless I'm very, very careful! You come here!"

Nancy went because the ivory handle had reached out for her; and Mrs. Munger's face drew close.

"Look me in the eyes now! No stories, mind you! Here! Look at me! What was that boy saying to you?"

Nancy's eyes tried hard to dodge the eyes so close to hers. "He said his mother gave him the bread and jam. He wanted to know if mine does."

Mrs. Munger gave her a little shake. "Come—none of that! What else did he tell you? Look me in the eyes, I say!"

Nancy breathed between her clenched teeth. "He didn't say anything else; you came and took me away." She put both her hands against Mrs. Munger's breast and pushed. "Let me go. I hate you, Mrs. Munger!" she whispered. "You're not my mother at all."

Mrs. Munger smiled, though she didn't let go; and her double rows of shiny teeth grinned in Nancy's face. Presently she detached one hooked hand from Nancy's arm, and with a big, bony knuckle knocked Nancy softly on the forehead. Tap! tap!—like that. "I want you to remember this." Rap! "I'll not stand any nonsense from you. No snooping now!" Rap! She gripped Nancy tighter. "Now about your mother"—rap! tap!—"and your father!" A double rap! tap! "The less you talk about them, the better for you. Got that in your head?" Rap! tap! tap! "Particularly your father!" Another bailiff's knock. "You understand?"

NANCY answered "yes'm," just as she had always been taught to say to Mrs. Munger; though she didn't understand.

"I took you," rapped Mrs. Munger, knuckle-wise, "and gave you a good home. You're nobody. You're called Munger because I let you. Remember that now, if any one asks you." Rap! rap! "I gave you a home and a name only because I'm good and kind. Don't forget!"

"No, ma'am," sincerely.

"One moment! You will be allowed to live here as long as you are good. But mind you—no snooping! You're expected to be grateful, too. Now stay in here until I let you out."

Mrs. Munger was turning the key in the door when Nancy heard Miss Maria crying in agitation on the stair. "Oh! Oh!" cried Miss Maria, breathlessly. "The house back there—the people that moved in——"

Mrs. Munger's thick voice cut in sharply. "Hold your tongue! If I hadn't found that out myself already, where would we be now? Haven't I told you to stop gadding down there all the time? Oh, I believe you'll be the death of me yet!"

Nancy, crouched against the panel, had wondered what relation *gadding* bore to *snooping*. Also, where was it that Miss Maria gadded to?

The child leaned back from the door after the voices droned away on the stairs, and decided gravely that, as soon as she got out, she'd ask the boy what it was his father knew about hers. Of course, Mrs. Munger had warned her the less she said about fathers and mothers the better it would be for her. But Nancy never got the chance to ask him. For during two days she was locked in her room, and while she sat there she heard feet stamping on the floors below and the sound of things thumping on the stairways; and on the night of the second day, when she was brought down, not a stick of furniture was left in

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the house, and the three servants had been sent away.

They went out into the night, Mrs. Munger and Miss Maria and Nancy, and getting into a carriage, drove endlessly. Afterward the carriage was dismissed, Mrs. Munger shaking Nancy awake, and dragging her aboard a street-car; then they rode still further. Later they got out and drove in another carriage, a chance night-hawk picked up at a curb; and when the child awoke again, it was morning, and she found herself in the house where Mrs. Munger had now been settled so long. There Nancy's life began anew.

Nothing happened for a long time. At seven she found the books, and it was a great episode. Whenever Mrs. Munger was out and Miss Maria wasn't watching, she used to steal into the garret and get the books; and many a night when the child should have been asleep, she sat up studying the big print, or poring over the pictures. Then one day Mrs. Munger and her maid descended suddenly on the garret storeroom, and overhauled it from end to end. That is, the maids did, Mrs. Munger contenting herself with one discreet peep, after which she retired, elegantly dusting her finger-tips.

Nancy never saw her book again. The album, hidden behind a bureau drawer, was saved but the other was gone eternally. For days and days she kept up the desperate hunt and, emboldened at last by wo, she knocked at Miss Maria's door.

Miss Maria was sitting by the window, a child's garment in her hands, and her eyes, for once, quietly at rest and softened.

Nancy gazed at her fixedly. "I want my book," she murmured pleadingly; "won't you please get me back my book?"

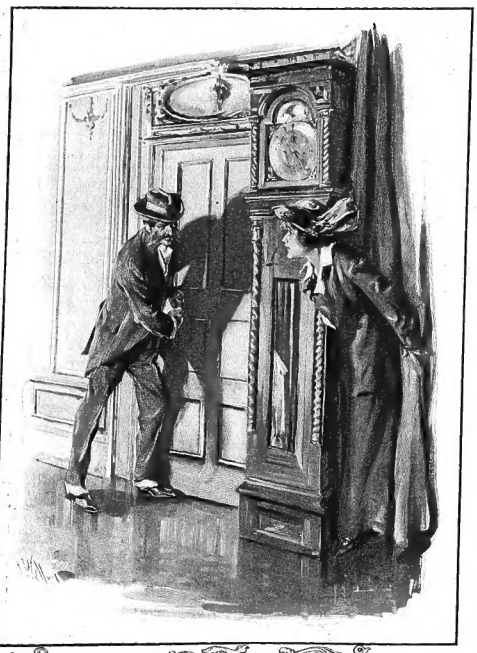
But Miss Maria knew nothing about it, and she showed clearly that she didn't. "Child, why do you look so troubled?"

Nancy shook her head. She felt too dispirited to talk about it when she found it would be of no use. Of course Mrs. Munger had the book—the greedy old thing!—and wouldn't give it up. Nancy dropped down on a stool near Miss Maria and, with her chin in her hands, sat watching her at her sewing.

"What's that?" she asked dully, pointing at Miss Maria's work. For awhile there was no answer; Miss Maria, after a quick look at the child, bending lower over the sewing. Then, at length, she answered.

"It's for a little girl," she answered quietly; "a poor little girl I know."

A poor little girl! Nancy, still mourning her lost treasure, wondered idly what kind of a little girl a poor little girl must be. "She mus'n't have any mother, now?" she suggested carelessly; "has she?"



"Nancy's Self-Possession Fled. Let Me Out, Mr. Gaylord.' She Begged Urgently, Her Head Turned To Watch the Stairway"

MISS MARIA cast a startled look at Nancy, and catching her eye, bent back to her sewing.

"Maybe I could play with her," added Nancy reflectively; "couldn't I ever play with a little girl, some time?"

Miss Maria laid her sewing in her lap, and sat absorbed and silent, thinking deeply, and staring straight before her.

"I guess I'd like to play with some little girl," said Nancy, as if musing aloud. "Don't little girls like to play with me?"

A dry gulp almost like a sob sounded deep in Miss Maria's throat, and she looked at Nancy with her mouth quivering. "Yes, yes! They would like to play with you! Oh, Nancy! Nancy!—and you've never had any one to play with either!" Miss Maria drew a hand across her eyes, and turning away, picked up her sewing.

But that was not the end of it. A day or two later, just after the street door had closed on Mrs. Munger's departure, Nancy heard a quick step on the stair. It was Miss Maria, hurrying, and in her face was both eagerness and cunning. "Come!" she whispered shrilly, and, clumsy-handed in her haste, helped Nancy on her hat and jacket. "Come," she urged; "we must hurry before she gets back!"

They rode in a street-car for many blocks. Then they came at last to a quaint, ugly by-street, and there in the middle of the block stood a plain-faced, square, well-kept little brick house, with a big, shining knocker on the door and a little garden in front about as large as a tea-tray, all filled with bachelor's-buttons, marigolds, geraniums, nasturtiums, heliotrope, and old-fashioned roses. Miss Maria didn't rap with the knocker; she let herself in with a key. Perhaps this was where Miss Maria always went gadding. At any event, she turned around in the hallway, and looking at Nancy, made a strong effort to control herself. "There's a little girl here—I've brought you to play with her. I'll let you." A door opened on the upper floor, flooding the hallway with light. Standing there was a woman in a white apron and cap—some kind of an attendant, Nancy realized, thinking of it afterward. "Will you come down here please?" cried Miss Maria, pushing Nancy into the room beside the hall.

"Certainly, Miss——"

"I'm in a great hurry," added Miss Maria, interrupting her before she could speak the name. She closed the door on Nancy, but the child could still hear voices in the hall. However, Miss Maria only wished a cup of tea and some toast, and she would be greatly obliged to the young woman if she would go down-stairs and make it herself. "And I'll be right down for it," said Miss Maria, hastily. "Call out to me when it's ready."

Then Miss Maria opened the door and took Nancy up the stairs to a room at the front of the house.

But Nancy never played with the little girl sitting there in that room. Nor could she ever forget why she could not play with her. For the child, moving, turned up to them two blank and expressionless eyes—eyes in which there was no light of reason. Nancy stared bewilderedly, aware only in her own childishness that this was no child like other children she had seen. As she stood there nonplussed, she felt Miss Maria's fingers tighten on hers, and again Miss Maria stared fixedly at Nancy. "You can play with her—I'll let you. Let me see you play with her—just once, Nancy. Let me see you play like other children!"

But though Nancy tried, striving to touch some answering chord in that poor, dulled, feeble little mind, they had to come away, at last defeated.

Dumbly Miss Maria led Nancy down the stairs again, and without waiting for her tea and toast, which she seemed to have forgotten utterly, she let herself and Nancy out of the street door, and turned on her way homeward.

It was Mrs. Munger herself that met them on their return, the very thing that Miss Maria had seemed so anxious to avoid. "Where have you two been?" she demanded meaningly. "Where have you been taking that child?"

The old, shifty-eyed, frightened look of uneasiness sprang back into Miss Maria's face, though she answered in sullen defiance. "I took her where I've been," she said; and then with a little shake she faced Mrs. Munger truculently. "Why shouldn't I?"

Mrs. Munger shot her an angry scowl. "Go to your room!" she ordered Nancy; and catching the gleam in Mrs. Munger's eyes, Nancy wasted no time in going.

But this strange episode meant nothing strange to a child whose life had been made up of just such queer occurrences. It lived in her memory only because it was linked with another more important happening.

"Mrs. Munger," said Nancy, becoming bold, "what did you do with my book? I want it!"

"You *won't*—you *want* what?" This with a rising inflection, a note of astonishment, perhaps derision, that Nancy should want anything and, much less, should audaciously demand it. "What book? and what do you mean by coming in here without knocking?"

"I want my book," repeated Nancy, obstinately. "I want my Barnaby book!"

"*What!*" The leathery hue crept out of Mrs. Munger's face, and a pasty, unwholesome pallor crept into it. "*What!*" she whispered.

"My Barnaby book," insisted Nancy. "'Tain't yours, Mrs. Munger, it's mine!"

The paroxysm that swept over Mrs. Munger's face again flew the signals of an impending stroke. Just then Miss Maria appeared at the door and, seeing what was going on, tried to retreat unnoticed. But Mrs. Munger saw her, and flew up in a passion. "You numskull," she cried, under her breath. "You see what you've—oh, clear out of here! I shall lose my temper next."

To Nancy's astonishment, when she looked back from the door, Mrs. Munger's face was quite composed, though her eyes still glittered a little.

She looked at Nancy, and slowly shook her head, her manner sadly reproachful. "Little girls mus'n't come in without knocking," she said, clucking her tongue. "That's why I nearly got angry just now. Haven't you been told you mus'n't bother?"

"Yes'm," answered Nancy, truthfully.

"And—" Mrs. Munger was about to say something more in the same key when she looked down and saw that Nancy was standing on the hem of her lace-trimmed wrapper. "Here! take your dirty shoes off my skirt!" She gave Nancy another little shake and shoved her away. Afterward she leaned over to the table and helped herself to a sweet—a stuffed prune it chanced to be, taken from a wooden box lined with tin-foil. "I'm afraid," Mrs. Munger mumbled, her mouth full, "that you're inclined to be a very naughty little girl;" slowly eating while she spoke, smacking her lips and breathing thickly. "You've been told you mus'n't bother me; but you come bouncing in here and waking me out of my nap, and all because of what? A book!" said Mrs. Munger, disgustedly, "nothing but a book?" Then her eyes whipped around suddenly. "What was the name you said now? Connolly? Jellaby? Who gave you that book? Answer me!"

"I found it in a box up in the garret. No one wanted it but you, Mrs. Munger. Did you take it?"

"In a box? In the garret? Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Munger, swiftly. "*Is that* all? Then you get out of here! Do you hear me? Huh! and don't you let me catch you snooping around my garret again. Clear out, I say!"

So the book was gone! gone for good! never found again! Far back in the girl's mind lived the memory of it, and all the other memories—the vague and the vivid—and still they came to haunt her; Nancy growing through girlhood—twelve, fourteen, far older than her years intended her to be.

At sixteen she went to Mrs. Munger, quietly, appealing, yet not to be put off any longer. "Mrs.

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Munger, I want to know who I am. Won't you tell me my name?"

Mrs. Munger's heavy features screwed themselves into a sudden, menacing frown. "Your name, hey? What have I got to do with your name? Ain't Munger good enough? Or would you rather have Brown, Smith, or—" She checked herself, and leered through her thick, leathery eyelids. "Your name, hey? Well, I'll tell you what it is. It's Robinson! Yes, that's it. The people said it was that; anyway, and I don't know what became of them. How's Robinson suit you now?—any better than Munger? Robinson! Robinson!"

She chuckled noisily, and Nancy stood and watched her.

"You adopted me from them? Why did you adopt me, Mrs. Munger?"

Another startled look, another gleam from beneath the dark, leathery lids. "Why?—well, why shouldn't I? I did because I wanted to, that's why! Miss Robinson. Now go out of my room. I haven't any time to waste on you. I'm going to take my nap!"

Miss Robinson! Nancy did not believe her. But Robinson—Brown or Smith would do in the meanwhile. Anything but Munger. So Robinson she called herself and was called, the same kind of christening that would have been given to a waif picked up in a hedgerow.

In the girl's mind there lived the feeling that when she found the snub-nosed boy with the bread and jam, the boy with the brown, wavy hair, she would find a real name—not Robinson, but the name that was really hers.

What was it, anyway, he had tried to tell her when Mrs. Munger dragged her away?

ON the morning after Mrs. Munger's characteristic Sunday entertainment her bedroom bell rang suddenly, imperatively,—not to say violently. As it was unusually early for Mrs. Munger to stir herself, the summons was wholly unexpected; a sufficient reason why no one was near to answer it on the jump.

Ordinarily, Mrs. Munger breakfasted in bed, seldom awakening before ten o'clock, and very infrequently arising before noon. But to-day Mrs. Munger had other plans in view, a break in her routine, as the growing clamor of her bell assured. Nancy, coming down the stairs, was the first to hear it and, with a little wrinkling of her brow, she stopped and rapped at the door.

Bolstered among the pillows, Mrs. Munger sat up in bed, obviously alive to a very righteous indignation. "Is any one awake in this house?" she demanded tartly, "or are all you lazy creatures still snoring? Pity I can't ever get any one to answer me when I ring!"

She dragged the bedclothes about her and shuddered regretfully. "Have my breakfast on," she mumbled; "I'm coming down."

Mrs. Munger's bedroom was significant of Mrs. Munger. It was a large, high-walled chamber, the best in the house, naturally, and filled almost to overflowing with those frequent evidences of her love of material comfort and luxury; of the care Mrs. Munger gave herself; of the comforts scattered around; such things, for instance, as the ribbon-bedecked basket of bonbons in easy reach of her bed, the decanter of sherry on a near-by stand, and the plate of vanilla wafers beside it. Little for either the inner or outer comfort of Mrs. Munger seemed omitted.

Down-stairs in the dining-room, Nancy found breakfast already on the table. Beside the pantry door stood the waitress, Maggie, a new girl and not altogether tidy in her dress.

Nancy, long accustomed to servants' indifference, ignored the girl's sullen manner. "You'll have to take off the breakfast, Maggie," she directed quietly; "we're not ready yet."

Naturally enough, Mrs. Munger insisted on being the first to sit down at her own board. Maggie, however, had come to the house too recently to know the meals were delayed only for Mrs. Munger.

"Take it away, Maggie," repeated Nancy. "Mrs. Munger is coming down this morning, and she won't like it if the breakfast gets cold."

Out in the hall Nancy headed off Miss Maria. "We'll have to wait, Miss Maria; Mrs. Munger is coming down."

"Is she?" answered the other, inertly. There were few moments in which Miss Maria did not look dowdy and unkempt, and now she looked hopelessly and desperately so. Unlike Nancy's dowdiness, Miss Maria's lacked a single redeeming feature.

Curiously enough this morning Nancy's plain gown looked less shapeless, less plainly unattractive than did her attire of the night before. It was perhaps just as simple, yet somehow, if one looked at Nancy once, one looked again, and instantly there dawned the fact of her shapeliness, the slender grace of her form, and the round fulness of her young, girlish throat. Nor, as one saw, was Nancy's hair any longer snaked back from her brow and wrung into a hard knot on her neck. It was piled into a coil, a soft mass of fine, silky brown, flashing in the light with the half-hidden, unexpected gleams of dulled metal, its sheen framing suitably the depth and shadowiness of her dark eyes.

It was not quite an hour later, but very nearly that, when Mrs. Munger came down. Just before she completed her toilet, she rang again, and this time there was no delay in the answer to the summons. "Have the breakfast put on now," she ordered Nancy, as she stood up before the glass, carefully putting the last touches to her attire; "have it put on when you hear me coming down. I won't be kept waiting."

She came stamping into the dining-room eventually, and stood by her chair in silence until Nancy had drawn it out for her. Then Mrs. Munger hung her stick over the chair back and sat down ponderously, her eyes traveling about the breakfast table and going from that to the food on the smaller serving table near the pantry door. "Hand the fruit, girl," she directed sulkily to Maggie the waitress; and Maggie, still fretted and sullen at the long delay, scuffled, across the carpet. But Mrs. Munger, it appeared, was far too intent on the breakfast to heed a servant's airs—either to heed that, or anything else but her food.

She was dressed for the morning in a figured, black brocade skirt and a rose-colored dressing-sack trimmed with lace and long streamers of narrow pink satin ribbon. It hung loosely from her ample bust, the wide sleeves revealing Mrs. Munger's massive arm as she reached out to take an orange,—a corded, stalwart arm strongly in contrast to the loose flabbiness of her face and form. She cut two oranges into quarters, and with her eyes on her plate and rolling from side to side, Mrs. Munger ate with the greatest gusto imaginable, her big teeth dexterously separating the rind from the pulp, and the smacking of her lips showing how she relished the taste.

The meal was disposed of in silence, the little talk was limited to Nancy and Miss Maria, and carried on in an undertone. After the oranges Mrs. Munger had her coffee, a hot roll, and a dish of oatmeal, and after the oatmeal came a chop and fried potatoes, followed by a plate of batter cakes.

The last batter cake had just been cut into morsels on her plate when she spoke suddenly. "Have my carriage here at ten," she ordered abruptly, her mouth full, "and see to it that it's here on time." Then with both knife and fork going briskly, Mrs. Munger pursued the last fragment of pancake and the last drops of maple-sirup to the edge of her plate, and there cornering the toothsome morsel, implacably speared it.

"I'll be out all day," she announced sharply. To answer seemed unnecessary; Nancy merely looked.

Crumpling her napkin into a ball, Mrs. Munger tossed it on the table, and reached around to the chair back for her cane. "Go get my engagement book," she directed and, glad to be relieved, the girl sprang up from her seat. As she went up the stairs to Mrs. Munger's room she heard the thick voice murmur something in an undertone to Miss Maria, and then Miss Maria answered inaudibly. Nancy hastened on, knowing that Mrs. Munger disliked to be kept waiting, and, picking up the engagement book from the table, she retraced her steps to the dining-room.

When she entered, Miss Maria was sitting with downcast eyes, her hands folded in her lap and Mrs. Munger, also in silence, was thoughtfully munching the remains of the roll beside her coffee cup. She took the book from Nancy and turned to the page under the date. "Humph!" she grunted, "I forgot all about the club reception. Tell that Freedlark woman when she comes I had some pressing business and couldn't go." She twisted up her mouth and chuckled in her throat. "She's expecting a free ride in my carriage. If any one else calls, say I'm out for the day. I'm going to my room now," she announced, picking up her stick, "and don't you let any one bother me till it's time for the carriage. Do you hear?"

MISS MARIA hurried down the hall after her. "I'm going out with you," Nancy heard her whisper, swiftly, determinedly; "I can't sit here and wait. I *must* go with you."

Mrs. Munger, still scrambling down the hall, glowered at her roughly over her shoulder. "Go with *me?* You'll do nothing of the sort. Think I'm going to have you cutting up and——"

A warning *sh! sh!* uttered in an undertone cut her short. Opening a door opposite the entrance to the drawing-room, the two women entered, and Nancy heard the latch click as it was locked behind them.

The room was one that neither Nancy nor the maids were ever permitted to enter, Mrs. Munger's orders on this point being explicit and enforced. It was invariably kept locked, but once or twice Nancy had stolen a peep into its interior when Mrs. Munger had opened the door while Nancy was unexpectedly passing. There was a big desk topped by a rack of pigeon-holes standing in a corner, and beside it a cumbersome safe guarded by a combination lock. In this room Mrs. Munger securely closeted herself the first three days of every month, when from behind the closed door came the muttering of her voice and the clink of coin as if incessantly counted and recounted. On one occasion a glimpse into the room had shown the desk piled high with bundles of bank notes and rouleaus of gold and silver,—all this wealth, as Nancy knew, the month's income from Mrs. Munger's properties.

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THIS morning, however, Mrs. Munger sought solitude for some reason best known to herself. Nevertheless, Miss Maria pursued; but no sooner had the door closed behind the two, than it was almost immediately flung open again, and the rasp of Mrs. Munger's voice was heard raised in irritation.

"How many times have I got to say it now? Come, stop your bawling, I say. You've got to stay and do what I've told you."

Nancy on the *qui vive*, leaned over the balusters and looked down. What was happening between the two strange characters? And in what relation stood these queer happenings to herself? Nancy had many reasons to peep, so Nancy peeped.

There was Miss Maria painfully climbing the stair, her head turned back to look toward Mrs. Munger's room. She had a handkerchief pressed to her lips, and she was weeping silently, abjectly, piteously. Half-way to the landing she paused suddenly in her funeral-like gait, and Nancy, watching and listening above, heard the thud of Mrs. Munger's stick along the hall.

"Come, Maria," said Mrs. Munger's voice, softened now by a hint of kindness, "you mustn't take on like that. I'd let you go, only the house can't be left."

She broke off there, her voice filled with meaning; and bowing her head, Miss Maria started again up the stairs. Instantly Nancy darted out of sight.

Promptly at ten o'clock, as ordered, Mrs. Munger's carriage drove up to her door. It was a small, lightly built brougham, its doors and side panels varnished black, its underbody checked in yellow in imitation of a cane chair seat, and drawn by a pair of chestnut roans.

Mrs. Munger came down the steps supported on one side by the hand rail, on the other by the cane. At her heels Nancy followed bearing a light wrap, a large and bulging, silver-mounted reticule, and a thick brown veil; and at Nancy's heels followed Maggie, the waitress, her arms embracing a pasteboard box such as tailors use. One by one, wrap, reticule, veil, and paper box were loaded into the brougham under Mrs. Munger's directions, and then, with one hand on the carriage door, she gave her orders to the coachman.

"Go through the Park and down the Avenue. I'll let you know when I want to stop."

Her man conformed in appearance to the rest of Mrs. Munger's glittering turnout. He was a young mulatto, dressed in a light blue livery piped with red, cream-colored doeskins, high boots with russet tops, and, to finish off with, a silk hat topped with a black, shiny cockade. On pleasant afternoons Mrs. Munger drove through the Park and in the Avenue. Her look on these occasions was a look of expectancy, as if Mrs. Munger awaited a bow, a nod of recognition from some one of the countless hundreds that rolled by in their oblivion of her and others like her. But somehow the eye turned furtively on the lookout rarely, if ever, recognized a familiar sail in all this argosy, though in a city as large as New York any one might drive on forever and never chance on a friend.

To-day, however, Mrs. Munger wore no air of patiently awaiting a bow; she cast no sidelong glances into the near-by vehicles. She sat, instead, with her hand on the door of the brougham as if to propel it onward, and kept her face set straight before her. Once she leaned from the window and spoke sharply to the coachman.

"Drive faster!" she ordered, and there was an answering clatter of hoofs on the asphalt as the roans sprang forward under the lash. Past Forty-second Street, Twenty-third Street, Fourteenth Street the carriage rolled on. At Ninth Street, however, Mrs. Munger stuck her head from the window. "Turn west," she ordered briefly; and the horses, swinging the corner, pounded their way along the dingy, old-fashioned street.

"Stop!" called Mrs. Munger, half her body protruding from the carriage window.

It might have astonished some of the lady's closer acquaintances had they seen her at the moment. As she loved to tell them, she seldom walked, and under no circumstances whatever would she think of riding in a public conveyance. Furthermore, none of her acquaintances had ever met her in the street laden down with bundles, a contingency that on the face of it appeared to be absurd.

But, opening the door of her brougham, Mrs. Munger alighted and dragged after her the heavy pasteboard box. The wrap and the veil she had donned during the last stage of her drive; the reticule hung from her belt. Giving the black brocade skirt a flutter to arrange it, she looked up and down the

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street. There was an alert air in her darkly tinted eyes, and her face under the brown veil, for the moment, lost its usual loose flabbiness of chin and jowl. "You go back to the stable," she ordered, her stick waved up the street as if to point the way. "Go on, now; I don't need you any more," she added gruffly; "and don't you stop in anywhere on the way, mind you."

The astonished mulatto pulled his roans around. He, too, may have wished to ask questions, but the look on Mrs. Munger's grim visage was not the kind to invite inquiry. With another wave of her stick she sent him on the way, standing at the curb and looking after him. But the carriage had scarcely proceeded half up the block, when the coachman could no longer resist his curiosity. Swinging around on the box, his face still filled with bewilderment, he looked, and what he saw so profoundly interested him that he pulled up the roans and sat there, a rapt and wondering beholder.

For Mrs. Munger, her stick smartly thwacking the pavement, and the pasteboard box clenched under her arm, had darted over the Sixth Avenue crossing, and now at all her speed was fast disappearing into the outlying slums that fringe old Greenwich Village.

IF the episode of Mrs. Munger abandoning her carriage in the streets seems curious, not less remarkable were the events in that lady's house immediately on the heels of her departure.

The chestnut roans had no sooner turned the corner toward the Park when Nancy, darting for the stairs, made at full speed for her room on the top floor. She went noiselessly, her footfalls making little sound on the thick carpet; but she had no sooner turned the elbow of the stairs above the second story when Miss Maria's door opened slowly, slyly, and Miss Maria stuck out her head. She stood for a moment listening; then tiptoeing to the stairway, she looked up. Then, as her head reached the level of the floor above, she halted, her eyes even with the floor; and like a scout spying over the crest of a hill, Miss Maria looked long and intently toward the door of Nancy's room. It was ajar, and, as Miss Maria peeped, Nancy stepped into the hall suddenly, her hat on, and a light jacket under her arm.

Instantly the watcher turned and fled down the stairway. Regaining her room at the foot of the flight, she shut the door softly, and then, almost at the same instant, flung it open with a loud rattling of the knob. "Nancy!" she vociferated. "Nancy! Where are you?"

At the precise moment Nancy was leaning over the balustrade reconnoitering the floors below. Tossing her coat behind her, she snatched off her hat and threw it after the jacket.

"Yes, Miss Maria; what is it?" asked Nancy, walking half down the stairs.

If Miss Maria felt any astonishment at the girl's transformation there was no hint of it in her face. "Why don't you answer?" she demanded vexedly. "What are you doing?"

Nancy answered frankly that she heard herself called only once. "I'm not doing anything, Miss Maria. Do you need me?"

Miss Maria's eyes dropped under the girl's firm look. "Mrs. Munger says you're to finish the household accounts," she grumbled peevishly; "she wants them when she gets back."

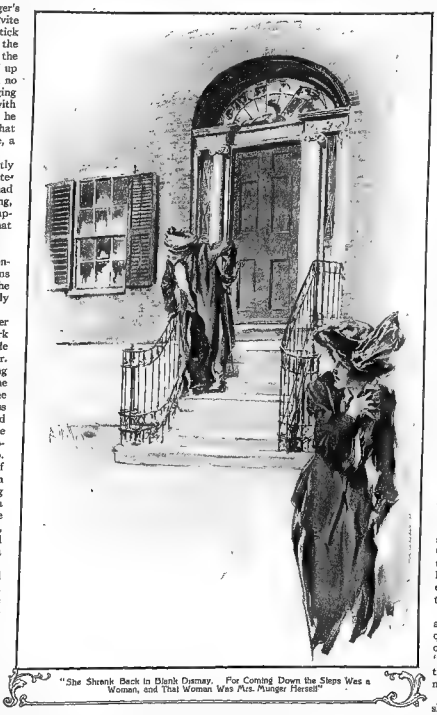
NANCY murmured an exclamation of astonishment. "The household accounts! Why, Miss Maria, I gave them to her last night."

The answer, direct in its unexpectedness, seemed to fill Miss Maria with confusion. "Why—now—why did you?" she stammered awkwardly; "Well, I think it's very strange she didn't tell me. Anyway," added Miss Maria, sulkily, "there's plenty for you to do. Go finish sewing those mull ruffles on Mrs. Munger's tea-gown. You'll hear from her if it isn't done!"

Nancy opened her mouth as if to say something, changed her mind, and came down the stairs. In Mrs. Munger's closet she found the tea-gown, and while the fact remains that Nancy had already changed the ruffles as ordered, she folded the gown over her arm, the ruffles inside where Miss Maria could not see them, and walked back to her room.

Listening at the balusters, Miss Maria heard the girl shut her door. Yet even then she seemed unsatisfied, for dragging a rocker to where it commanded a view of the stairway, she sat down with her sewing in her hand and began to rock furiously. That she was on the watch was of course evident; and that perhaps she had good cause to be on the lookout was no less evident ten minutes later, when Nancy tiptoed to the stairway and peeped over the rail.

Once more, Nancy wore her hat and coat, but instantly warned by the creak of Miss Maria's chair, she drew back hastily. Miss Maria's strategy, however, lacked the same force and decisiveness as Mrs. Munger's. Nancy was going slowly back to her room when a thought struck her. The wide well of the stairway reached from the lower floor to the roof. Taking off her hat and coat, and rolling them together in a bundle, Nancy leaned over the rail until she could get a glimpse of Miss Maria bent above her sewing.



"She Shrank Back in Blank Dismay. For Coming Down the Steps Was a Woman, and That Woman Was Mrs. Munger Herself"

"Now!" exclaimed Nancy to herself, and dropped the hat and coat through the stair well.

The bundle struck the lower floor with a light thump and bounded out of view. But light as the sound, Miss Maria had heard it, and she leaped up with an exclamation and ran to the balustrade. Nothing was to be seen, however; there was no one in sight, either above or below and, after peering up the stairs suspiciously, she returned to her seat, where she still sat and rocked and watched alertly. She was still at her vigil when Nancy came unconcernedly down the stairs.

The fact that the girl wore neither hat nor coat seemed to reassure Miss Maria that Nancy had given up all hope of stealing out of the house. "Don't forget she wants to wear that tea-gown to-night," she warned again pointedly, and Nancy nodding, Miss Maria smiled to herself, as if in acknowledgment that the victory was her own.

But once in the lower hall, Nancy's manner of unconcern fell from her swiftly. Snatching up her hat and coat, she slipped into the dining-room and hastily put them on before the sideboard mirror. The coast still was clear. Straightening her hat and tucking in her sleeves with a few hasty dabs, she turned and sped toward the front door. In a moment she would be in the street.

But in the same moment a key rattled sharply in the latch. Who was it—Mrs. Munger? Nancy halted, fearfully. There was no time left either to retreat or to slip into the dimly shaded drawing-room on the right; but close beside her stood a tall, corpulent floor clock. With an agile movement the girl shrugged up close beside it, her form pressed tightly against the wall, her heart thumping loud as the tick! tack! of the timepiece.

As the door slowly opened, admitting a flood of light from the street, Nancy peeped—another peep in that morning's round of crafty, prying, furtive doings. A man stood in the doorway, also peering cautiously; it was Mr. Gaylord, Mrs. Munger's g

Listening a moment, he left the door open behi him and turned quickly toward that small room o the left, the room where Mrs. Munger kept her desk and safe. Raising his hand, he tapped softly, waited a moment with his hawk-like face fixed in an air of intense attention, and then tried the knob. It was locked, of course, as Mr. Gaylord perhaps expected; for after a sharp look about him he reached his hand into his pocket, and then drawing it forth fumbled a moment with the lock.

It was a movement so slight that Nancy could hardly detect it; nor was there any opportunity left to see what else he would do; for just then, as if suspecting her presence, Mr. Gaylord turned swiftly and caught sight of Nancy peering from behind the clock.

As his eyes fell on her, he displayed for an instant the least possible hint of confusion. "Ah, it's the dear young girl, isn't it?" he remarked, recovering himself, his tone easy and bantering. "Bound for a constitutional, I take it," he observed, noting her hat and jacket; "I trust I haven't detained you?"

"If you're coming in, Mr. Gaylord," she announced coldly, "I'll go out. Please let me by."

BUT instead of moving aside, he kept his hand on the door-knob, blocking the way. "What! Hurrying away from *me?*" he inquired beaming jocosely. "Come, that isn't very nice of you."

Nancy's clear eyes looked at him unwaveringly. "Do you wish to see Mrs. Munger?" she asked abruptly, ignoring both the manner and the words. "I'm most sorry to say she's out for the day."

Immediately Mr. Gaylord's merriment departed. "Eh—what? Out for the day!" he exclaimed. "Why I thought she never arose till noon. She said last night she'd wait for me. Where's she gone?"

Nancy shook her head. "I haven't the slightest idea," she was answering, when Miss Maria's voice raised itself, crying shrilly from the floor above. "Nancy! Nancy! where are you?"

At the first echo of the voice Nancy's self-possession fled. "Let me out, Mr. Gaylord," she begged urgently, her head turned to watch the stairway. "Please let me out!" she pleaded insistently, and edging toward him, the girl tried to slip through the doorway.

Mr. Gaylord, so far from standing aside, still blocked the passage, a faint, quizzical smile on his lips. "Ah!" he observed, drawling the words leisurely; "the little bird is indeed, flitting from the nest. She is spreading her wings, notwithstanding."

Miss Maria was coming. "Nancy," she cried angrily, her suspicions obviously aroused; "what are you doing?"

There on the stairway Miss Maria halted abruptly, peering at the tableau in the way. She blinked for a moment and then fixed her eyes, not on Nancy, but on Mr. Gaylord, and blankly stared at him. Never had Miss Maria seemed so dowdy, so inelegant, so ordinary and unattractive. Once she moistened her lips, and then, with an uneasy movement, raised her hand and brushed back a wisp of her ginger-hued hair. But, whatever Miss Maria's feelings, Mr. Gaylord seemed confidently self-possessed. "Ah, it's Miss Maria, isn't it?" he ventured. "Perhaps Miss Maria can tell where Mrs. Munger may be found?"

IF Miss Maria could, she certainly made no effort to do so. Still silent, she blinked at Mr. Gaylord; and, after waiting a moment, he spoke again. "Where is Mrs. Munger?" he demanded, and this time there was a ring of sharpness in his voice. "Come! I wish to know!"

But after another prolonged blank and expressionless stare Miss Maria turned on her heel and solemnly disappeared.

"Well, I'll be—" began Mr. Gaylord, grinning; and then looked around. Nancy, during the colloquy had seized her opportunity and darting through the doorway, was now hurrying down the street.

Some minutes later Nancy, quite breathless from her walk, boarded a south-bound train on the "L." The morning's events—the scene between Miss Maria and Mrs. Munger, Miss Maria's tragic tears, and afterward her encounter with the cellular Mr. Gaylord—all this had stirred the girl's young mind. What was going on? What was the meaning of it, anyhow? There came to her the thought, the possibility, that once it all were solved, she would find in the solution the answer to her own other queries—Nancy *Who?* and Nancy *What?* On this very mission too, in fact, Nancy this morning had escaped from Mrs. Munger's.

It was not the first time she had stolen away on the quest. From the time Mrs. Munger had said her

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name was Robinson, from the moment she divined from the admission there was a hidden mystery about herself, Nancy had been carrying on a random hunt through highways and byways.

All sorts of places had known her wanderings in search of it,—vagrant moments like this, when she had managed to escape from Mrs. Munger's. To-day—though Mr. Harding had only joked—to-day Nancy headed herself for a new quarter, the twisted, haphazard, half-forgotten byways of quaint and quiet, down-at-the-heels Greenwich Village. But it was no joke to Nancy. She had caught at it as the drowning man clutches at a straw.

"Eighth Street!" bellowed the guard, thrusting back the car door; and Nancy, leaping up from her reverie, followed the few other passengers herding toward the platform. At the sidewalk she paused uncertainly. "Well," she murmured, after a moment's reflection, "I've got to try them all." Turning to the west, she hurried down Greenwich Avenue and, crossing over to the other side, walked down the defile of a narrow, squalid side street.

STUDYING the houses as she went along, she turned corner after corner on the lookout for that one particular mansion. Finally came a part of the quarter where the houses grew more pretentious. They, too, were old-fashioned, quaint, and prim; in their size and architecture they recalled a period when persons of more than moderate circumstances had dwelt in Greenwich Village—the upper middle class ready to burst from its chrysalis shell and wing away into upper realms. Nancy stared more intently at these bigger houses, her interest quickening at the sight of them. They seemed known, familiar, like something she had seen before. But all were so hopelessly alike, row after row, together, that her mind became confused and bewildered with their number.

For all, or nearly all, had green shutters and fanlights over their doors, and some had white pillars and even the spindle railing—the very details that Nancy hunted. But in no case were all the details combined.

"Oh dear!" murmured Nancy, halting at a corner under the street lamp; "where am I? Ravine Street! Ravine? Ravine?" she repeated reflectively; "have I heard that name?"

There she stood, still looking at the sign, when a voice suddenly broke in on her reflections.

Nancy turned, and to her intense astonishment, young Mr. Harding, hat in hand, was regarding her with merriment.

"Why, where did you come from?" she exclaimed.

"Where did you drop from yourself?" he retorted. "Out of the skies? But I can guess; you're hunting for your missing house." Glancing up and down the block, he looked back at her drolly. "Found it yet?"

Nancy shook her head and made a little face expressive of despair.

"Dear! dear! that's too bad!" he observed sympathetically, his eye covertly taking in Nancy's trim change from the dowdiness of the night before,—the soft silkiness of her hair piled up beneath her hat, the shapeliness of her lithe young form revealed by the closely fitting jacket. "Sorry you haven't had more luck," he added sincerely. "Now, if you could only tell me a little more about it, maybe I—" He broke off there, his eyes filled with fun.

"You haven't told me yet *why* you're hunting it," he laughed, "or I'd say advertise. There's nothing like it. Lost," he laughed; "Lost: a fairy castle of brick with green blinds, white pillars at the door, and a fanlight. A suitable reward will be offered, and no questions asked."

Nancy, too, after a moment, laughed with him. "But tell me," she inquired, indicating with a glance the long row of old-fashioned dwellings, "are these the houses you meant? I don't seem to find mine among them."

He shook his head promptly. "These? Oh, no, indeed. Do you really wish to see a house such as the one you describe? But look out, some ogre doesn't jump out of that house and grab you; for I'm sure it's the very house, or one as much like it as two peas in a pod. Two blocks straight away, and then turn to the left. You'll see it across the street, Number Fifty-seven Hedge Street and mind!—look out for the ogre!"

Nancy shook hands with him, and repeating the number, Fifty-seven Hedge Street, left him standing on the corner. Half-way down the block she looked back, and he was still waiting there, as if to be sure she knew the way. "Oh!" she murmured, a faint pink stealing into her cheeks; and ignoring the hand waved gaily at her she hurried onward faster.

At the second block she turned as directed. It was another of those quiet, quaint little streets, a remnant of bygone, old-fashioned New York, and now fast going to seed. On the corner an ugly, modern apartment-house raised its yellow, gingerbread face, its cheap and tawdry decoration a strong contrast to the simplicity of the ancient dwellings under its lee. On the street level a grocery of the smaller kind filled the air with the reek of salted fish and spice and the odor of wilted fruit and vegetables displayed on the racks outside.

Nancy hurried past, and the instant her eyes fell on the houses opposite she uttered a murmur of astonishment. Number Fifty-seven Hedge Street!—there it was! And Number Fifty-seven, too, was a double brick house, green shutters at the windows, pillars at the door, a fanlight over the entrance, and a thin, gracefully wrought iron spindle railing at the front. Nancy, her heart thumping, paused and stared. It was, as young Phil Harding had said, as alike as two peas in the same pod—an exact duplicate, a twin, a brother to the house she sought.

Could there be a mistake? She took her eyes from it and bit her lip in thought. The house she hunted had, as she recalled, stood on the up-town side of the street; this was on the down-town. But it had been a long while ago; her memory must be at fault. Again she looked back at it. Trembling, eager, emotional, she stood rooted to the curb, a flood of recollections pouring back into her head at the sight of the old, familiar place. Unlike its fellows,—though nearly all were still trimly kept—it wore an added air of smartness, a neater, distinguishing tone of gentility above the middle class.

For a moment Nancy gazed at its windows, almost expecting to catch a glimpse of either Mrs. Munger or Miss Maria, to drag her to a dark up-stairs room; and crossing the street, after this moment's hesitation, Nancy walked up its steps and, with her breath coming fast, she deliberately rang the door-bell.

The door opened, and a face cautiously obtruded itself. It was a servant, she saw to her relief, some sort of an ancient retainer wearing neither cap nor apron and on guard against unwelcome intruders.

"Good morning," said Nancy; "I would like to see your mistress."

The aged retainer's air of caution deepened. "Not at home, ma'am. She ain't either, 'cause she's just gone out."

Nancy wrinkled her brow disappointedly. "Is any other member of the family at home, then?"

The servant eyed Nancy dubiously, "Dunno, ma'am; I'll go ask," she answered, with unwitting frankness, and with another cautious stare she grudgingly invited Nancy into the hallway.

Nancy waited, her eyes flitting about, and a host of memories charging through her mind. It was the same old hall, she saw excitedly, the same stairway she had known of old, though the decorations and furnishings had suffered a change since Mrs. Munger's reign. Nancy got a glimpse of a quiet and dignified interior, and was trying to peep further, when a labored breathing on the basement stairs warned her of the servant's return.

"Please, ma'am, he says if you ain't a book agent or anything, you are to come down. Mr. Appleby's in the garden."

Their way led by the dining-room and through the tall French windows to the porch outside. Nancy took in the old, familiar room, its high walls, its open fireplace and marble mantel, its dark woodwork and the queer, old-fashioned bronze gas brackets and chandelier.

BUT now it all wore a changed habit, a newer look of distinction; its mahogany table, richly polished and as deep in tone as the breast of a forest pool; its sideboard and china closets, its Sheraton chairs, its plate and ornaments of Delft, and, on the walls, its ancestral portraits in oil all harmonizing closely with the prim, old-fashioned character of the house.

"Mind the step, ma'am," cautioned the servant, and Nancy nodded again, for how often had she crossed that step, skipped along the high veranda, and gone on into the garden that lay there below! Her eyes sparkled, a lively color mounted her cheeks, and she lived as a child again, animated and eager. So Mr. Appleby saw her as she came down the steps toward him.

He, too, harmonized with this retreat of his, a person as quaintly old-fashioned as one would expect to find in these quaint, old-fashioned surroundings. A wisp of hair hung over his right brow, and in moments of meditation, or when he was interested or otherwise moved, Mr. Appleby reached for it, and slowly twined it about his finger, his head perked at one side during the process and his eyes, like a bright little bird's, peering out intently from under his hand at Nancy.

Resting on his shovel, he looked up at the girlish visitor with a very sudden astonishment. "Why—why—my dear young lady!" he exclaimed, in quick apology. "My servant told me she thought—why, let me hand you to the drawing-room, won't you?"

Nancy thanked him shyly, and begged they might stay where they were. "You must be very happy, Mr. Appleby. Besides, I shall trouble you only a moment."

Mr. Appleby beamed rotundly. "Trouble? Why, no trouble at all, I assure you. Please be seated."

He bowed her to a chair placed directly in the center of the garden, filled with flowering bulbs—tulips, snowdrops, hyacinths, and daffodils blooming exotically in the heart of the city's desert of ugly brick and stone. From a further corner a wisteria vine sprang upward to a high lattice carried above the fence, and with this screen as a background and the amazing flame of color underfoot, one almost forgot the crowding houses so near at hand and, for the moment, dreamt it to be the quiet of a far-away country nook.

"Pleasure, I assure you! Miss—er, Miss—Miss Delivan, you said, wasn't it?"

Nancy hadn't said at all, as she laughingly answered. "I'm Miss Robinson, Mr. Appleby—Miss Nancy Robinson," she added, and at her frank amusement Mr. Appleby, too, had to laugh, or rather, he exploded into merriment. "Well, now, my young lady," he inquired, curling his forelock reflectively, "how can I have the honor of serving you?"

NANCY came down to the moment with a start. How? Why, she hardly knew. Mr. Appleby, having twirled his wisp of forelock awhile, took off his spectacles and carefully wiped them with a large flowered silk handkerchief.

"Why," exclaimed Nancy, diffidently, "I don't just know. In the beginning——"

"In the beginning? Excellent!" observed Mr. Appleby, promptly. "No place like the beginning to begin. Let's begin there."

"In the beginning, then, Mr. Appleby," answered Nancy smilingly taking her cue, "I'm looking for some people who once lived here. I mean in this neighborhood," she added cautiously, resolved not to commit herself until she learned just what he knew of Mrs. Munger. "And if you will tell me who owns this house," she went on after the moment's thought, "it would be a great help to me. I think it's the one I'm looking for."

"Who owns it?" Mr. Appleby smiled benignly. "Easiest thing in the world to tell you, my young lady. *I* own it,—house, grounds, garden,—everything! Number Fifty-seven Hedge Street; P. Appleby, owner."

Nancy lacked a clear idea whether he was poking fun at her or not. "Oh, yes—and I think you bought it from a Mrs. Munger, didn't you?" she suggested, in an offhand tone, as if carelessly aware of the fact.

Mr. Appleby shook his head, "Munger? Munger?" he repeated, slowly twisting his forelock until it stood out from his head like a pigtail. "Don't seem to recall the name, somehow. But I've no head for names, anyway."

Nancy looked around the garden, affecting to gaze at the massed display of color with a detached and purely casual interest. "Aren't your flowers beautiful? Mrs. Munger—perhaps she lived here before you, Mr. Appleby. Will you tell me how long you've had the house?"

He looked up at the sky thoughtfully. "Let me see—how long?" Mr. Appleby took a fresh clutch at his forelock and calculated mentally. "Been here?—why, fourteen years, two months, and a few days. Is that close enough?"

Fourteen years! It had been just that long ago when Mrs. Munger made her night's flitting from the house. "Ah, yes; so I thought," she assented, still with the same studious unconcern. "The lady I was looking for moved from here about that time. But then, of course," she added, smiling politely, "if you don't remember her, there's no need of my bothering you about it."

Mr. Appleby dropped his hand long enough from his stray lock to wring his nose dubiously. "Must be a mistake somewhere," he said musingly. "This house belonged to an estate, you see. Munger? Munger?" he echoed to himself; "Begins to sound a little familiar, though, now that I think it over. However, I'm sure the house never belonged to your friend. Must be some other house like this. The estate built three or four just alike."

Nancy arose to her feet a smile on her face, but in her heart nothing akin to a smile. "I'm very grateful to you for your kindness, Mr. Appleby," she said pleasantly, but somehow, despite her trying, her lip trembled a little; "thank you for giving me so much of your time."

He peered at her quickly. "Do I understand you are sure about the house, or," he inquired hesitatingly, "or—why—is it just the description you have? If that's the case, I know this neighborhood from a to z, my young lady."

Nancy told him, demurely making a wry little mouth over the parrot-like repetition, the glibly-repeated detail of green blinds, white pillars, fanlight and spindle railing. And at the description Mr. Appleby cocked up his ear alertly.

"Why, sure enough; that's this very house of mine!" he cried, nodding with interest. "And by the same token, too, it fits to a dot all the other houses I spoke about—the ones built by that estate. Why, there's one right around the corner—Right there!" he cried and pointed with a wave of his hand to the house behind them.

But the instant the words left him he clanged sharply, suddenly, at Nancy. "Munger? Munger?" he echoed once more, and then let his eyes travel slowly toward the house he had pointed out; "are

(*Continued on page 40*)

J. M. Barrie, the world-famous author of "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan" is the star contributor to our November number. This time in the form of the brand-new one-act play entitled "Rosalind" in which Maude Adams will appear this Fall. By a rare stroke of good fortune and some little enterprise, we have induced Mr. Barrie to allow this play to be published in PICTORIAL REVIEW *before it is presented on the stage. Unlike most plays, it makes a strikingly good story. It is a delicious bit of comedy, showing Mr. Barrie at his very best.*

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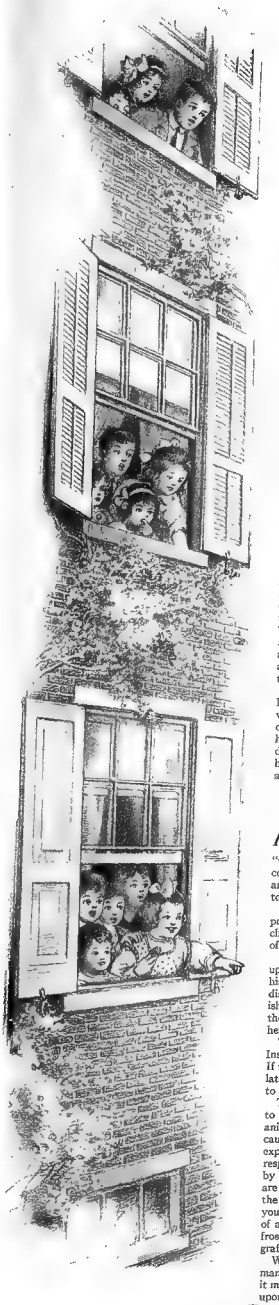
WHY CHILDREN ARE SO

A Plea for the Good-Mannered Days of Our Grandmothers

By Marion Harland

Author of "Eve's Daughters," "When Ghosts Walk," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWIN F. BAYHA



COMPLAINTS of the manners of the rising generation are too rife to be ignored. I am in receipt of countless communications to the effect that the average child of the New Century is inferior to the representative junior of a half century ago, in respect for parents, elders and superiors, and in decorous observance of the rules of good breeding in every-day life.

One man who has "suffered long" and ceased to be "kind" in consequence of the rudeness of the boys and girls he meets at every turn, writes savagely under the smart of "indignities more than he can enumerate at the hands and mouths of nephews, nieces and their associates of both sexes." I quote direct from his letter:

"The average boy and girl of our day reverts to the type of the graceless crew who chased the prophet down the road with yells of 'Go up, Bald Head!' I overheard one of my nephews yesterday speak of me as 'that old, bald-headed party.' That brought Elisha to my mind. I am not bloodthirsty by nature but I confess that I wish sometimes I had the two she-bears within call—just to give the impertinent rascals a good scare!

"Where do the children of our generation get their manners? or I should say, their want of manners. Can't you give us a motherly talk upon this subject? I am an old bachelor, living with a married sister whom I love very dearly. She is all right! But her children and their companions! I would love the youngsters if I could and if they wanted me to love them. As it is, they make fun of me behind my back and treat me with open rudeness when they are with me. What is the matter with the rising generation anyhow? And who is to blame?"

Our grandmothers had a formula, never omitted from parting instructions to children bound upon an outing where they were to meet other people and mingle with them:

"Now, don't lose your gloves; hold your shoulders back, and don't forget your manners!"

Manners were as truly the product of modern civilization as the gloves. Neither grew upon us naturally.

Children are little animals at birth—as greedy, as wayward and, when provoked, as savage as the beasts that perish. Above all other instincts that of self-preservation prevails in each. It is as natural as thirst and hunger. The propensity to gratify animal desires predominates and must be controlled. The energies they direct instinctively toward making *themselves* comfortable must be deflected into other channels by artificial means. Unless these are employed, the human animal at six months, at six years, or sixty—has no manners to speak of.

I have used the phrase "artificial means," not exactly "in a Pickwickian sense," but in what our New Woman and advanced mother would consider a technical manner. Whatever opposes Nature in the young animal of the human race is to her "artificial" and, since it is contrary to natural processes, does violence to just and obvious laws. The term thus applied belongs to a progressive age that, forgetting the things that are behind, presses forward—to what?

When Children Bring Themselves Up

AMONG other obsolete (hence, absurd) practises of the generation she has distanced, was reverent study of laws asserted by the Catechism—also outlawed—to be "the only infallible rule for man's faith and practise." Our collegian would blush to manifest such ignorance of Homer and Virgil as he avows laughingly of the finest classic in any tongue.

The best that can be said of the *"laissez-aller"* theory and practise of the advocate for the individual development of the child, is that it is rank fatalism unworthy of a turbaned Turk of the Fifteenth Century.

We have a pleasant way of congratulating the dramatist upon the joy of beholding the visible and living creations of his imagination. The mother of the enlightened school of discipline—or non-discipline—may behold now in the prankish, ungovernable lad, the wilful maiden and, in perspective, the unmannerly boor and capricious termagant, creatures of her own fashioning.

This is the time of her visitation and she knows it not. Instead of the stately pleasance, she wills to have the jungle. If the children she is leaving to bring themselves up do not, in later life, rise up and call her accursed she will owe exemption to what theologians call "uncovenanted mercies."

This is not optimistic, nor is it pleasant to think of and to discuss. The naked truth seldom is. The sixty-year-old animal may have learned to gloss over native savagery because—and here comes in the self-protective principle again—experience has taught him that it is politic to seem civil and a respecter of others' rights if he would not be dealt roughly with by offended Law. The brute in him is cowed. Some stocks are better than others but it is the grafting that determines the character of the plant. Your Bon Silene, your Lamarque, your American Beauty are made fast artificially to the stump of a wild rose—a mere brier and no better than a weed. If frost, or worm, or pruning-knife chance to strike below the graft, no trace of the greenhouse darling remains.

Whatever is accomplished in the way of making children mannerly, corresponds to the grafting process. Furthermore, it must be begun early and followed up, line upon line, precept upon precept until character, in forming, absorbs and incorporates line and precept.

Boorish boys have been wrought by later influences into well-behaved men. They have never been made over into well-bred men. To change the figure for a moment—and a moment only—the polish of worldly wisdom is always liable to give way under the heat of sudden provocation, and the veneer of conventional respectability will wear down to the native wood under the wear and tear of every-day life. What, for the lack of a better and a more thoroughly comprehensive word we name manners, must be taught by touches delicate and innumerable before the individuality of the child is established. (Of which same individuality I shall have somewhat to say presently.)

Some one has defined politeness as "consistent practise of the Golden Rule," and I can offer no better definition. The enforcement of thought for others cannot begin too soon. The mischief was done to the deformed finger-nail—and done unwittingly—while there was yet no sign of a nail above the encircling cuticle. Some officers can afford to be off guard for a time. The mother is a picket forever on duty; a sculptor whose "tap! tap! tap!" works incessant changes in the marble.

More About the Origin of Rudeness

I HAVE the misery of knowing one man whose lately-inherited wealth has metamorphosed him from a quiet, not ill-mannered fellow, into a blatant boor! He sits in drawing-rooms with his hat on and takes a fiendish pleasure in violating every by-law of polite behavior, shoveling his food down his throat with his knife, putting his muddy boots upon his wife's satin sofa, and contradicting people right and left without regard to age, sex or condition.

I know another—also a millionaire—whom I was once obliged to introduce to an elegant woman over fifty years of age. He sat at his ease in the most comfortable chair in the room and nodded from its recesses as I named my friend:

"Ah! Mrs. B—! Wife of the Senator, I s'pose? Well, madam, I helped send your husband to Congress. Hope he appreciated it!"

Rising in the social scale, I may mention a distinguished clergyman who did me the honor of calling upon me and, while he talked, rocked violently back and forth, hugging his knee with both arms and chewing gum audibly—I had almost said, vociferously.

And still another of the cloth—the wearing of which usually presupposes culture and refinement—who, when I entered the library of my own home where he sat with my husband, nodded a genial, "Howdy-do?" without rising and remained complacently ignorant of his breach of good manners, although my husband had risen at my entrance and did not resume his seat until I sat down.

In each of these cases (and I could multiply them until you would cease to regard Gulliver's tales of the Yahoos as a burlesque and an exaggeration), the fault lay back of the boors themselves. Not one of them was trained from infancy in the gentle art of minor civilities, in respectful demeanor toward his fellows in any and all circumstances, and in the graceful deference to woman which is the hall-mark of the true gentleman the world round.

The girl who is allowed to speak disrespectfully to her mother will be tart to her husband. The boy who struts through the house, cap on head, whistling and shouting will, as a man, shed his manners as he pulls off his overcoat in the hall of his own home; will sit down to table in his shirt-sleeves when nobody is present but his family, and will bid his wife "hold her tongue for a fool" when she moves him to wrath.

Before a child can walk he should be set to study what I have named as the basic principle of good breeding—consideration for others' feelings and comfort. By the time his tongue can form a word he should be taught to put his hand readily into that offered by a visitor; to say, "Please," before any coveted object is given to him and, "Thank you," when he receives it. In like manner, as he gains the use of his feet and the language he is to speak, teach him not to pass between other people and the fire or between those who are conversing with one another; to say, "Excuse me," when he stumbles over one's feet, or treads upon a woman's dress, or hiccups, or is guilty of any other minor breach of etiquette. Insist from the first that he shall reply respectfully and readily when he is addressed.

On entering the

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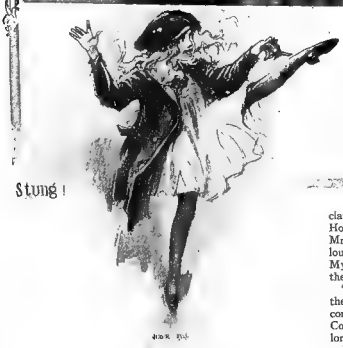
LITTLE EVA, THE ANGEL CHILD

"Why Be a Girl When Boys Are More in Demand?" As Mrs. Mahoney Says

By Gertrude Brooke Hamilton

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN R. NEILL

EVA LA GRANGE, the eight-year-old juvenile whirlwind, hopped off a Broadway car and twirled like an energetic spark through the early dusk of one of the side streets of Manhattan.

She did not temper her fiery pace until she reached Mrs. Mahoney's theatrical boarding-house, just off Broadway; here, she flopped the suitcases she carried onto the top step, hollowed her small, not over-clean hands, and performed—as on a bagpipe tube with finger holes—a series of piercing shrieks on the keyhole!

From within, a snort of rage. The door opened, and Mrs. Mahoney, resplendent in black satin and jet earrings, bounced wrathfully from it. Her huge arms were akimbo, her expression was direful, her jet earrings quivered with rage, a ferocious wisp reared like an avenging, eye-jabbing hatpin from her butter-plate of hair. "Who is that?" she exploded. And, catching sight of the impish little figure crouching in the shadow of the door, she brought her fat hands together with a resounding bang, and an indignant, "Scat, you pest! What do you mean by disturbing the occupants of an elegant house like this? Scat! Shoo!"

Eva La Grange spun to her feet, and around like a teetotum, until her long, golden curls stood out like a halo. "'Shoe the old horse, shoe the old mare! Stick a nail here, stick a nail there!" she shrilled, in a high, derisive treble. And then she bounded forward and flung both spindly arms about Mrs. Mahoney's neck. "Stung!" she shouted. "It's *not* an old horse! It's little Eva! it's little Eva! it's little Eva!"

Wrath evaporated, Mrs. Mahoney clasped the juvenile whirlwind to her capacious bosom. "Come right along in, darling," she beamed. "I said to your mother yesterday, I said, 'Ain't it lovely that your angel child has got such a good engagement with the Majestic Stock over in Brooklyn?' I said, 'Regular as beef stew and bread pudding on Monday, her sweet little pay envelope comes to you and Mister La Grange every week.' And she said, 'Indeed, yes, Mrs. Mahoney.' And I said, 'Trouble is hot and heavy after you, Mrs. La Grange, —Mister La Grange being out of work and getting took with sinking spells—but you've got little Eva. And little Eva's got her job.' And, sweetie,"—eyes suddenly falling upon the juvenile whirlwind's suitcases on the top step—"sweetie, what has you come home for?"

"Where's Mama? How's Papa?" evaded Eva La Grange, squirming from Mrs. Mahoney's embrace.

Mrs. Mahoney pinned the juvenile whirlwind with her eyes. "What has you come home for?" she demanded, with increasing suspicion. "What has you come home for?"

"To take your parlor suite," retorted Eva fliply. And she shot her suitcases under Mrs. Mahoney's arm down the coffin-shaped hall of the boarding-house and danced in their wake, crowing, "Stung! I haven't come to take your old parlor suite, so there!"

THE inside of the boarding-house was hilarious with light and music. Eva La Grange pirouetted to the threshold of the parlor. Freddy French, leading man with a "movie" company, was strumming on the ancient piano; Maida Breeze, the little toe dancer, was keeping time to the leading man's blithe music with her crochet needle; Mr. Mahoney, a lean and bony man beginning to fill out, was ensconced in a plush rocking-chair reading an evening paper; Jeremiah Crouch, the monologuist, Signor Dianzi, the animal trainer, Jerome Hadford, the violinist and his wife, Magda De Mille, the character actress, were grouped about the center table playing cards. Signor Dianzi's performing monkey was swinging by his tail from the prism-hung chandelier.

"Oh, you boarders!" sang out Eva La Grange. "Hello, Crouchy. Hello, Breezy. Hello, Hanford and De Mille. Hello, Mr. Mahoney. Hello, new man. Hello, monkey. Where's Mama?"

Freddy French swung around on the piano stool, staring. "And who in the name of blazes, are you, size-of-a-grasshopper?" he ejaculated.

Eva La Grange made him a bobbing bow. "Eva La Grange, the eight-year-old juvenile whirlwind," she declaimed, "late of the punk Majestic stock—at liberty. How's Papa?" She stood on one toe, pointed the other at Mrs. Mahoney and then twirled up the hall stairs, singing loudly: "My company's gone up the spout, the spout. My company's gone up the spout! My company's gone up the spout, the spout. My company's gone up the spout!"

"In-deed?" exploded Mrs. Mahoney, bearing down upon the suitcases in the hall with an enraged thud. "Your company's gone up the spout? Is it so? Say no more! Come back here, you pesky brat, and pick up your belongings!"

Mrs. Mahoney's indignation increased; she shook the suitcases violently. "Ain't it the truth, that the worse luck they has the haughtier they prances back!"

"Such is life," glibly commented Freddy French, from the parlor. "Bluff, and the world bows to you; bawl, and you go it alone!" His fingers galloped into a rollicking tune over the yellowed keys. "Cheer up, the worst is yet to come, Mrs. Mahoney," he admonished over a gay shoulder. "Life's short and sweet. Why pickle it? To young Freddy's way of thinking, nothing's worth a growl, a groan, or a grouch! And, believe me, that infantile live wire won't be long landing another engagement."

"Oh, no! I suppose not! At the deadest time of the season, Mister Freddy!" gibed Mrs. Mahoney.

He carelessly threw back his pompadour of blond hair. "Sure. Lots of children stars twinkling on the horizon. 'Good little devils' and 'poor little rich girls.' Never say die. While there's youth there's hope. Trust Freddy's bright blue eye for picking out a winner. A kid that can make an entrance like a cyclone and hold the stage like a Broadway sure hit will have 'em all singing, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star' before she's through the game. Better keep in with the coming great, Mrs. Mahoney. Brats of to-day may be darlings of to-morrow." His clever fingers ran from an idle strain to a blood-stirring march.

Slightly mollified, Mrs. Mahoney, condescended to gather up the juvenile whirlwind's suitcases and to lumber with them up to the third floor back, the La Granges' room. Here a touching family scene was being enacted. Little Eva was clasped in Mr. La Grange's arms, while Mrs. La Grange twined the golden curls about her fingers and wiped her eyes. Mrs. Mahoney's emotions, always easily quickened, sprang to the surface.

"Sweeties," she said, from the threshold, "your affection does you credit. You are the model family of my house. And, dearie,"—to Mr. La Grange—"you are letting one of my best blankets trail on the floor and the price of blankets is likely to put me out of the boarding-house business into the poorhouse any day."

"Indeed, yes," said Mrs. La Grange; and hastily tucked up the blanket end.

"It was harder than hard that Eva's company had to close down just when Mister La Grange got took with more sinking spells," continued Mrs. Mahoney, dumping Eva's suitcases on the bed. "I said to Lizzie yesterday, I said, 'Once bad luck gets headed your way you might as well up and do away with yourself.' I said, 'Bad luck ain't content to hit you once and then be satisfied.' I said, 'It's like a critic what gets a grudge against a leading lady; it roasts you every chance it gets!' And it does. But don't you worry no more than is natural, Mrs La Grange. And don't you let Mister La Grange worry. As Mister Freddy French says, your angel child is a live wire. She won't be long landing another engagement. And I'm going to let Lizzie put a cot for her into your room; and I'm only going to charge her half rates. I has a mother's heart in my bosom towards my guests, Mrs. La Grange,—third floor nor parlor suite don't make no special difference to me—all I asks is that my guests are considerate enough to pay their rent."

Mrs. Mahoney removed the tip from one of the gas brackets, stopped up the hole with a piece of putty extracted from a pocket in her stocking; and lumbered out, banging the door after her.

Mr. La Grange winced under the bang. Mrs. La Grange dissolved into tears. Eva, hopping on the edge of the dejected atmosphere and zealously twisting her hair into rag curlers, taunted herself with, "Oh, you angel Eva, out of a job! Oh, you little live wire, out of a job! Oh, you size-of-a-grasshopper, out of a job, a job, a job!"

IT was the time of the year when theatrical engagements were hard to obtain along Broadway, for even so clever a juvenile player as Eva La Grange. There began the dreaded round of agents' and managers' offices, the spurts and starts of false hope, the eternal necessity to put up a show, the dwindling of funds, the blank appalment of impending destitution.

In vain was Eva soaped and fluffed. In vain was her wasp-like little body encased in her stylish red corduroy coat, her thin little legs clad in silk stockings of the same vivid hue, her twinkling feet shod in red tango boots, and her long, golden hair carefully arranged in fascinating curls under her jaunty red velvet tam-o'-shanter. In vain did she coyly shake these same curls, always her best asset, around her peaked, infantile countenance, and dreamily twine them about her not over-clean fingers, and toss them back with a saccharinely sweet, self-conscious pride in them, and then peer shyly through the falling golden shower. In vain did she and her mother sally over to Broadway, to dive between glittering automobiles and taxis and in front of surface cars and trucks, to climb dingy stairs, to edge into crowded elevators, to wait for hours in close offices, in the straggling lines of the dispirited Thespians who were prowling feverishly around Broadway in the dead of the season.

The stylish red corduroy coat began to lose its chic set, the red stockings began to fade, the red tango boots began to show white in spots, and the jaunty red velvet tam-o'-shanter began to get floppy.

"Why don't you change your color, size-of-a-grasshopper?" questioned Freddy French one day at lunch. "You're a regular firecracker—always red."

"I haven't got any other coat," said Eva La Grange, "I haven't got any other hat, I haven't got any other shoes and stockings."

Mrs. La Grange wiped her eyes. "Indeed, yes. It's the truth. Luck's against us," she murmured with an almost hopeless air of futility.

"'I've Played Lots of Boys' Parts,' Persisted Eva La Grange. 'I've Got a Boy's Norfolk Suit in My Trunk, and a Boy's Collar and Tie and a Boy's Shoes and Stockings and a Boy's Golf Cap'"

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MRS. MAHONEY snorted. "Say no more, Mrs. La Grange!" Removing the sugar bowl from little Eva's active fingers. "Then that does nothing but weep when the world goes wrong with their nearest and dearest, seldom sets the world going right again. Tears and sighs is cheap. They is used to remind others that they has over-human hearts in their bosoms. They is used to get something for nothing. And, I asks you just once, Mrs. La Grange, as one woman to another, has you ever heard of a boarding-house keeper what has been able to satisfy *her* landlord and *her* grocer and the *gas* office with sighs and tears?"

Mrs. La Grange ducked.

"I want some more sugar in my tea, Mama," chirped up Eva.

"Sh—sh!" urged Mrs. La Grange.

"Such is life," commented Freddy French, passing the gingerbread to Eva.

"I have a cunning white feather that I'm not using," said Maida Breeze, from the next table. "Come up to my room after lunch, kiddy, and I'll pin it on your hat."

"That Irish lace collar of mine will look well on Eva's coat," said Magda De Mille. "I'll give it to her."

"Eva will land something soon," encouraged Jerome Hanford, helping Eva to strawberry jam.

"And starve while the managers are making up their minds," murmured Jeremiah Crouch.

"Indeed, yes," sighed Mrs. La Grange; "it's the truth."

"Never say die," Freddy French admonished. "Say! size-of-a-grasshopper, how would you like to act for the 'movies?'"

"I don't care," said Eva La Grange, mouth full of jam. "She'd like it mighty well," eagerly volunteered Mrs. La Grange. "But it's hard to find an opening."

"Banner and Bloom are keen after a child actor to send out to their company in Tampa, Florida," imparted Freddy French.

MRS. MAHONEY placed her hands on her hips and regarded the leading man with ireful scorn. "Indeed?" she burst out. "Is it so, Mister Freddy French? Banner and Bloom are keen after a child actor to send out to Florida? And Eva, the best juvenile player in the profession, tramping her little feet off, hunting a job! And Mister La Grange ordered South by the doctor, and sinking away for want of it! And you, with such information locked up in your measly boarder, asking Eva, cruel and careless, why don't she change her color! Ain't it the truth, that here in New York mortals are colder than cold, and that we can come to the point of doing away with ourselves unbeknown to the people in the same house!"

"Better late than never," grinned Freddy French. "Calm down, Mrs. Mahoney. Life's short. Never get rifled. I tell you what I'll do, grasshopper. Doll yourself up in your glad rags. I'll trot you over to Banner's office myself. No time like the present. Say the word, and I'll trot you over this afternoon. How's that? Eh?"

Mrs. Mahoney bore down upon Freddy French and hugged him. "You're the model boy of my house," she beamed. "I said to Lizzie, the first set eyes on you, I said, 'I feels like a mother towards that Mister Freddy French.' I said, 'He could ask for six towels a day, and get them.' I said, 'He's got the winning smile that speaks a big heart in his bosom.' And, darling, you have. And as for Eva. Who knows? There's millions in the 'movies.' Wipe the jam off your angel child's face, Mrs. La Grange, and trot her right along up-stairs and curl her hair."

Mrs. La Grange seized upon Eva and bore her, jamless and uncurled, up to the third floor back. The feminine boarders swarmed after them and excitedly offered any of their belongings that might enhance the juvenile whirlwind's street attire.

A half hour later, fluffed and combed, encouraged, admonished, cheered on, and wept over, she departed from the boarding-house clasping the gay hand of Freddy French, bound for the office of Banner and Bloom.

"Hello, Banner, old chap," blithely greeted Freddy French. "Here's your clever kiddo for your company out in Tampa, Florida." Pulling one of Eva's curls. "Her name's Eva La Grange, she's just crowded with the Majestic Stock once in Brooklyn, and she's a live wire. She'd go great in the 'movies.' Hair, eyes, profile and brain. She'd never spoil a film. Just the kid you're looking for. Eh, Banner?"

"Sorry, French," answered Banner, of Banner and Bloom. "We've about decided to get a boy for the place. It's outdoor work, you know, and pretty strenuous."

"I've played boys' parts," spoke up Eva La Grange. "The Majestic Stock put on 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' just for me, and it ran two weeks and made enough money to pay up the salaries."

The manager smiled and shook his head. "We're not looking for the 'Lord Fauntleroy' type."

"I've played lots of boys' parts," persisted Eva La Grange. "I've got a boy's brown Norfolk suit in my trunk, and a boy's collar and tie and a boy's shoes and stockings and a boy's golf cap. I wore them in 'A Man's World.'"

"No doubt." The manager nodded, not unkindly. "But the trouble is, we don't want 'curls.' We want a boy, an active, rough and tumble boy. You know the work, French. He'll have to dive, swim, wrestle, ride and race; climb cliffs, dangle from bridges, leap from racing automobiles, be rescued from in front of locomotives, be thrown from horses, and kidnaped by Indians." He smiled again at Eva.

"Glory, size-of-a-grasshopper, they wouldn't leave anything of a speck like you," said Freddy French. "I think you're passing up a good thing, Banner. But you know your own business. By-by." And he gaily pulled one of Eva's curls and towed her out of the office.

IN the elevator going down, he said, "Such is life, grasshopper. How about a soda by way of consolation?

And a box of bonbons? Uh?" And after they had partaken of luscious chocolate sodas in a Broadway drug store and Eva La Grange's heart had been gladdened by a huge, gaily be-ribboned box of bonbons, Freddy French escorted the juvenile whirlwind to the corner of their street, bade her a cheery good-by, and went whistling about his business.

Mrs. La Grange was waiting at a parlor window of the boarding-house and Mrs. La Grange was wrapped in a faded dressing-gown in a parlor chair when Eva returned. Mrs. Mahoney, on the parlor divan with her work basket beside her, mending a lace curtain, poised her needle in mid-air. "And what did you get?" she questioned excitedly, as Eva hopped into the parlor.

"Stung," responded the juvenile whirlwind, mouth stuffed with bonbons.

Mrs. La Grange faltered to Mr. La Grange's chair.

"They wanted a boy," said Eva. "I bluffed a lot, Mama and Papa. But they wanted a boy."

"And didn't that no-account wretch of a Mister Freddy French tell them you had played boys' parts?" burst out Mrs. Mahoney.

"I told them," said Eva La Grange. "But they didn't like my curls."

"In-deed?" gibed Mrs. Mahoney. "Is it so? They didn't like your curls? And why, I ask, didn't Mister Freddy up and tell them that your mother could cut your curls off?"

"Cut my curls off? Oh,—Mama!" Eva gasped. "I have to have my curls, I have to have my curls."

Mrs. La Grange wrung her hands. "Oh, I wish I'd gone with her myself," she wailed.

With a triumphant gesture, Mrs. Mahoney put aside the lace curtain. "Dearie," she exclaimed, "I has an inspiration! *Go* with her yourself! Go back with her. If at first you get a turn down, try, try again!" Mrs. Mahoney flung out dramatic hands. "Eva looks lovely in that feather and collar," she declared emotionally. "It ain't in the heart of any manager to resist her. Mister Freddy couldn't have tried hard enough. It takes a woman and a mother to say the tactful things. Go back with little Eva, sweetie; and try, try again!"

Eva La Grange stood on one rebellious toe and pointed the other at Mrs. Mahoney. "I'm not going back," she declared.

"Yes, you are going back," said Mrs. Mahoney. "You're going back like a good little girl, with your mother."

"I'm not going back *like* a good little girl. They don't want a girl. They want a boy. I'm not going back with Mama." The juvenile whirlwind stamped her tango-shod foot.

Mrs. Mahoney leveled a fat forefinger at Eva La Grange. "Now, look here, you little imp, you *are* going back."

"I'm not, I'm not, I'm not." Twirling on her toes and stamping her foot with each twirl. "I won't go back unless I'm a boy. I won't, I won't!"

Mrs. Mahoney shook her finger violently. "Yes, you will go back! I'll make your mother spank you!"

"Catch me, catch me, catch me!" taunted Eva, darting within a foot of Mrs. Mahoney.

Mrs. Mahoney dived forward; but the juvenile whirlwind skimmed under her arm, unexpectedly pounced upon the shears in the work basket on the divan, brandished them above her curls, and then made a lorgnette of them and peered through them at Mrs. Mahoney with gleaming eyes.

"You don't know what I'm going to do with these scissors, you don't know what I'm going to do with these scissors, you don't know what I'm going to do with these scissors," she shrieked. "I'm going to cut your old throat. Stung! I'm *not* going to cut your old throat!" And before Mrs. Mahoney could catch her, she darted from the parlor and up the hall stairs.

Purple in the face, Mrs. Mahoney flopped into a chair.

"I'll make Eva bring your scissors back, Mrs. Mahoney," said Mrs. La Grange, rising.

"Say no more, Mrs. La Grange! Scissors is nothing compared to feelings!"

"Indeed, no. I hope Eva didn't hurt your feelings," anxiously. "Eva's devoted to you, Mrs. Mahoney; we all are."

"Is it so? Devotion is as devotion does, eh, Mrs. La Grange?"

MRS. LA GRANGE wiped her eyes. "Eva's a high spirited and independent."

"Independent?" scoffed Mrs. Mahoney. "Take it from me, the men what signed the Declaration of Independence, Mrs. La Grange, could afford it! The same yesterday, to-day, and forever—independence is the privilege of them what is prompt when rent day comes around, Mrs. La Grange!" was the landlady's final thrust.

Mrs. La Grange ducked. Mrs. Mahoney triumphantly reached for the lace curtain. There was a pause. Mrs. La Grange sat on the edge of her chair, swallowed, ventured to examine Mrs. Mahoney's obdurate features, swallowed again; and sighed. A patter of footsteps shot by the parlor, and the outside door of the boarding-house opened and closed.

Instantly Mrs. Mahoney was on her feet, jerking back the portières and peering suspiciously into the hall. Mrs. La Grange, now strong, also got to her feet, and timidly detained the landlady.

"I—I'm going to ask a favor of you, Mrs. Mahoney," she faltered. "I'm going to ask you to—to let our board stand. We are at the end of our string, Mrs. Mahoney. But we don't want to send Eva's father to a hospital and put Eva into an orphan asylum. We want to stay together. We—we love each other so." She broke down and covered her face.

Temperamentally alive to the emotional force of the situation, Mrs. Mahoney's eyes flickered, filled, roved; and focused evasively on the plaster of Paris cupid on the piano. "Dearie," she began, in touched tones, "when you first came to me, I said to Lizzie, I said, 'A father and a mother and a golden-haired child.' I said, 'They will be the model family of my house.' I said, 'Boarders may come and boarders may go, but I hopes the La Granges stay forever.' And you have. And I feels like a mother for you in your affliction. But, sweetie, I am in this business to make a living for Mrs. Mahoney. If you can't pay your rent, out you go."

Mrs. La Grange wiped her eyes. Mrs. Mahoney sighed heavily. And at this affecting point, Freddy French sprinted into the hall.

"Hello, people," he greeted, tossing his hat on the hat-rack. "Too bad about grasshopper. She'd have gone great in the 'movies', Banner wanted a boy." He nodded sympathetically to Mrs. La Grange, crossed the parlor, sat down before the ancient piano, and began to strum, "Don't Blame It All on Broadway."

Maida Breeze came down the hall stairs and into the parlor; Jeremiah Crouch ascended from his basement room; Signor Dianzi's performing monkey, attracted by the music, waltzed into the parlor on his hind paws; Jerome Hanford and Magda De Mille strolled down from their second floor front in search of diversion. And Mrs. La Grange began to tell them about Eva's defeat with the "movies."

Mrs. Mahoney gathered up her lace curtain and work basket. "Eva deserved all she got," she voiced tartly. "I has no patience with them sassy children. I has no patience with them what don't embrace opportunities. Ain't it the truth, that opportunity comes once to each, and that the bawlers bawl and the bluffers get by!"

An ear-piercing whistle sounded from outside the boarding-house. The front door opened with a bang. Framed in the doorway was a curly-mopped, dancing figure in a boy's brown Norfolk suit, twirling a boy's golf cap on one small hand and a folded paper on the other.

"'Just Tell It All to Mrs. Mahoney, Darling,' She Crooned. 'Just Cry It Out on Mrs. Mahoney's Bosom'"

"MAMA, do you know me? Papa, do you know me? I'm a boy, I'm a boy, I'm a boy!"

Suddenly shooting into the parlor with a series of "cart wheels," straight to Mrs. La Grange. "Stung! I'm *not* a boy! I'm little Eva! I'm little Eva! I cut off my curls with your scissors, I cut off my curls with your scissors, I cut off my curls with your scissors! I got this suit out of my trunk. I went back to Banner and Bloom. I said I could dive. I could swim. I could ride. I could wrestle. I stood on my head. I walked on my hands. I turned somersaults and they took me." Hopping up and down in a transport, and brandishing the folded paper. "Bas, bas! You're stung, Mrs. Mahoney! You're stung Freddy French! You're stung, Mama and Papa! They signed me up, they took me! They signed me up, they took me! Bas, bas!"

Mrs. Mahoney jerked the folded paper from Eva La Grange's hand and tore it open.

"Say no more!" she exclaimed, raising astounded eyes to heaven. "This is a bony-fidy contract! Banner and Bloom has signed up the angel child for a hundred per! Lizzie!" shrilly. "Liz-*sie*! Make a pitcher of lemonade and put some cherries in it and bring it up with ten glasses to the parlor!"

Lizzie, the maid of all work, ambled up the basement stairs with a clean apron on and the tray of lemonade. But when they came

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WHY THE PURE FOOD LIST?

Answering Some Questions Sure To Be Asked by Common-Sense Housewives

By Helen Louise Johnson

SANITY in food matters seems a difficult factor to attain. Why the public so quickly becomes hysterical when the sensational newsmonger attacks the subject of "pure food," but remains comparatively passive when the milk supply is discussed, is perhaps a question for a psychologist to answer. Certain it is that during the past five years the honest workers for the public welfare, food commissioners whose reputation is beyond question, experts whose scientific contributions to this field of knowledge have been incalculably valuable, have been assailed and criticized until the facts seem lost to sight in a maze of untruth, half truth and exaggeration.

It is not strange that the layman has been misled, nor singular that women have become bewildered. Until within recent years they have had little opportunity for the scientific training which would enable them to sift the kernel of truth from the chaff of deceit, and many housekeepers are without business experience in the outside world. In the street called Business, the workers are apt to assume the mental attitude which is common to a court of justice. What is the motive for this thing? What is behind this man's action, that man's speech, are the questions asked. Without impelling motive it is difficult to understand why a person does or says a certain thing, but a motive once established the rest becomes clear.

Women are different from men by tradition, habit, experience and training. They are nobler in many things, less noble in others. They are more or less emotional, it depends upon the cause of the emotion. They are often less just and more kind. They possess certain distinctive traits which they have shown here and there where proper civic privileges have been granted them. They are the most magnificent champions of a Cause. Once convinced that it is a Cause, that it needs championing, they never give it up until they are annihilated, or success is assumed. They are implacable when convinced of the right or wrong of a thing. Their weakness comes most often in the very place where they are most strong. Having been convinced, they are loath to turn about face and find their convictions were not based on sound common sense, on the actual facts, or that reasons have arisen which should change them.

Support the Principle, Not the Person

A MAN is not a cause. He may be the champion of one, he may battle for it, but he is not the thing itself. It is forgetting this, or failing to distinguish between the personality representing a movement or reform, and the movement itself which leads to many mistakes.

Last year, in one state, a department of public service was threatened with extinction. The real fact was that the man in it was believed to be using the office in his own rather than the public interest. Yet club after club sent messages to the governor requesting the retention of the man when, in matter of fact, it was the office they desired retained. Some who realized that the women should support a principle rather than a person tried to argue on this point, but many more voted it down. And it would take an Elizabeth Cady Stanton or a Susan B. Anthony to stand before an enthusiastic gathering of women and state known facts against a *person* they believed in, even if it were wisdom or policy to do so.

It is this trait, this admirable, beautiful, if sometimes unwise thing upon which those with axes to grind, as well as those with real causes to present, rely and use and abuse. And how are we to know the truth? Upon whose word can we depend? Whose lead should we follow?

Here is a man in whom we have believed, claiming with unqualified assertions that glucose is harmful. Here is another, far better established in the scentific world, but less well known to them, stating that it is a good and harmless and proper product.

Here is a man whom they believe to represent all that is right in the fight for pure food, stating that alum baking-powder leaves free alum in bread and is injurious. They believe in him. They accept his statement without question. Yet would they but ask the actual scientists of their state, those connected with the Board of Health, their universities or techincal institutes, they would be told that alum baking-powders *do not* leave free alum in bread and are quite as harmless as the more expensive product. Moreover, they might learn that to do harm and injustice to the alum baking-powder business reacts upon the poorer people who cannot afford to pay the price asked for the higher grade cream of tartar powders.

Again we are led into violent agitation over white bread and polished rice, and our "denatured foods," whatever those may mean. Before we have recovered our mental or digestive equilibrium and accustomed ourselves to a new bill of fare, we are made to shiver with fright at the fearful dangers to which we are exposed on every hand from spoiled meat, eggs and poultry. So far we have been left to consume fruits and vegetables in comparative peace, but do not be deceived. Their time will surely come.

Not long ago an article on newspaper morals was published in one of our leading magazines. Those who read it will remember that the writer, desiring to advance as a dramatic critic, went to a friend for advice. The friend assured him that no matter what the facts, success lay solely in producing "the good story," and then explained how this might be secured. "Knock somebody in the head every day, if not an actor, then the author, and if not the author, then the manager. And if the play and the performance are perfect, then excoriate some one who does not think so, a fellow critic, a rival manager, the unappreciative public. But make it hearty; make it hot! The public would rather be the butt itself, than have no butt in the ring."

The absolute truth of this and that it is the common newspaper method, he who runs may read. And to go quietly about one's business, steadily trying to do the right, the best, the honest thing, when newspapers and magazines are breathing fire and brimstone, must be as difficult for a food commissioner as for a president.

The Wrongs Accomplished by Agitation

THE three chief points of attack have been adulteration, the use of preservatives, and the sale of decomposed food. The Food and Drugs Act of 1906 as administered in the past, has been very largely an economic measure. It has had comparatively little to do with the lowering of the death rate in this country. This does not mean that no attention was paid to deleterious substances in food, or that no effort was made to protect the consumer from injury. But it does mean that until the present administration was inaugurated, matters of minor importance in comparison with those which seriously menace the health of the community have held the center of the stage and attracted popular attention. Ice-cream made in part from gelatin, sausages mixed with cereals, honey containing glucose, are perfectly wholesome articles. To exclude those proper foods which can be sold at a low price is to augment the already heavy burden which the increased cost of living has laid upon the people. To make these cheaper substitutes the topics of continued newspaper "stories," viciously attacking all substitution of good, cheap material for the higher priced, better flavored articles, may result in serious harm to the very ones the champion so frequently refers to as the "Common People."

Professor Sedgwick in an address given before the Public Health Association at its last meeting, stated that one conclusion to which students of the food supply are driven is that no safe and wholesome food can be wasted. He said: "We dare no longer require that all food shall be of the first quality. We must in the future have different grades of food adapted to different purses. Only the rich will be able to afford the best, many must put up with a second quality, and some with grades decidedly inferior."

This is already done in the case of milk, it being sold in our larger cities as A. B. & C. milk, and graded according to certain specified standards of inspection, bacteriological count, temperature, and so on. Yet when Professor Sedgwick said that eggs should be sold in like manner as a direct benefit to the poorer consumer, he was headlined as a "poisoner and a food faker." The public only permits such things because it must have "a butt in the ring." So the real food faker writes merrily on, and the good newspapers refuse to enter the lists with him.

When the "pure food" champions begin to lend definite aid in the education of the consumer as to real and not dramatic danger, when they can be induced to state the *facts*, and not until then, will the efforts of those most interested in the public welfare be rewarded by that development of discriminating knowledge which alone can lead to economic living. Meanwhile what is happening?

Censored advertisements and a refusal to carry those which make undue claims are not new to the public. Such a move is one in the right direction, and the quicker the value of truth is recognized as a good selling point, the sooner we shall drive the charlatan and the unworthy out of business. But consistency is required in any single magazine as well as in the statements of a person if it, or he, is to be believed.

And here the pure food list enters and we find this statement: "A single glance at the classified, indexed buying guide furnished you by So-and-so, makes you sure of ordering products which give you full value for your money in *clean*, pure, wholesome, honestly branded foods. You cannot possibly be sure of this until you have and use this book of Pure Foods."

The misleading guarantee clause permitted under the Food and Drugs Act seems to say to the purchaser that the Government has investigated the food bearing this label and found it good. The chief reason why the Government cannot make such a guarantee is because it would necessitate constant inspection of every place in this country where food was manufactured, canned or preserved, or in any way for sale. If it were possible to carry on such inspection it could only be done through the employment of thousands of scientifically trained experts, and by the expenditure of millions of dollars. It might be somewhat more practicable than the suggestion of one of our latest faddists that all home kitchens where food is cooked be inspected, but it is scarcely more necessary. The chances for unclean handling and the use of improper materials is probably greater in thousands of homes than in the ordinary food mill or factory.

But if the Government cannot afford to do this thing, how does it happen that a single magazine, a local Board of Health, or any one newspaper can certify to a list of products even partly inclusive of the really good foods bottled, canned, preserved and pickled in every state of this Union?

We have nothing against the pure food list as such. Our objections are to the advertised claims it cannot substantiate, and to its exclusion policy which unjustly discriminates against products which others better fitted to know have judged as good and wholesome foods. We question the possibility of the definite assurance that following this list insures the purchase of *clean* food.

Opening the list at random we find eleven firms making mince-meat in eight different cities; seventeen firms putting up some twelve different meat products in eight different places; eighteen firms canning some sixteen varieties of fish in towns from Maine to Virginia, and as far west as Chicago. Then we find twenty-two different firms putting up some thirty kinds of preserved fruits, jams and jellies, these factories being situated in thirteen or fourteen different places all the way from Boston to San Francisco.

How can any one give assurance as to the cleanliness of any food product other than by inspection of food, plant and workers?

Clean food now indicates to most people food packed, prepared and canned under sanitary conditions.

Certainly the chemical laboratory does not reveal whether the canning was done by little children working over hours under pitiful conditions, or by diseased men and women.

Most of us are perfectly aware that any local Board of Health could not legally inspect or pass upon the conditions under which a food was manufactured in another state. Such a task belongs to the Federal Government and its jurisdiction begins only when a food passes across state lines. Each state may inspect its own food, its own products, and frame its own food laws. Local Boards of Health are as restricted in their territory as the state, and state inspection of any kind must be carried on by the State Board of Health. Take milk for instance; a local milk inspector may inspect the herds and barns within city or town limits. He has no legal jurisdiction beyond the town or city line. He may refuse entry to suspected milk but he cannot forbid its sale elsewhere if another town receives it.

On what basis of fact, then, can these foods be listed in regard to the claim that to be certified by this local Board of Health means that the product has been analyzed and *is* pure, *clean*, full measure, and truthfully labeled?

Showing the Doubtful Policy of Exclusion

LAST Winter in a New York suburb the subject of granting blue ribbons to grocery stores carrying certain goods and adopting specified methods was broached to a wise club president. She replied: "I will not do it. It is a sandbagging method. You ask me to go to my grocer who has a clean, nice store, and keeps a high grade of goods, and demand that he shall carry this list of goods and buy a blue ribbon, or I will take my trade elsewhere. It is forcing him into attaching a label he neither needs nor desires, and I refuse to do it. If the women of the club have not the intelligence with which

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The best-known Short Story Tellers are writing for PICTORIAL REVIEW. *That was a great story in September by Corra Harris, "The Wife Who Waited." If your husband did not read it, make sure that he does right now. We shall have a Corra Harris serial later on. Meanwhile, read "The Mourning Veil" by Alice Brown, in this month's issue. Miss Brown stands foremost among American writers, and our story is one of her best. She just recently won the* $10,000 *prize offered by Winthrop Ames, of New York, for the best American play. Every issue of* PICTORIAL REVIEW *will contain from four to six stories by the most popular masters of fiction in the English language.*

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"So We Arranged That the Policeman Was To Go Back to Rosedale First"

THE HASTY ELOPEMENT

The Ninth Adventure of Octavius—Amateur Detective

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE EDISON COMPANY

OCTAVIUS has bought himself an automobile. I felt that it was coming last month when he began to talk in a vague sort of a way about magnetos, and transmissions, and gears. Octavius knows as much about such things as a cat does about Schopenhauer. I feared for the results but I was all wrong. As a chauffeur Octavius is a magnificent success. He drives like a veteran, and actually has been fined for speeding, but he's helpless concerning the inwards of a car.

He explained to me very carefully when he got the car that he thought it would prove useful in his detective work. I didn't see just how, myself, but I'm fond of automobiling so I said nothing to discourage him. I thought for awhile that the task of learning to run the thing had caused him to forget all about the "science of criminology," as he calls it when he wants to be especially important, but I was mistaken. He'd been thinking about it all the time, and was only waiting for an opportunity to put the new car to some practical use in running down a band of desperate criminals. That was the way he put it, consequently I was not surprised when one morning he handed over to me an article he'd cut from the newspaper, and asked me to read it.

It was a news item from the little suburban village of Rosedale, and told how a mysterious automobile thief had been stealing cars from the members of the fashionable Rosedale Country Club. Every effort had been made by the officials of the club as well as by the local police, to discover the guilty person or persons, but so far without the least success. Automobile owners acting as their own chauffeurs were afraid to leave their cars unguarded for even a few moments, for fear they would be entered and driven off by the mysterious "Auto-Jack," as they had begun to call him. I read the paragraph through, then glanced at Octavius. "I presume you're going to try to catch him," I said.

"Yes, that was my idea. What do you think of it?"

"The idea is all right, Octavius, but how are you going to do it?"

He thought for a moment. "I have a plan," he said, "and I don't see why it shouldn't work. I'm going to use my car as a decoy."

"Leave your car unguarded and see what happens?" I inquired.

"Exactly. Only it won't be unguarded. I shall be right there, but out of sight, of course. The auto thief will jump in and then I'll spot him."

"And while you're spotting him, he'll be running away with your car at forty miles an hour. I fail to see the point. What you want to do is to get the man, not get a look at him."

Octavius evidently appreciated the force of my argument for he sat in silence for quite awhile, making a little circle of bread-crums with the end of his finger. Presently he spoke: "Why couldn't I leave the car without any gasoline, or just enough to enable the fellow to make a start. Then I ought to be able to get him."

THE idea did not seem entirely unreasonable, and I said so. Octavius was overjoyed. "I'm going out there this morning," he informed me. "The car is to be here at half past eight. Why not come along with me?"

It was a beautiful May morning, and I was sorely tempted. "I wish I could," I said, "but I've got some people coming to my office at eleven o'clock that I simply must see."

"Then ride *out* with me, anyway. We can do it in an hour, or less. You can take a train in from Rosedale and be at your office before ten-thirty. Come along."

The upshot of the matter was that I agreed to go. The morning was far too lovely to be wasted riding in subway trains. In half an hour we were speeding westward over the smooth New Jersey roads, drinking in the beauty of the morning. At least I was. Octavius was trying to figure out how much gasoline he could safely leave in the car, without running the risk of losing it.

"I shouldn't think I ought to let him go more than a couple of hundred yards," he said at length. "Should you?"

"Why don't you empty the tank altogether?" I asked, not particularly interested.

"Oh, that wouldn't do at all. If he didn't start, you know, he might say that he had just gotten into the car for fun. It wouldn't be stealing. When you steal a thing you've got to take it away."

I was watching the sun on a line of young maples, just bursting into their first tender green. "Don't bother me about it," I said. "Whatever you do, it's bound to be all right. I haven't a doubt you'll run over the fellow in the middle of Main street, and have to take him to a hospital. No criminal can hope to do anything against *your* luck."

The idea seemed to please him. He didn't say another word until we drove up to the little Rosedale railroad station. He stopped at the rear entrance and I got out. "Good luck, old man," I said. "I'll see you to-night."

I had noticed as we drove up to the station that a train was just pulling out, but it was a west-bound train, and I was going the other way, so I didn't pay much attention to it. Just as I got out of the car, however, and was about to enter the station, I saw a very pretty girl come through the door and out onto the platform at the rear, looking as wobegone as though somebody had stolen her last nickel. She had a suitcase in one hand, and a red silk umbrella in the other. As she stood on the platform and gazed up the street with tears trickling down her nose, she had the most bewildered expression on her face that you can imagine. I stopped for a moment to look at her. Then I glanced at Octavius.

HE had stopped, too, instead of driving off, and I saw that like myself, he was looking at the girl.

Poor Octavius, I thought, he's in for another adventure. And I was right, too, although of course at the time I didn't know it.

In spite of her tears, the girl caught sight of Octavius almost as soon as he did of her, and the shadow somehow lifted from her face. She ran toward him, still glancing furtively up the street as though she expected some one. "Oh—wait a minute, please," she cried, waving her red umbrella wildly in Octavius's direction. "I want to speak to you."

I looked at Octavius—he had forgotten all about me by this time—and I saw by the expression of his face that he was decidedly interested. He leaned over as the girl came up to him and put on his best smile. "What can I do for you?" he said.

The girl took hold of the handle of the door and swung it open. "I—I've missed my train," she said, "and I simply *must* get to Woodmont by eleven o'clock. Won't you please take me?" She kept looking up the road from time to time as she spoke, and I followed her glance. About a quarter of a mile away I saw a stoutish-looking man of fifty or thereabouts, followed by an equally stoutish woman, running in our direction as fast as they could, and waving their hands and shouting as though trying to attract our attention. Octavius didn't see them, having his back turned in their direction and being, in addition, entirely too busy looking at the girl.

"How far is it, Miss?" I heard him ask.

The girl got into the car which was, I think, rather more than Octavius had bargained for. "Twenty-five miles," she said, looking uneasily back at the approaching couple. "Oh, please hurry, won't you?"

"If you don't have to be there until eleven, Miss," I heard Octavius say, "there is plenty of time. It isn't ten, yet."

He spoke in a most reassuring way, but I could see that the girl wasn't reassured at all. She took one final glance at the two people running down the road, and who were by now no very great distance away, then turned to Octavius. "If we don't start now, *at once*, it will be too late. Please do as I ask. It is a matter of life or death."

This statement of the case spurred Octavius to action. He threw in the clutch and started slowly off. And then he, too, became aware of the approach of the pursuing couple by the shouts and cries they were uttering. He turned in his seat, undecided, and the girl's face grew very serious.

"I Was To Come Along a Little Later and Leave the Car Where I Had Found It"

I SAW her speak to him, and then he turned and asked her something, but of course, I couldn't hear what they said. I imagine, however, that he was questioning her about the two people, and whether they were after her. And then the girl did a clever thing. I saw her shake her head, and at the same time, without Octavius seeing it, she quietly dropped her umbrella into the road. She called his attention to it at once, and to my delight I saw him stop the car, which by the way had been scarcely moving, and jump out after the umbrella.

What happened after that didn't surprise me as much as it did Octavius. He had no sooner gotten out of the car, than the girl seized the steering wheel and started off down the main street at a pace that would have done credit to Barney Oldfield. Octavius stood in the middle of the road gazing after her, his mouth open, his whole appearance that of a man who has suddenly had a bucket of ice-water poured down his spine. I laughed and called to him, but he was far too excited to hear me. He said afterward that he made up his mind then and there that he had discovered the auto thief, just as I had said he would.

Octavius, as you may have observed, is a man of action. No emergency can fluster him. He stood in the road looking after his vanishing car for perhaps five seconds and then I saw him go tearing across the street at a great rate. I could not make out what he was after, at first, but in a moment it became clear to me. There was a smart little runabout standing in front of a drug store and Octavius was making directly for it. In less time than it takes to tell about it, he had jumped into the car, started it, and was breaking all speed regulations in the same direction as that taken by the girl.

THERE weren't many people about, and he did the thing so quickly that I thought no one had seen him, but I was mistaken. There was a policeman not twenty paces from where the car had stood and, I imagine, from the way he jumped that he, too, thought he had discovered the auto thief. Of course he couldn't do anything on foot, however, so he began to look about for some superior means of locomotion. And just at that moment a young man came riding up to the station on a motor-cycle.

It didn't take the policeman ten seconds to cross the street and get aboard that motor-cycle. He must have known the young man, or else the latter was too much surprised to make any objections, for almost before I realized it the policeman was sailing up the street at the rate of forty miles an hour, to the accompaniment of an exhaust so staccato that it sounded like one long sputter. I looked after this third addition to the parade and smiled. Octavius, I said to myself, is going to have a busy morning.

And all this time things had been happening so quickly that I'd completely forgotten the man and woman who had been rushing down the street. They had arrived by this time and shouted to the policeman to stop, but he was entirely too much occupied with his own affairs to pay any attention to them. The man, who was a good-looking old boy of the retired-business-man sort, seemed to be boiling over with rage and the woman with him was in tears. I concluded that here was more trouble for my obliging friend, and as matters turned

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out according to reports later in the day, I was right.

They stood looking up the road in the direction which the others had taken and I began to wonder what they would do next. I was not long in doubt. A big touring-car swept up to the station, and a middle-aged gentleman got out and started to enter the building. The pursuing couple evidently knew him, for they went up at once, and engaged him in a rapid fire conversation. In a moment I saw him nodding his head, and immediately after the man and the woman piled into the car, said something to the chauffeur, and away they went down the street in the wake of the girl, Octavius and the policeman.

I WONDERED whether there were to be any other starters. It seemed to be a free-for-all event. None appeared, however, and just then I heard the whistle of my train, and realized that if I was to keep my appointment in New York I should be obliged to leave Rosedale at once. After all, I thought, there was very little chance that matters would come to a climax where I now was. The speed which the four entries in the race were making when I last saw them, left no room for doubt on that score. I thought the matter over on my way back to New York, and it puzzled me. Why had the girl stolen Octavius's car? Was she really the auto thief? And who were the two people in pursuit of her? Her father and mother, or the victims of an earlier theft? And what would Octavius do to the girl when he caught her? Or the policeman to Octavius? Or the elderly couple to both of them? Was the thing an elopement, and if so, where was the bridegroom? Possibly the old people thought Octavius was the bridegroom. The thing seemed to promise endless possibilities. I hoped very much that I would see Octavius that night, and hear the results from his own lips, but I began to have doubts. If he managed to escape all other dangers, I felt pretty sure that he would spend the night in the lockup for stealing that car. Hence it was with a great deal of interest that I returned to the apartment that night.

Octavius was there. I might have known it. He always does come out on top. If he were to be swallowed by Jonah's whale, I honestly believe he'd not only make friends with said whale, but with the rest of Neptune's subjects. He was not only there, but he was as cheerful and lively as though he'd really accomplished something important. He was even insulting, which somehow annoyed me. I don't wish Octavius any ill luck,—I like him too much for that—but he has a certain cock-sure manner at times that gets on my nerves.

"Well," I said, "I didn't expect to find you here. I thought you'd be in jail."

He favored me with a superior smile. "Jail?" he replied. "What for? I had a bully day. Met the most charming girl——"

I groaned. "Don't tell me about her," I said. "I saw her. And I also saw you steal somebody's car and go after her. What I should like to know is, how you managed to escape? Things looked pretty black for you when I left."

He pretended to be greatly surprised. "Why, I didn't have any trouble to speak of. Just a misunderstanding, you know. And it was lucky I happened to be there at the station just when that girl came out. She would have been in no end of trouble if it hadn't been for me. Why, she actually kissed me." He looked out of the window in a reminiscent sort of a way, as though the recollection of that kiss was decidedly pleasant. I quite understood his feelings. She was a very pretty girl.

"Tell me about it," I said. "What happened after you left Rosedale?"

He lit a cigaret with elaborate care and leaned back in his chair. "Of course," he began, "I thought when she made off with my car that she was the automobile thief. I wondered at the time that I hadn't thought of its being a woman before. You know I believe that in nine cases out of ten, a woman——"

"Yes—yes," I interrupted. "I know all about that. Go on with the story."

"WELL, when she left me standing there in the road, I knew that the only thing to do was to go after her, so I naturally looked around for some way and I saw the other car. I took it, of course. I felt sure that whoever it belonged to would be glad to have me take it if I could catch the auto thief."

"You have a very confident nature, Octavius. I don't doubt they were delighted. Was it a good car?"

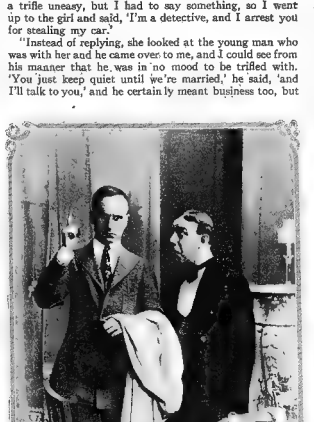
"Not very. But it did fairly well. I managed to catch sight of the girl in front once in awhile, so I was able to follow her. She certainly knows how to drive a car. I don't believe I could have done better myself. She kept looking back every once in awhile and then she'd put on a little extra speed and I thought I'd lose her, but I didn't.

"It wasn't anywhere near eleven when we got to Woodmont. The girl had to slow up, of course, to keep from being arrested, and so did I. She was about a quarter of a mile ahead of me, then, but luckily the road was straight and I could see her. All of a sudden she stopped the car in front of a good sized white house on the outskirts of the town, and got out. There was a young man waiting on the porch, and he ran down to meet her. She said something to him, very quick, and then both of them ran up the porch steps and into the house.

"I stopped, of course, and followed them in. I wasn't more than a minute or two behind them. The front door of the house was closed, but I rang the bell, and a servant came and asked me what I wanted. There wasn't anything I could say to that, of course, so I went right in as though I owned the place and looked around. The servant began to object, but I didn't pay any attention to her, for in a room to my right I saw the girl I was after. She was standing there with the young fellow who had met her at the door, and there was a third person in the room, a man whom I saw at once was a minister.

"The thing looked queer to me and I began to feel a trifle uneasy, but I had to say something, so I went up to the girl and said, 'I'm a detective, and I arrest you for stealing my car.'

"Instead of replying, she looked at the young man who was with her and he came over to me, and I could see from his manner that he was in no mood to be trifled with. 'You just keep quiet until we're married,' he said, 'and I'll talk to you,' and he certainly meant business too, but



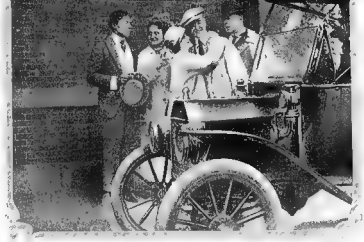
"'Jail?' He Replied. 'What for? I Had a Bully Day—Met the Most Charming Girl'"

you must admit that that was hardly the way for any one to speak to a man who'd just had a three thousand dollar car stolen from him. I didn't like it and I said so, but the young fellow wouldn't listen. 'Shut up', he said, 'until after the ceremony or I'll punch your head. I haven't time to talk to you now.' Then he turned to the minister. 'Go ahead, please' he said.

"I was just wondering what I should do next, when there came a thundering knock at the front door, and in a moment a policeman came running into the room. 'Ah, here you are,' he said, and would you believe it, he grabbed me by the collar. 'Come right along with me, young fellow,' he said, and started to drag me out of the room.

"I didn't lose any time in telling him what I thought of him. 'There's the thief,' I said, and I pointed to the girl. 'She stole my car back in Rosedale, and I've followed her all the way here.'

"The policeman didn't seem convinced. 'I didn't see her take no car,' he said, 'but I did see you and back you go.' His manner was highly insulting and to make matters worse, the young man got so angry when he heard me call the girl a thief that he came over to me and I



"'She Said I Was the Best Man. That Was When She Kissed Me'"

thought he was going to hit me. I guess he would have, too, but for the fact that just then two more people arrived on the scene. They were a man and a woman, both of them very fat and very angry. They sailed into the room like a couple of dreadnoughts and the woman took hold of the girl, and the man took hold hold of me. 'What do you mean by running off with my daughter, you young scoundrel,' he roared. 'I've half a mind to give you a sound thrashing.'"

"Things seemed to be coming your way, Octavius," I laughed.

"Well, rather. What with the policeman on one side, and the old duffer on the other, and the young chap in front, I didn't see exactly how I was going to explain matters but I did my best."

"Of course you did," I remarked, "I believe you could explain anything. But how did you do it?"

"I just told them the whole story. The woman had recognized the young fellow by this time, so that let me out so far as my being the prospective bridegroom was concerned. Then I told the young man what the girl had done, and he began to understand the way I felt. As for the policeman, I gave him ten dollars and said I would go back to Rosedale with him whenever he was ready, but that I wanted my car first, so that kept him quiet for awhile.

"By this time, however, a lot more trouble had started. The old couple wanted the girl to go back with them at once, and the young chap wanted her to stay and get married, and between the two they sort of lost sight of me. I'd begun to get interested in the thing by this time. She was an awfully pretty girl and the young fellow seemed to be in a bad hole, and they both looked so wretched and miserable that I thought I'd better take a hand.

"So I got the old duffer to step over to one side with me—he didn't want to do it, but I insisted—and then I told him what a mistake he was making. I said that the young people evidently loved each other, that it wouldn't do a bit of good to try to stop them now, that they'd get married later on anyway, and that he might just as well accept matters gracefully and not make a fool of himself. I told him that I had three sisters who had eloped and every one of them was perfectly happy."

This was news to me. I had never heard that Octavius had any sisters, and I told him so.

He grinned in that sheepish way of his. "I haven't, but I had to say something, you know. It seemed to make a great hit with the old man. I saw him go over to his wife who was weeping on the girl's neck, and talk to her, and do you know it wasn't five minutes before they were all smiling as though they had arranged everything themselves. It seems they really hadn't any objection to the young man, but they objected to the idea of an elopement. Silly, wasn't it? In ten minutes more the young people were married, and the bride had asked me to come back to Rosedale with them and join the wedding breakfast. She said I was the best man. That was when she kissed me." Octavius again indulged in his reminiscent smile.

"That's all very well," I said. "It must have been very nice to have her kiss you, but you started out this morning to arrest an automobile thief, not to be kissed by a range young women. I suppose you've forgotten all about that."

He regarded me with a patient smile. "My dear fellow," he said. "I'm just coming to it. Something very curious happened, just then. I hadn't the least idea of it, you know. But when we started back, the policeman wanted to do some tinkering with the motor-cycle, so he opened the tool box of the car I'd taken and began fishing about for a wrench. And what do you suppose he found?" asked Octavius with an air of mystery.

I GAVE it up. Octavius's luck made anything possible.

"Half a dozen extra license tags, and a pair of heavy steel nippers. He used them, it seems, to cut the chains when the cars they were running off with had the wheels locked. And among the extra license tags was one that belonged to the old duffer, the father of the bride. His car had been stolen, it seems, the week before."

"But," I gasped, "how did you know——?"

"Wait a minute," Octavius said, "and I'll tell you. We didn't know then of course, but we suspected. Those extra license tags looked very suspicious. So we arranged that the policeman was to go back to Rosedale first and stand near the drug store from the front of which I had taken the car, and I was to come along a little later, and leave the car where I had found it. The bride and groom came home in mine.

"The thing worked like a charm. I was in Rosedale in three-quarters of an hour, and I drove the car up to where I'd found it, and looked for somebody to claim it. I didn't have to look long. The men who owned it—there were two of them, ugly looking chaps, too, must have been lying low somewhere in the neighborhood waiting to see what was going to happen, for I hadn't been there but a few moments when they came up and asked me what I meant by running off with their car. I told them I was very sorry to have caused them any inconvenience, and explained that I was in a great hurry to get to Woodmont on account of the wedding of a friend, and had missed the train. All the while I was looking for the policeman. Presently I saw him coming up, with two more that he'd got to help him. The men saw him, too, and started to run, but they hadn't a chance. In fifteen minutes we had them in the town jail. I guess there isn't any doubt about their being the auto thieves. We figured it out that the two of them would sneak into town in the runabout, and one of them would lie around until he saw a chance to jump into an unguarded car and get away with it. In case of anything going wrong, the other one was hanging about to give him a chance to escape in their car. They must have done most of their work at night."

Then I went over to Octavius and shook him by the hand heartily. "Octavius," I said, "I congratulate you. I can't honestly say that I consider you a really great detective. I'd like to say it if I could, but I was raised to have a slight regard for the truth. But I congratulate you, nevertheless. Any man who can rescue a young lady in distress, pull off a wedding, act as best man, and capture a desperate band of criminals, all within the space of a single morning is worthy of respect. I take off my hat to you. Let's go to dinner."

Editor's Note—Next month Octavius will take part in the Adventure of the Stolen Wife. This and the remainder of the series are shown in Motion Pictures simultaneously with their appearance in this magazine. Ask the manager of your local Motion Picture Theater about it.

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The Bond Invisible

By Angela Morgan

Thou art the marrow of my soul,
Thou art the very substance of my thought.

Absent, I still am conscious of the whole
Glad impulse that my life from thee has caught
Core of my core and center of my brain,
Pulse of my pulse and essence of my pain,
I sleep to meet thee in a world apart;
Thy love a moonlight blossom on my heart.
Thou art the very beating of my blood,

Thou art the wings of every soaring aim;
And all the tides of life are at the flood
Since loving came.
Yet, dearest, how my heart swings toward the day
When time nor fate shall keep my love away,
When dreams shall be realities and thou
Shalt live beside me in eternal vow

Until that day, when God shall seal our bliss,
Our souls need ask no other bond than this.

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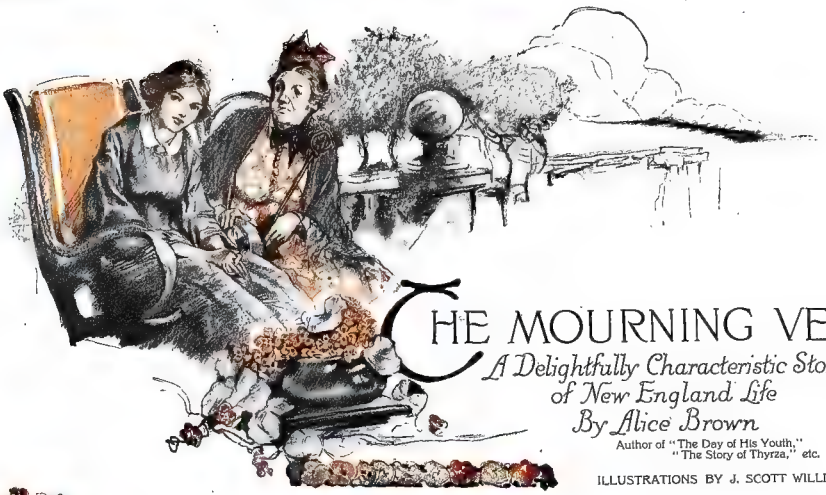

THE MOURNING VEIL

A Delightfully Characteristic Story of New England Life

By Alice Brown

Author of "The Day of His Youth," "The Story of Thyrza," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

MRS. NATHANIEL SIMPSON, the postmaster's wife, had hurried so fast to Letty Miller's house that her thick blond cheeks were purple, and the fine veins in them a distressing red. Mrs. Simpson was a portly lady, who walked usually with a heavy, slow tread, and carried a palm-leaf fan even on days when other people did not think it quite seasonable. To-day, though it was bright May weather, she had forgotten the fan. She found Letty sitting on the veranda, a slender, pathetic figure in black, and thought, with a slow irritation, as she accomplished her thudding haste to the house, that it seemed as if every individual thing Letty Miller put on became her more than the last. Letty used to wear light blues that set off her rose-pink skin and red-gold hair. With her pointed chin and her rapt, upward gaze in church, she was like an expectant angel awaiting invitation to a happy task. This was what the summer boarders said of her. The neighbors only said Letty loved to rig herself out in bright colors, and 'twas a mercy, gay as they were, she had her dresses made so plain. Still they must say she never looked queer.

But since Letty had put on mourning she made a picture fit to wring the heart for sympathetic sorrow. The rose of her cheek had not paled, and its pure outline stayed the same; but the black intensified her beauty to such a degree that you could almost wish her color might be washed out a little, lest it dazzle you. This morning she was not sewing or reading. She spent a good many hours on the veranda, "just looking," the neighbors said. Really it was at her garden. She had a luxuriant patch of it there at the south; it seemed as if she and the colors drank at the same fount, or as if their mutual vividness was augmented, one by the other.

Mrs. Simpson went up the veranda steps with a great effect of climbing, planting one large foot squarely and then lifting the other to rest beside it. Letty got up with a pretty grace and drew the largest chair into the nearest patch of shade.

"Won't you have a fan, Mrs. Simpson?" she asked. "I see you haven't brought yours."

"No," said Mrs. Simpson. "I'm used to mine, an' don't no other fan do so well. Letty, have you heard anything from—his folks?"

"Whose folks?" asked Letty.

But she turned uneasily as she said it, as if a part, at least, of her face might be hidden from Mrs. Simpson's scrutiny.

"Why, you know. The Colonel's."

"I didn't—" began Letty impulsively, and then stopped; but Mrs. Simpson continued in exactly the words she had been on the point of using.

"I didn't know he had any folks," said Mrs. Simpson. "We didn't any of us,—except I s'pose you did."

SHE paused, but Letty turned at a still greater angle and said nothing. Mrs. Simpson was too absorbed in her own budget of news to probe for further items until hers should be delivered.

"Here he come an' bought up that old place an' put all that money into 't, an' lived like a man that could have all he wanted an' more, an' nobody knew a thing about him—except of course you did—an' now he's dead an' buried an' here's a telegram come to husband to-day from his nephew——"

"What!" cried Letty, in a loud tone.

She was facing Mrs. Simpson now and there was scarcely a trace of color in her rounded cheeks. And, Mrs. Simpson afterward remarked to her husband, when she rehearsed the scene to him, "her eyes were as black as a crow and the white round 'em was enough to make you jump out of your chair."

"What did you say?" said Letty. "His nephew? The Colonel's nephew? What's he want?"

"Why, wants to come," said Mrs. Simpson. "Wanted to know is there's any place to stay. Said he s'posed his uncle's house wa'n't open. Said his uncle's man o' business told him so. Wanted to know if there wa'n't some kind of a tavern here."

"What made him write to you?" asked Letty, out of white and trembling lips.

"'Twa'n't a letter. 'Twas a telegram. Terrible long one, too. Why, I s'pose 'twas because husband's postmaster."

"What did Mr. Simpson tell him?" Letty pursued, still with that same difficulty of bringing out her words.

"Oh, he told him there was a tavern. Got it all into ten words. Now, Letty, I want to know if you knew the Colonel had a nephew."

"No," said Letty. "That is, not on this side the water."

"So I told husband," said Mrs. Simpson, with a rising voice and a hardening jaw. "I says to him, 'If the Colonel had had any folks, Letty Miller would ha' had 'em telegraphed to, an' not left the funeral arrangements in the hands o' that business man that wouldn't answer a civil question, not if you paid him for it.'"

LETTY looked ivory pale now and a little sick. She spoke with the determination of one who knows a thing has to be said.

"Mrs. Simpson, I never once told you I knew anything about Colonel Trumbull's affairs."

"Oh, you must ha' knowed about 'em," said Mrs. Simpson, laying a fat forefinger on Letty's knee. "Here was he comin' down here an' settin' with you on this very piazza, an' if he didn't tell you all about his business from a to z, then he wa'n't the man I took him for—for the Colonel was a gentleman if ever there was one. An' to be engaged to a girl an' not tell her——"

Letty dropped a hand on the fat wrist that matched the forefinger, and gave a little cry that sounded like despair of ever stopping such a flow of argument.

"You mustn't say I was engaged to him, Mrs. Simpson. You mustn't ever say it. I never've said it myself—not once."

"Why no, dear, course you ain't," said Mrs. Simpson. "You're a nice modest girl, an' course you wouldn't. But you went into mournin' for him, an' then we knew."

Letty gave a groan.

"There! there!" said Mrs. Simpson. "Course you feel his death. I guess anybody would, an' only just engaged, an' specially such a man as that."

"But you mustn't think I've put on mourning for Colonel Trumbull," said Letty, in the tone of one driven too far and turning at last to face her tormentor. "I put on mourning because—" she ended weakly, "because I wanted to."

Mrs. Simpson shook her head.

"No, my dear," said she solemnly, "I guess you didn't want to put on mournin', young an' pretty 's you be. A widder's veil an' all! No, I guess if you could call back the past, an' set here on this very piazza to-night with the Colonel, same as you used to set, you'd be a happy girl, happier'n you're ever likely to be again."

She rose to go, and stood swaying a moment, as she always did to find her bearings. Her husband, who had been a seafaring man, used to say she did it to get her ballast shifted. Then she toiled down the steps as laboriously as she had climbed them, and stopped at the bottom to deliver one more lugubrious prophecy.

"He's comin' to-night, the nephew is. I s'pose he'll be over here to see you 'most as quick as he comes. We'll tell him where you be."

"Don't you do any such thing," called Letty sharply after her. Mrs. Simpson thought she had never known Letty Miller's voice could sound like that. "I sha'n't see him. I'm going away."

"Now you bear up," said Mrs. Simpson. "We've all got to go through things as they come. The cup goes round,

"'Don't Get Up,' He Said. 'They Tell Me You've Hurt Your Foot.' 'Yes,' Said Letty Indistinctly"

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person said only that day at the Colonel's funeral, an' we must all drink. You're in bereavement, Letty, but you ain't alone in it."

She had hoisted her umbrella, and now she took the road with the effect of a laden boat pitching and still making headway in a heavy sea.

Letty lived in the main body of her house, and Simon Randlett and his wife lived in the back. They took care of the farm and did Letty's heavy work. Mrs. Randlett, who was tall and portly and sang in the choir, was moving about now, getting supper, and singing "Hearken Ye Sprightly," in a desolate minor. She had chosen appropriate hymns of late according to the neighborhood certainty that Letty was in grief, and Letty, though this daily accompaniment to her sorrow caused her unspeakable irritation, could not beseech Mrs. Randlett to lighten up a little. She knew it would be considered queer. But now she ran into the house and through the passage and burst in upon the doleful stave with no compunction.

"MRS. RANDLETT," said she, "I'm going away, to make a visit."

"My soul!" said Mrs. Randlett, pausing with the handle of the separator at its lowest point. "Where you goin' to?"

"I don't know," said Letty. "I'm going, anyway. I wish, when Simon comes in from the barn, you'd ask him to get down my little square trunk."

"Yes," said Mrs. Randlett, "I will. I dunno but it'll be a change for ye, do ye good, you bein' in grief so."

Letty, at its first word, knew what the last phrase was going to be. Over and over within the last month the neighbors had pelted her with it until she had felt like flying at the sound of it. And now she did fly, but before she was over the sill, somehow her foot caught in a plait of her black dress, and she fell prone and had to be gathered up by Mrs. Randlett.

"Well," said Mrs. Randlett, when Letty tried to step again, "I guess you won't do no visitin' for one while."

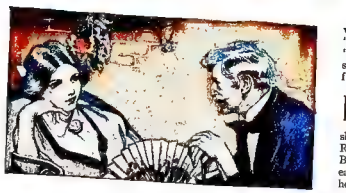
"No," said Letty, trying her foot delicately. "I've hurt my ankle."

So the doctor came and bandaged it, and Mrs. Randlett showered it "with hot and cold" and the neighbors called in a steady, sympathizing line to tell her how sorry they were she must have this added affliction, she "bein' in grief so." Mrs. Simpson came among the first, bearing a tumbler of her special jelly; and she brought also news that caused Letty to think any grief was light compared with the relief now before her. Colonel Trumbull's nephew had telegraphed again. He was detained, but when he could come he would let Mr. Simpson know. So Letty gave herself up to the care of her ankle, and it grew rapidly stronger. She took up her old dreaming days on the veranda, too; but her trunk was packed with all but the perishables in the shape of things that would wrinkle and spoil. At the first hint of young Trumbull's coming she was prepared to fly.

ONE forenoon she sat on the veranda watching a phœbe that had built her nest in the eaves. Letty was greatly interested in phœbe who seemed about the sort of housekeeper she herself might have proved, if it had not been for Mrs. Randlett's strong arm and valiant step. Phœbe did feed her young, but she seemed to spend a good deal of time on the veranda rail in contemplation. "What's the use," she seemed to say, "of forever twittering round when the sun is so bright and the leaves are thickening." Letty had a book in her hand, but she was not reading it. All books seemed to her dull makeshifts to help the hours pass when snow was on the ground and the wind tapped at the pane. It was happier far, this summer weather, to sit here in a dream, watching phœbe.

The gate clicked and she glanced idly down the path. Some one was coming, a book agent most probably, and she smiled again to think how useless books were likely to be to her until frosty weather. He was almost at the step before she knew who it was. Perhaps something in his face told her, some fleeting look of the Colonel who was dead. This man was young and full of life. He was tall and walked lightly as if he could also run, and his sweeping line of face, brown eyes and dark upstanding hair gave him an eager look, as if he were hurrying forward in the face of a hostile wind.

But no wind could stop him altogether. He looked very masterful, and Letty, her breath failing her as her heart began to pump, thought he was no mean enemy. He had



come hat in hand and now he put out the other hand to her.

"Don't get up," he said. "They tell me you've hurt your foot."

"Yes," said Letty indistinctly. Her mind had sometimes a way of finishing the sentences her lips did not mean to say. "Yes," it was saying now, "I did hurt my foot, trying to run away from you."

He had come up the veranda steps and uninvited took the chair beside her. His eager eyes, it seemed to her, would never leave her. Letty was used to that look in the eyes of men. She was aware that he thought her very pretty; but it was no pleasure to her.

"I couldn't come last week, as I expected to," said he. "I thought I might have to put it off a month or so; but things lightened up a little and I took my grip and ran for it. You understand, I know, why I didn't write."

Letty was looking at him in a helpless agony. She seemed to be begging him to spare her.

"You see," he went on, not seeming to find it quite reasonable that she should stare at him and find no word to say, "I was abroad about those confounded illustrations. I couldn't get home in time for the services, so I thought it best to stay and finish the whole thing up. And then of course I should have written to you, but Uncle hadn't told me. He hadn't said a word."

"No," said Letty, with difficulty from her dry lips.

"The Neighbors Called in a Steady, Sympathizing Line To Tell Her How Sorry They Were She Must Have This Added Affliction, She 'Bein' in Grief So'"

"I wish he'd told me," said the young man. He seemed deeply annoyed at the awkwardness of circumstance. "I wish I'd been able to do the—why, the civil thing! But I didn't know there was such a person as you in the whole world."

"No," said Letty, "of course not."

"And then Kelly came down here—the lawyer, you know—he came down to take charge of things and settle up, and not till I got home did he say a word. Then it was only by the way. 'Of coirse you know,' said he, 'your uncle was engaged.' 'The deuce he was!' said I, 'Who is it?' 'A young lady down there, in Bristow,' he said. Said he didn't know about it at the time of the funeral. The people round here told him afterward."

LETTY tried to drag up her failing forces from some depth where they had taken coward refuge.

"You can't tell anything by what you hear," she remarked weakly, in a phrase she had heard Mrs. Randlett use after an extended call from Mrs. Simpson. But the young man seemed not even to notice. He was eagerly bent upon the quest that had brought him here.

"Then I asked Kelly if he hadn't done something, though 'twas too late to do the right thing. Have you take your proper place, you know, at the funeral. The country folks must have thought 'twas mighty queer you weren't invited to. He said no, he didn't see as there was anything to do. I asked him if he hadn't called, and he said no. Kelly's a chump."

He ended in deep disgust at Kelly, and Letty said, out of her dream: "I didn't want him to call."

"No, of course not. Only I do like to see a fellow do the civil thing. Nobody to take the slightest notice of you, and your—" he glanced at her new black made with a simplicity Letty had carefully thought out, and she was sure he was about to end in an equivalent of the neighbor's sympathetic plaint, "You bein' in grief so."

"Don't!" she said involuntarily, and he seemed to accept her mandate.

"No," he said gravely, "of course you can't bear to talk about it. But there are lots of pleasant things we can say—about him. He was a dear old chap. I was awfully fond of him."

"Yes," said Letty. The interview began to look a little easier now, for he seemed likely to do the talking.

"He told you about me, of course?" said the eager voice.

Letty was silent. She was not going to be cross-examined.

"Didn't he talk a lot? Uncle thought I was the best thing ever. I can't bear to hear he didn't talk about me."

THIS was a point where Letty did meet him, and she essayed it hurriedly.

"Oh, yes, we did talk about you. But I got the idea you lived abroad. I thought you were going to always."

"Yes, that's true. But now I've had this big chance to do some mural decoration. So I've come back. Yes, I was going to live abroad, and if he hadn't got this idea of having a bad heart and settling down at home here, he was coming over to live with me. I'm afraid he rather lost his courage, poor old chap."

"It's terrible to have a bad heart," said Letty. It seemed to her that hers was hardly likely to bear the strain it was undergoing now.

"But if he'd lived to—to marry," said young Trumbull—he said it rather shyly as if he doubted the delicacy of mentioning it at all—"he'd have gone abroad. You'd have persuaded him. He'd have been very happy, dear old boy."

"I never've been abroad," said Letty faintly. It seemed to her she could perhaps last through another half hour of such an interview, if she could keep her brain clear enough to hunt up general remarks like this.

"You'd have gone," said he, with conviction, "and he'd have gone with you. And I should have painted him a big portrait of you in white with a yellow flower in your hand and called it 'The Golden Fleece.'"

This seemed so extraordinary to Letty that she burst out in a genuine curiosity:

"What do you mean by that? Why!" She was beginning to see. "My hair!" And the confusion of it all brought back the blood to her cheeks, and young Trumbull told himself she looked like the nymphs and graces in a rosy dawn.

"Yes," said he, soberly, remembering the Colonel. "You are a very good subject for a portrait. I hope you'll let me do you some time. Now, Miss Miller, I'm sure you must guess what I've come here for."

Letty's unruly mind now prompted her to say, "You've come here to torment me by every word you speak, till I wish I never'd seen you and never done what I have." But her lips refused the office and what they did was to manage very prettily:

"I'm glad you did come to-day. To-morrow morning I'm going away early, to make a long visit."

"Oh!" said he in a voice of such candid regret that she almost broke in upon it, "Oh, no! Don't

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"Then She Laughed Nervously. 'Don't Worry—Please. . . . Go on with the Dinner. I'll Be Back in a Minute'"

"PARDNERS IS PARDNERS"

By Key Cammack

IN the Café Mirabeau there was a din like the screaming of macaws. Eyes were roving, tongues clacking, waiters nimbly skipping, and musicians straining toward their frenzied climax.

While the hubbub was at its height a party of four pushed their way toward a reserved table in a little balcony at the extreme end of the room.

"Did you see Mrs. Chiltern's pearls?" exclaimed a vivacious brunette to a chinless young man as both exchanged nods with the new arrivals. "How I wish my father had been a miner!"

"All miners haven't the luck of old 'Blink' Hardy."

"And his daughter inherited his luck," sighed the brunette enviously. "She bursts into the East with beauty, brains and barrels of money; arranges a backing by the right people; and marries the best-looking man in town at the end of her first season! What more can the heart of woman desire!"

"Divorce!" chuckled the chinless one.

"Well—she got that too. Bob didn't put up any fight."

"Bob always was easy going. Most fellows would have struggled a bit for those millions."

"Especially when he must have felt she had used him to boost her into the front rank. Now that she's got Tommy Taylor I hope she's satisfied!"

"I say! Has she really got him? Was the news out this morning?"

The brunette nodded, and her companion stretched his neck in an eager but unbecoming curiosity toward the seated quartet. "Then it's a sort of family celebration to-night," he announced maliciously. "Tommy—and Mrs. Chiltern; his sister, Mrs. Everett—and Everett's second cousin. That's about as near as Violet Everett ever gets to her husband!"

"And quite near enough—when you consider Everett's looks," championed the brunette. "I wonder how long Margaret Chiltern will stay in her new family? I'll wager she doesn't push Tommy over as long as Mrs. Everett's around. Any attempt to use him as a springboard will mean trouble. Bob was a dear fellow—but boneless."

"I wonder what old 'Blink' thinks of his daughter?" drawled the other man at the table. "Met him last Spring—Colorado. Primitive virtues—primeval manners. Never stuck a knife in a friend—but fascinates you plunging one down his own throat."

THE brunette shuddered exaggeratedly; "Much more dreadful! Unless of course one happened to be the friend! Tell us about him. He's only a name to me—a sort of irreducible bank account."

"There's no story. He's too straight. Crooks and criminals are the grist for the story mill. Simple, sound old boy. Afraid of nothing except a visit East. He's made *one*—nine years ago—daughter's wedding."

The girl laughed merrily. "That's amusing. Go on!"

"Rise was phenomenal. Began with brawn—and some brains. Ended with a string of banks. On the square, too. Had a bully chance to pinch a partner's share—no legal agreement—but 'Pardners is Pardners' said the old boy, and handed the widow full share."

"Splendid! Splendid!" cried the brunette enthusiastically.

"Wish I could sit next him at dinner," sighed the chinless man.

'Blink' Hardy's terse biographer surveyed him contemptuously. "I said he was square—not easy! Do you as much good as trying to fondle a three thousand ton safe."

Meanwhile, well out of ear-shot, 'Blink' Hardy's daughter sat with her three companions at the balcony table, outwardly bored and inwardly more than complacent. She admired Mrs. Everett as a type, and as a symbol of success, far more than she would have liked that lady to have known; and though she admitted the impossibility of extending a similar admiration to the languid and extremely correct gentleman upon her right, whom she intended to endow very enviably in the course of a couple of months, still she was able to consider him without repugnance. This promised a good deal in the way of marital success: for, in the environment she had chosen, she knew of numberless cases where an active distaste had not prevented an enduring and outwardly satisfactory union.

Conscious of focusing a parasitic attention and knowing herself exquisitely gowned, hatted, slippered and manicured, she surveyed the thronged room with an affectation of insolent remoteness; upon her placidly rising bosom no weight save that of her phenomenal rope of pearls.

THRUST behind the gold bottles of her sumptuous dressing-table before which her maid had laboriously achieved her present perfection, was a half-read letter from her father—his answer to her tardy announcement of intended remarriage. The diametrical difference of their points of view did not distress her. That difference she regarded as inevitable; the result of their distinct environments. His letter had no more affected her decision than that of an affectionately solicitous parent, resident in Labrador, who urges furs and flannels upon a child in the tropics.

Yet she was not indifferent to the affection nor to the solicitude he had shown. Instead of leaving him to the self-convinced silence she had at first intended, she now took advantage of the freedom allowed her by the intimate exchange of comment and criticism between her three companions to frame a categorical reply to the old man's protests. Her bored and invertebrate manner, closely patterned upon that of Mrs. Everett and other notable leaders, cloaked a long smothered but still vital force and a directness, heritage from the sturdy old miner of Cripple Creek fame. Behind her arrogantly drooped lids she rapidly marshaled the most cogent of her many reasons for remarriage. Her father should be answered that night, before she slept.

Suddenly waking from the absorbed construction of her letter she became aware that for minutes past she had been staring unseeingly into a pair of eyes reflected in a mirror across the room: eyes which, now that recognition had come to hers, grappled with and held them against her will. They were gray and well-spaced, their expression not melodramatic, not sneering, not abusive, but strangely intense, as though facing a supreme moment.

Margaret Chiltern's eyelids fluttered: her eyes struggled to release themselves. But the mirrored eyes stayed them with a calm authority which she had never seen in them before; an authority in which was no trace of clinging, protest, nor entreaty.

Through fascinated minutes she continued to stare, though beset by fear lest she might be observed and, other glances following hers, the man who so inexorably held her be recognized.

At last the tension began to relax. She drew a long soundless breath at the imminence of relief and her hands, hitherto clenched beneath the table, fell apart. The eyes in the mirror were changing slowly, indescribably; the hand belonging to them raised a glass of wine, set it to the lips beneath and returned it to the table, drained.

THE drinking of that silent toast appeared interminable. Its accomplishment loosed her obsession. She suddenly leaned forward and pressed her hands to her temples, her lids drooping heavily. At the end of the room the solitary diner had risen and pitched down a tensely crushed napkin with a gesture decisive and final.

"I say! What's up?" Tommy Taylor inquired with anxious bewilderment as he clasped Margaret Chiltern's arm in proprietary fashion. "Anything wrong? Feeling badly?"

"Wrong! The air in this place is enough to asphyxiate an elephant!" cut in Everett's second cousin complainingly. "Rot to dine in these monkey cages!"

"Nonsense! It's very amusing. Take her out, Tommy. She just needs a whiff of air," asserted Mrs. Everett with instant practicality. "And don't be long—this sweetbread is more than fair."

Margaret had risen, steadying herself with fingers on the table "I must go alone—alone!" she repeated with sudden fierceness of intonation, at evidence of Tommy's opposition. Then she laughed nervously. "Don't worry—please. The room is stifling. Go on with dinner. I'll be back in a minute."

Rather puzzled they looked after her as she swiftly threaded her way between the closely wedged tables.

"See that little Greek waiter!" laughed Mrs. Everett. "He was frightened to death. Took our magnificent Margaret for a Juggernaut."

"It'll be 'stand from under'—for you, Tommy! I can see that!" the cousin made caustic comment.

The fiancé caressed his small blond mustache imperturbably. "Dare say," he agreed and fixed his attention upon the recommended sweetbread.

In the small lounge in which dining and cloak-rooms opened, Margaret Chiltern hesitated after her swift exit, took a few aimless steps and glanced about her. At that moment the man she had pursued emerged in overcoat and hat and without glancing at her turned to the arched hallway.

She hurried after him. "Bob!" Her strangled whisper was accompanied by a hand upon his arm.

He looked down at her unemotionally. "Well?"

She withdrew her hand, and fingered the great rope of pearls. Her manner had lost its first impetus. She seemed dazed like a sleep walker suddenly awakened. "I—I don't know why I stopped you." Her hand left the pearls and plucked vaguely at a floating end of chiffon. "I—I seemed to have something to say to you."

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In Which It Is Again Proved That First Love Is Real Love

Illustrations By

Will Foster

"Something to say? To *me*?" His tone was incredulous.

"I don't know what it could have been. I shouldn't have followed you. I must go back." She turned partly away, gathering her long skirts; hesitated, returned to him. "Where are you going?"

"Where am I going?"

"Yes, you—Oh, Bob, where *is* it you are going?" Again she clasped his arm. In the silence following, she even shook it like a frightened child who demands relief from vague yet dread suspense.

At last he answered. "I am going to the end of the road."

IT was said gently, almost soothingly, but her terror grew. It was like a great glass ball in her mouth. She tried to speak. It stopped her. The sense of physical impotence made her eyes large and fixed. She pressed against him. "You're not—not —not *that*?" It needed a desperate effort to force the words.

His silence answered her.

"It's cruel—it's cowardly!" she burst out, "You have no right. You want to cast a stigma upon me—upon my boy! You're selfish!"

"Who isn't?" he demanded quietly. "Believing nothing—hoping nothing—fearing nothing—why should any one be unselfish?"

"It is cruel! It is cowardly!" she doggedly repeated.

"My world never taught me gentleness—nor bravery."

"But your boy—have you no consideration—no love—for your boy?"

"Enough to make me regret your not giving him a man for his new father."

Beneath the sudden blow she drew a quick breath, her eyelids flickered. "Bob!"

He was silent.

"Bob! Can nothing stop you?"

He shook his head; his decision gently inflexible.

"Nothing, Bob?"

He shrugged. "Did I say a miracle? Miracles don't happen nowadays." Gently he drew his arm away from the fingers that had stiffened upon it. "Good-by, Margaret. It isn't malice nor hatred—nor even uncharitableness—how the old conjunction of words returns. Believe me, dear—it's not. It's just weariness. We made a mess of things—you and I. We loved, but we didn't love enough. Now you are to have another throw. Think it over—for your own sake as well as for the boy's. You ought to be happy, Margaret—there's good stuff in you—but I wasn't strong enough to bring it out. Don't make another mistake. I'm a weak man, but before God, Margaret—my weakness is strength, to Tommy Taylor's!"

"Miracle?" she demanded swaying closer to him.

"What miracle?"

"A miracle—perhaps." He answered as one wholly indifferent.

"Nothing, Bob?"

His words came spaced and slowly, like words spoken upon a death bed. She listened, nerveless as the watcher who sees the end drawing on apace, knowing there is much to say but unable to formulate phrases in the grim face of finality. The few who wandered through the lounge glanced at them with fleeting curiosity as they stood close together, his head bent above hers. Her hands no longer played with the great rope of pearls. They hung, numb and heavy, at her sides. Her eyes were fastened upon the tarnished fetle of the cane hanging upon his arm. She remembered the day she had helped her boy—such a tiny fellow then—to choose it as a birthday gift for "Daddy!"

Memory enfolded her.

Suddenly she looked up startled, aware of the disappearance of her point of concentration. Bob was gone.

She ran to the flight of steps leading to the pavement. His tall figure was already several yards away. For a moment she craned forward, watching, undecided. The carriage starter, after staring his amazement, accosted her. She did not heed him. Her breath was racing, her eyes dilating strangely. Another moment and the leash against which her emotion strained gave way. As she flew in headlong pursuit of the man who had been her husband, her ten New York seasons fell from her; she was again the impulsive Mag Hardy of that spacious West which had given her her first free and wholesome years.

THE lights of a car passing the corner urged her to greater speed. In a sudden panic lest Bob should swing upon it she shrilly called his name.

He turned amazed, peering into the semidarkness.

With a hysterical sob of relief she caught at his hand and shoulder.

"Go back, Margaret—go back. You shouldn't be out here alone," he said gently.

She threw back her head with determined suppression of her hysteria. "I'm not alone—I'm with you!"

For a moment he considered the bright strength and youthfulness shining through the recent terror of her face. Then he raised one of her ungloved hands, kissed it in silence and turned her toward the lights of the restaurant down the block.

Determinedly she resisted him. Through the tatters of her laboriously acquired indifference the natural decision and force of her character broke forth. "No, Bob—it's no use. My dear old man was right. I've not been on the square. We were partners—you and I—I should have stuck to you."

"Never mind that, now," he said, almost wearily. "There were faults on both sides. I guess you'd have stuck to a man worth sticking to."

"Stop!" she cried impetuously. "You're not to say that! We will make a fresh start. We'll be real partners this time. We'll help each other—I need help too, though I didn't know it." She stopped, came closer, eyes and hands appealing. "Then there's our boy, Bob—he still asks for you. He'll be so much happier."

A dark flush swept into his face. "Don't! Don't tempt me!" he cried out at her, almost savagely. Then, with restored control, "You're a good sort, Margaret. But there's no fresh start when the race is nearly run. I'm on the last lap."

Her eyes searched his lean face. "You're ill!" she breathed with quick conviction. "Ill, and I didn't know! What is it? You must tell me."

His manner was almost apologetic. "I've lost my grip on things. They tell me I've gone to pieces, no chance for me. That alters things, you see—give me the right to make my exit when I choose. Waiting's a miserable business."

"It's Cruel—It's Cowardly!" She Burst Out . . . . 'You Want To Cast a Stigma upon Me—upon My Boy!"

Tears rushed to her eyes. "Not when there's some one with you! Not when you'll have the boy—and me!"

He gratefully pressed the hand upon his arm. "It's good of you to say that, Margaret. Compassion's a fine thing—but it wears thin in every-day living. My being near the end of the race doesn't alter facts. I'm the same man—you're the same woman. In a few months—God! perhaps in a few weeks—you'd regret to-night. I can't take advantage of a moment's weakness."

"Weakness?" she questioned with a half sob, "I've never been nearer real strength than at this minute. Don't you understand, Bob? *Don't* you understand?"

He would not answer her and she hurried on, clasping his arm more tightly. "Whatever of good there may be in me has its chance now. We never really needed each other before. Those few bright, carelessly happy years together taught me nothing. It's the terror and fright of the past few minutes that are teaching me. I've been strangling something here—" she pressed her hands hard upon her bosom, "Bob, help me to save it—help me!"

"It wouldn't be fair to you!" he broke out turning away abruptly.

"I don't believe it's as bad as they've told you!" she cried valiantly. "We'll go to Colorado—to my dear old man. I've neglected him and hurt him—and *I'm all he has* in the world. We'll go to that wonderful, healing climate, Bob, and we'll build again—strong and sound—build on our need of each other this time."

Her arms stole round his neck; broken sobs, crushed back, stabbed his heart. But her eyes were shining with a luminous glow that he had never beheld in them before. Tenderly he held her, fearfully, as if it were a dying man's glimpse of paradise. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret, am I dreaming? Is it the end?"

"No, not the end, it is the beginning of our new life, Bob. It is I who have been dreaming—or dead—until your silent message reached me across that crowded room and brought me to life. But I have found myself and you, Bob, before it is too late. I have been vain and self-centered, but we will begin again together, and out there, as real partners and heart to heart, our love will grow stronger. Oh, Bob, there's happiness before us yet!"

IN Mrs. Everett's boudoir there was an emotional crowded silence. Her foot tapped the thick rug with barometric violence. Before the fire stood the second cousin. The eyes of each were fixed upon Tommy Taylor bending toward a low light. As the clock struck the half hour after midnight the last page of the note he held crackled in his grasp.

Mrs. Everett controlled her impulse to spring at it, with an impatient "Well?"

After a fractional hesitation Tommy thrust the note into her fretting fingers.

"I hope some explanation is possible! Disappearing like the heroine of a shilling shocker—you telephoning madly—all of us in suspense—!" She broke off, glanced at the first page, laughed contemptuously, swiftly scanned the next, crumpled it half read and tossed it to the floor with an angry gesture. "Bah! I haven't the patience to read it. Her conduct's ridiculous—preposterous. Blood always tells! None of our crowd—our own, I mean—could have done such a thing!"

Tommy Taylor pulled at his small mustache with unusual thoughtfulness. "No, I don't suppose any of our crowd could have done it," he finally concurred. "They haven't got the stuffing. All the same—I like her red blood."

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THE PELLET OF DEATH

Wherein Cupid Works in Devious Ways His Wonders To Perform

By *Richard Washburn Child*

Illustrations by *Z. P. Nikolaki*

ON the corner beneath the Angora Apartments, in that up-town, rectangular-prismed, Bedford stone, elevator service, four and bath, steam heat and continuous hot and cold water territory, is one of the famous Dicker-Ainsworth chain of drug stores.

The night "crew" of this small branch had been made up for two years of Henry Bowlan and Eulalie Smith.

On the twenty-third of June, at eleven twenty-five, Henry Bowlan, with a prescription before him, was filling five-grain gelatin capsules with a powder scraped off the pill board. The day had been a threatening forerunner of the long, hot period of a city Summer and Henry, dark-haired graduate of the City College of Pharmacy, was glad that a breeze from the harbor front saturated with the dreamy odor of back alleys, wharves and Spring, blew in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Street window.

Eulalie, whose official title was "cashier," was "out front" ready to make herself useful at the fountain, now that Reginald, the skilled soda and sundae specialist, had gone home after the evening rush.

It was eleven twenty-six when the mahogany screen door opened to admit a man. The sound of his swift footsteps had come nearer and nearer on the concrete sidewalk. They had been louder and louder, emerging from the composite whir of motor cars, taxicabs, June-bugs in from the country, and the night voice of the City. And now the man had entered.

Eulalie from the other side of the perfume and toilet articles case, with her great blue eyes could see the stranger plainly. Her eyes were wonderfully clear and deep. They seemed to look into the future with a calm and ancient wisdom. Furthermore, the illuminating engineer of the Interborough Light, Heat and Power Company had outdone himself in making the store outdo the day, and the tungsten glare fell mercilessly on marble soda-fountain, white-tiled floor, enamel and glass show stands and the porcelain shelves where were lined up the Dainsworth remedies.

The man blinked at the startling change from the moderate dark of the Avenue where he had hurried along under the velvet sky of the June night, and now he blinked at Eulalie. The light—or Eulalie—confused him. He hesitated.

The light was strong and Eulalie was very beautiful. She had a marvelous figure and wonderful shoulders,—so they seemed beneath the silk waist. She had a neck to talk about in a low hushed voice, and a head poised on it as heads are poised on Greek statues. Her features were perfect, indeed, and her hair was of the kind that impels other women to try peroxid in vain.

While the man looked at Eulalie she looked at him with her eternal, far-away, ancient, century-old, dreamy gaze. She saw that he was a man still young, with rings of ill health or great mental distress under his eyes and lines in the skin about his mouth which suggested the terrible pace of modern business.

His hands were strong, but the fingers were tense as those of persons who have lived, as the saying goes, upon their nerves, and surely that tenseness reached up to the cords of his neck.

Eulalie pronounced his gray homespun suit to be of the three-try-on class. To be sure his chin was not the square thing of great young captains of finance and industry; nevertheless, Eulalie decided that he was the sort of smooth-shaven young man who would be welcomed into a partnership in the house of Morgan.

He spoke to her with a hoarse, whispering, cautious voice, and as he spoke he held out his thumb and forefinger toward her, and between the thumb and forefinger was a white pill.

"I want four more exactly like this," he said.

"What's in it?" asked Eulalie suspiciously.

"Nothing," growled the stranger. "I just want sugar pills—four harmless white pills exactly like this."

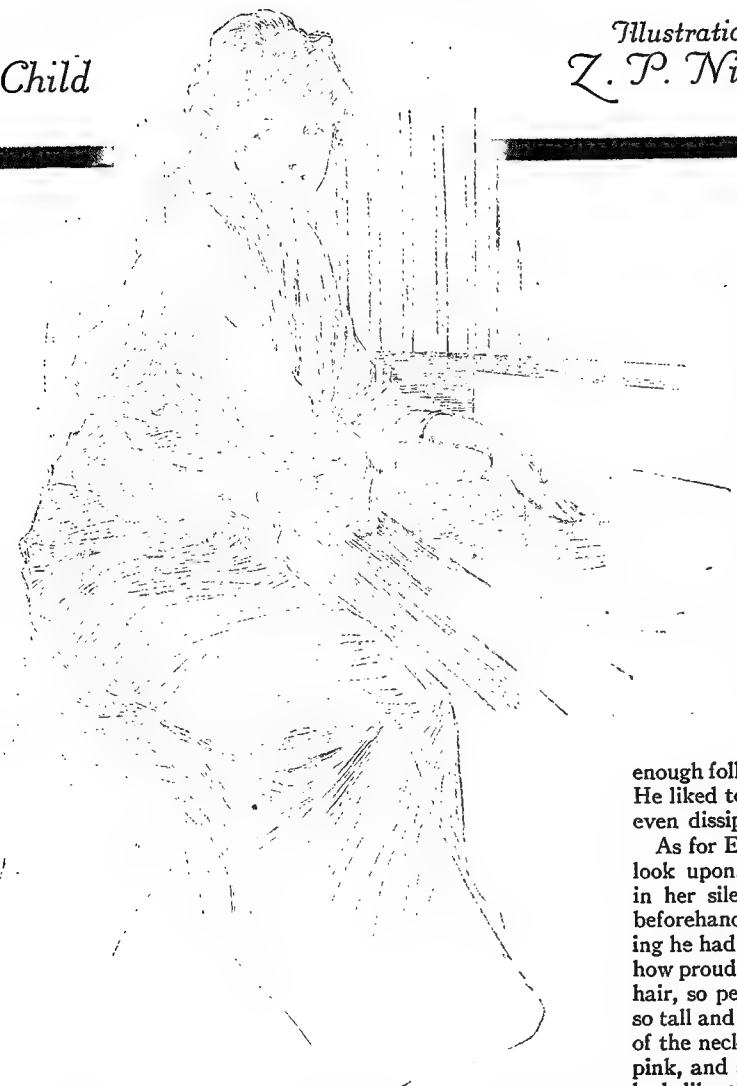
"Let's see it," she suggested.

HE placed it in the outstretched palm of her large, calm, steady and perfect hand, and if he noticed the moist, faint, coral tints of her skin, suggestive of health, tenderness and life, he gave no sign of interest. The constant twitching of his eyelids continued.

"Maybe we have some of the blank fives," she said quietly, turning to open one of the little drawers in the supply cabinet. "Let me look. Will anything do but white?"

"I said they must be exactly the same," the man answered impatiently.

Eulalie directed at him one of those placid glances which have been the despair of the male patrons of the Dicker-Ainsworth store. The glance was one as calm as a windless sea, as calm as the hush of deep old woods, as calm as



"Her Eyes Were Wonderfully Clear and Deep. They Seemed To Look into the Future with a Calm and Ancient Wisdom"

midnight in the desert or the face of Venus carved on a mountainside.

"Will these do?" she asked, placing four more white pills on the glass case. And among them she dropped the fifth.

"Which is the one?"

"You said you wanted them alike—exactly alike. Now if you can't pick out the sample it isn't my fault," said she. "Here's a pill box. That'll be a dime—to you."

The man gulped as if something in his throat prevented an exclamation. He dropped the ten-cent piece onto the counter and without a word he hurried out of the store.

Eulalie, having picked up the coin, spent many minutes staring at it with her two beautiful heliotrope eyes. The ancient, century-old look was still upon her face. One might have said that it was the look of one whose mind is far away in a realm of dreams.

EULALIE was waiting for Henry Bowlan to finish the prescription. She knew that when he had "put it up" he would come out to the counter where the white wrapping-paper reposed on a nickel roll and the pink string was enclosed in a nickel ball. Then she could look at him again with the calm, deep-pool, ancient-wisdom gaze. For he was her ideal man.

The ideal man, whatever his size, shape and mold, is of terrible importance to most women, and this is true in spite of all feminine protests. His importance is one of the things which make the world go round.

To a girl who is a member of a family group, the ideal man is important; to one who has to face the world alone and has made many mistakes as to ideal men, he is more important still. But to the girl alone, who earns a living by day and spends boarding-house and cheap amusement nights in the lonely, cruel, sympathy-desert of a great city and who, behind the look of ancient wisdom in her eyes, has a brave, incorruptible spirit, the ideal man is of an importance frightful for him—or for her. It is awesome for him because of his duty toward a woman's spirit which is brave and incorruptible; it is awesome for her because he can give her the life for which she, particularly if she be healthy, strong and beautiful like Eulalie, was born into the world or he can take that life away.

Henry Bowlan had no adequate knowledge of his importance to his fellow employee in the Dicker-Ainsworth drug store service. He did not know that she thought he looked as Abraham Lincoln must have looked in youth. Occasionally he had felt, without glancing up, the power of a pair of heliotrope eyes. But he had put temptation aside.

He came from country stock. He was free of unhealthy flesh, tall, active and always suggestive of cold baths and vigorous rub downs. Ambition had fought him through the City College of Pharmacy and four times promoted him. He was all for self-improvement. He bought the world's best literature in sets and started out to be intellectual. The gymnasium of a Young Men's Union welcomed him every night—except once a week or so when he bought seats for a musical show and so mixed enough folly into his serious life to show that he was human. He liked to think he could be weak and self-indulgent and even dissipated if he wanted. But he didn't.

As for Eulalie, to him she was of all women, the best to look upon. Without knowing that for eighteen months in her silent, inexpressive way she had yearned mutely beforehand for every kind word, every smile, every greeting he had given her, he had considered on his own account how proud one could be of a wife with such a mass of golden hair, so perfect a set of half Norse, half Grecian features, so tall and straight and strong a body, so tinted at the base of the neck and in the palms of the hands with vital coral pink, and so able to make shirtwaists at two ninety-eight look like thirty dollars.

On this night of the twenty-third of June, as on many occasions before, Henry Bowlan, scraping the last traces of the white powder off the pill board, looked out at Eulalie through a little square of glass in the prescription screen and sighed. He realized that her beauty and his pity for her were not a foundation for marriage. Sometimes, considering the commonplace, modern tragedy of the young woman who works ten hours a day behind a counter or a typewriter desk, rides two hours on subways, and sits alone in her bedroom on rainy nights to stare at wallpaper she did not select and hear the sleet on the windowpane, he conceived the wild idea of snatching Eulalie's perfect hands in his own and saying, "After this I will be different." But no!

HE cast the notion aside again on this night as he had before. The woman for him must be a woman with intellectual accomplishments; Eulalie with all her golden magnificence could not be said to be a clever conversationalist or brilliant of mind. The woman for him must be vivacious and alert, not a dreamer; and Eulalie showing little keenness Henry Bowlan had often said, to her despair, "Wake up, Miss Smith, you are about a hundred years ago!"

If you still want to hear something more of Eulalie, I will tell you that she was not eager to know who had won the series or whether the latest theatrical importation bathed in milk or lithia water, or why the Newport colony had barred Captain Merrilies Collinghast of the Worcestershire Foot. She was not up-to-date like a milliner's saleslady whom Henry knew, or superpoised like the heroines in best-sellers whom Henry read about in his lapses from the volumes bound in the half-morocco, with-a-year's-subscription, world's best literature. She had no idea as to who wrote the "Message to Garcia" unless it was William Jennings Bryan.

In Henry's opinion, too, she would fail in a crisis; she was lacking even in the plain, old, back-door, kitchen-garden common sense of his own ancestors.

The deep, centuries-old, calm as the Matterhorn, heliotrope colored gaze he believed was a man-trap. Stupidity was back of it, he believed. He had concluded that he could love her like the very deuce, but wouldn't. He would not invite her to a show or even walk home with her—once. He did not dare. He was afraid he might weaken. To make sure of himself he often rebuked her for yawning or because she forgot to say to customers, "Isn't there anything else?" according to the teachings of the Dicker-Ainsworth Employees School of Salesmanship.

As for Eulalie, she would gaze back at him with the patient look of an adoring animal which cannot understand why it is being punished. But the cruel word always broke her heart.

ON this night the registered pharmacist came out from behind the counter, adjusting his clean-shaven mouth and chin for a rebuke on general principles. He looked more than ever as Abraham Lincoln would have looked at his age.

"Who was it?" he asked.

Ellis Parker Butler wrote "Pigs Is Pigs" and awoke next morning to find himself famous. In the November PICTORIAL REVIEW, there will be a story by this famous author which is surely in the "Pigs Is Pigs" class. The title is "Pooh-Bah Bartlett." That sounds funny and it is funny. It's really a great story. Mr. Butler's genius for bewildering complications and side-splitting humor has never shown itself to better advantage. Read it and judge for yourself.

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"I guess it was a financier or one of them—one of those—big brokers," she answered, unclasping her hands. "He wanted five blank number five sugar pills like a sample he showed me. Ten cents."

"Ten cents!" snapped Henry. "Ten cents, eh? You broke a hundred bottle when you might have sold him the whole thing for a quarter!"

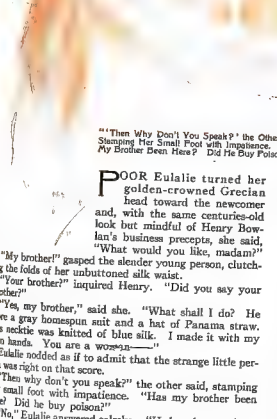
These words smashed into bits a dream of a vine-covered cottage or, for second choice, a five-room apartment with fumed-oak trim and children's toys scattered about and his key in the door when dusk came on. Eulalie sighed at the futility of her dream.

When she sighed Bowlan could hardly stand it. When she sighed, her lips always parted, her head always bent forward at its most wonderful angle of poise, her shoulders moved slightly beneath the mercerized material and the little breath exhaled always seemed to rise upward to fan the stray golden hair about her white temples. The registered pharmacist nearly seized her hand, but he recovered himself and thought of the kind of woman who should be his wife and of self-improvement and the intellectual life.

"Damn," said he.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bowlan," Eulalie replied.

The spell was broken, the young man's temptation had passed. And even if it had not, a rude interruption would have prevented a crisis in Henry's heart. The screen opened with the inrush of a young woman who came into the glare of the Dicker-Ainsworth store without a hat, with her hair disordered, her bosom rising and falling with excitement, her rather thin pale face showing terror and, as if she sought to fasten them upon a missing personality that a search might disclose.



"'Then Why Don't You Speak?' the Other Said, Stamping Her Small Foot with Impatience. 'Has My Brother Been Here? Did He Buy Poison?'"

POOR Eulalie turned her golden-crowned Grecian head toward the the newcomer and, with the same centuries-old look but mindful of Henry Bowlan's business precepts, she said, "What would you like, madam?"

"My brother!" gasped the slender young person, clutching the folds of her unbuttoned silk waist.

"Your brother?" inquired Henry. "Did you say your brother?"

"Yes, my brother," said she. "What shall I do? He wore a gray homespun suit and a hat of Panama straw. His necktie was knitted of blue silk. I made it with my own hands. You are a woman——"

Eulalie nodded as if to admit that the strange little person was right on that score.

"Then why don't you speak?" the other said, stamping her small foot with impatience. "Has my brother been here? Did he buy poison?"

"No," Eulalie answered calmly. "He bought no poison. The man you describe came about ten minutes ago. He wanted to buy four or five harmless sugar pills to match one that he——"

Thereupon, with a scream of despair, the strange girl collapsed and stretched herself, with the gentleness of unconsciousness, across the field of tiny blue and white tiles of the characteristic Dicker-Ainsworth drug store floor.

Eulalie leaned over the polished glass counter and stared down at the unfortunate sister. There was a beautiful curve at the back of Eulalie's neck. Bowlan noticed how charming she appeared, but her stupid calm irritated him. Her lack of mental alertness again seemed a hateful obstacle to thoughts of love.

"Bring me some of that aromatic spirits of ammonia!" he commanded with gruff tones of a field-marshal. "It's on shelf two above the prescription desk. Quick!"

Eulalie sighed—and ran. And as she ran she thought of how much character there was in Henry Bowlan's face and how much he resembled Lincoln in his youth and of how lonesome her life would always be.

HENRY, bending over the prostrate young woman, did not think of these things. He noted a fluttering of eyelids.

"Hurry!" he called impatiently to Eulalie, who had disappeared into the back part of the store.

"I can't find it," came the timid answer.

The other woman moved her hands, blinked her eyes and sat up, as consciousness slowly returned.

"We have no time to lose," she gasped into Henry's questioning face.

"Hurry, Miss Smith," he shouted.

"Will bromid do?" came the answer.

"The numskull!" he whispered, and then roared, "No!"

"We must find him!" the woman went on, misunderstanding the application of Henry's epithet and clutching his sleeve. "He is my brother and all I have in the world! When I found the note telling me farewell forever, I ran down the apartment stairs. His room was filled with fresh cigaret smoke. I knew he had just gone. I didn't wait for the elevator. Some one saw him come in this store."

"Yes, yes," said Henry.

"I feared he would buy poison," she whispered, struggling to her feet. "It is worse! He must have bought it long ago. The sample pill he showed the girl was charged with death. That was his plan. Once long ago he said that was the way to kill oneself if one did not have courage."

"How? What do you mean?"

"He said to get five pills just alike. One of them must be deadly. Then you took one every five minutes. You left it to Fate to say when death should come."

"Ah!" cried the registered pharmacist, conscious of his own presence of mind. "This is serious. And have you no idea where he would go for the—the deed?"

"Yes," the woman exclaimed. "He has a favorite bench in the park. It is on the horseshoe bend of the bridle path near the lake. He knocked on my door as he started out. He said that was where he was going. He said good-by. Oh, it is all terrible! You must come with me."

"The police."

"No! no! no!" protested the young woman. "They would be too late. We haven't time to explain and all that. Every minute may mean death. Find a taxicab! Help me!"

"I don't see the ammonia," came Eulalie's despairing voice.

"Bah!" cried Bowlan, running to the door. "Here, you chauffeur! You aren't busy. Drive like——. Beg pardon, madam. Drive like the devil. Get in, madam. Drive like the devil to the horseshoe bend on the bridle-path on the west side of the Park. Crank her! Crank her! This is life or death, you boob!"

"That's what they all say," replied the cynic, leaping into his seat. "It's them hasty people gets a guy's license."

But the car with the registered pharmacist and the strange young woman bouncing on the seat and on each other was soon a speck on the Avenue.

Eulalie watched it from the door of the Dicker-Ainsworth store with round, surprised, heliotrope eyes, and from those eyes tears fell. She was not thinking of the man she had identified with large financial activities and who was now sitting on a park bench taking pill after pill to play with death.

She was thinking how firmly and strongly and how like the young Abraham Lincoln, Henry Bowlan had conducted himself in the emergency, and how cross he had been to her!

WHEN the registered pharmacist came back he came in another taxicab. Knowing his frugal temperament Eulalie believed, before he pushed his way through the door into the glare of the marble, the floor tiles and the polished glass and nickel fixtures, that pride had forbade his riding on the subway in his white druggist's coat and without a hat.

There was another reason, however. Henry had been in a struggle. His hair seemed to have been in some one's fingers. A cut was on his nose. The marks of mother earth were upon the white starched linen of his coat. Grass stains were on his forehead.

"Henry!" cried poor Eulalie, clasping two tins of Dicker-Ainsworth's talcum powder in her beautiful coral-pink hands. "He resisted you!"

"He did," growled Bowlan. "What of that? They always do."

"He injured you!" Eulalie went on with alarm. "Are you badly hurt? How much did they charge you for the taxicab? The woman should be paid it."

Bowlan sneered.

"What senseless talk," he growled. "Here in the face of a great tragedy you discuss trivial affairs——" he broke off impatiently.

"He was an important man," Eulalie replied, trying to be agreeable. "I knew it the moment he came in," she finished complacently.

"'Since You Are Willing To Marry Me,' Said He, 'I Think You Might Be Willing To Kiss Me.'"

"'Nothing,' Growled the Stranger. 'I Just Want Sugar Pills—Four Harmless White Pills Exactly Like This.'"

THIS was too much of a strain for the hero's patience. He strode proudly toward the soda-fountain, drew himself a glass of root beer, tossed it down with the manner of a dragoon, and with his tall figure erect, gave the unfortunate Eulalie a stare of disdain.

"The man—" said he, "the man to whom you have just made reference was not a financier."

"You say—" began Eulalie in a timid whisper.

"He was a piano-tuner!" shouted Bowlan.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Then I was wrong!"

The registered pharmacist looked back at her over his shoulder, wondering how a creature so beautiful could be so dull. For several moments he stared over the top of the window display of the famous Dicker-Ainsworth Springtone Remedy and out through the plate glass window into the dark mysteries of the city night.

"A thousand devils!" said he at last, taking his superlative oath out of his vocabulary and flinging it straight in Eulalie's face. "A thousand devils and——"

"It's enough!" cried she. "What have I done now?"

"What have you done?" he repeated. "You ask what you have done? You let a man come in here with a pill loaded with enough poison to drop an elephant on the spot and never have sense enough to ask me before you match that poisoned pill! It is little short of murder."

"Oh!" cried Eulalie.

"Yes," Bowlan hurried on. "Then I break my neck to repair the damage. I arrive in the nick of time! He had taken four of the five pills when I got there. Do you understand? The next minute it would have been too late! Do you hear? Sure death! I struggle with him. He has me by the throat. The sister might have screamed, but fainted away. That leaves us alone. At last I knock the pill-box out of his half clenched hand. We grapple. We roll across the path. Go ahead and stare. Well you may! After a crisis like that I come back here and you never even inquire whether the man is alive or dead. You ask me how much I paid for taxicabs. Bah!"

"But the pill?" asked Eulalie.

"The pill—the deadly pill—the last pill it was, as fate willed. That pill, eh? Well, I've got that pill. Here it is between my thumb and finger."

HE imagined now that he could see in her expressive face a trace of shame, humiliation and sadness. Some sprite of mischief arose to tempt him to press his advantage. He slammed his palm down on the little rug on the glass counter upon which the customers' change is laid. When he took it up the pill of death remained between them.

For a moment Eulalie stared down at it; then she touched it timidly with the coral-pink tip of her beautiful middle finger. No one will ever know what struggles were going on within her. At last, however, when she picked up the pill it was with determination. Before Bowlan could jump toward her, the white pellet had gone between her red lips and her bare throat had moved slightly with muscular action as the little sugar-coated sphere went down.

(Continued on page 78)

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MAKING OVER OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The $500-Prize Letter and Other Prize Winners in the Public School Contest Announced Last April

JURY OF AWARD

HUDSON MAXIM, Distinguished Scientist and Inventor

HON. BEN. B. LINDSEY, Judge of the Children's Court, Denver

WM. McANDREW, Principal, Washington Irving High School, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE

LAST March, PICTORIAL REVIEW *began a series of articles by Ella Frances Lynch on the Public Schools, and offered a prize of $500.00 for the best letter answering Miss Lynch's rather severe criticisms. Both in point of quality and quantity of replies, this Contest has proved the most successful* PICTORIAL REVIEW *has yet held, despite the significant fact that a disappointing percentage of the letters came from school teachers. A number of teachers wrote that they would like to compete but were afraid of being found out! This disclosure alone justifies the considerable effort on our part to call attention to one of the most vital problems before the nation to-day.*

This Letter Wins the $500 Prize

THE articles of Miss Lynch are before me. Schools, courses, teachers, books and even the children lie in a heap. Everything is wrong and decay has set in. Shall I use chloride of lime and disinfect, or shall I stir the débris even more vigorously until the pile completely oxidizes, or shall I throw a covering over it all and defend? She has gatling gunned the traditional system of education. She has exploded a mine extending from the kindergarten to the university. She has even adopted the tactics of a Mexican sniper in picking off with her clever phrases some solitary pedagog.

After she is through, there isn't very much left. According to her, the educational coat is all right except that it needs a new collar, new sleeves, new back and front and linings. I cannot discover that Miss Lynch suggests that even the buttons could be saved from the wreck.

If our sharp-shooting critic will let me have just the buttons, I will try and cut a new coat from a pattern suggested by her series of thought-provoking articles. I will not attempt to square present practise in the schools with the theories which she advances. I will accept her point of view and build upon it. If I should attempt to adjust present methods to her proposals, my outcome might be like that of the pet chameleon owned by my friend. One day it disappeared and when I inquired for it, he said "Well, you see, I used to put him on brown and he was brown; on green and he was green; on drab and he was drab; but one day I put him on Scotch plaid and he just 'busted' himself trying to make good." It does not always pay to straddle.

We will start the coat with new goods. If Froebel should visit a modern school looking for his child's garden, he would find a schoolroom with a ring painted on the floor. Its paths would be floor cracks; its flowers would be chalked decorations; its teacher probably the poorest paid, immature girl of the school system. If I could persuade him to look in upon a primary room he would find nice little cells called desks instead of tables and chairs accommodating that God given activity which is at the basis of child development. He would find a period for reading, one for spelling, one for arithmetic, one for geography, one for music, for handwork, for drawing, for nature study, for—but why name them all? Poor Froebel! he would not recognize the creature of his pedagogical foresight.

To cheer him up, I would lead him to a distinctive school—there are a few such—where the music is like the spontaneous outburst of birds on a sunlit morning; where history and geography are interwoven with stories and treated as literature; where nature study is nature love and out-of-doors amid the birds, flowers and God's country; where handwork makes use of the larger muscles of the arms, legs and back in gardening and manual dexterity; where number work is relegated to the rear; where children march, sing, work, study and play with joy and unselfconsciousness—a school whose pupils are children and not little old men and women.

Away with the Old Prison Methods

OF course these children do not know the capital of Kamchatkigo; or how to define a preposition; or to draw a trapezium; or to do, re, me, fa; or to bend from the hips in the aisles between rows of desks (did you ever see a schoolboy who could do athletic stunts out of school try this school exercise?); or to conduct safely a bale of hay from Podunk, N. J., to Cape Town, Africa, via the new Panama Canal.

No, none of these things. My boy can only look at you with bright, clear eyes, greet you with a cheery word—the picture of health, joy and sturdiness. He can only read with expression about the things of which he has knowledge; can only talk about what goes on in the life about him; only understands the things which are within the understanding of a young lad.

I saw him on his way home. No book-strapped load under his arm. I saw him greeted with a mother's love. I saw his rabbits and garden and I pictured with envious eyes a loving parent bending over a little bed at dusk with a God-keep-you pat on the forehead for the little man of to-morrow.

Yes, Miss Lynch is right. Away with the desks and busy work and cramp-fingered weaving and folded hands and low salaried primary teachers and all those things which prevent me from staying more than a minute in the average primary school. Irresistibly I always turn from the books, charts, outlines and papers to some golden framed face and smile. After a glance at the teacher to see if the coast is clear, my little lady smiles back and then I know that the wealth of the world is human and that my girl of the golden hair must somehow be saved to this wealth even if syndicalistic methods must be applied to the present educative process.

But the new freedom has not yet come into education. The ingrowing, pedagogical conscience still influences the ingrowing mind. There must be many Miss Lynches before things will be righted.

Schools Should Inspire the Creative Spirit

MY little lad and lady have reached the age of twelve. They have covered the course of study for the six grades. Or perhaps it would be better to say that they have been pretty well covered by the course. Spontaneity and native interest have been buried. The spirit is dead. Anemic, goggle-eyed and perhaps adenoid expressioned they approach adolescence. Here their imaginations might be rekindled even if the course of study has banked the fires. The spirit of an intellectual wanderlust might be in the air. The heritage of the race is about to assert itself—a new period is about to be born. Wonderful possibilities!

Do I see the school meeting them? No! it must hand out, as Miss Lynch says, some new arithmetic for a review of old problems, some new reader, some formal grammar. Perhaps even some algebra and Latin verbs. The child longs to create. He would build houses, grow things, claim kindredship with animals, read stirring events of heroes and heroines, actuate by games and folk plays the activities of his forefathers. If we were observing, we would find that he lives at this time, in two worlds. In one, the real world of affairs of which he wants to be a part. In the other, a world of dreams and visions where the still small voice of God speaks in terms of adolescent emotions, thought and development.

You recall those days. Perhaps you had an opportunity to develop normally. You went to school, but perhaps you also received an education. Perhaps you heard the wood-thrush, swam in the pool by the willows, helped with the chores. Imagine yourself as receiving only a schooling from books, having a few periods a week making coat hangers or aprons, selling imaginary bales of hay to imaginary customers, studying about birds from charts, proving that perfectly wonderful fact that two things equal to the same thing are equal to each other, sitting for four hours and forty minutes a day listening to some one recite or else looking out of the window expecting that for twenty minutes of the day you will be called upon to tell what you have memorized about something which you know does not concern you. But you do all these things, for is not the report card soon due?

And then you know that you are "receiving an education," for cannot you recite that "a construction is a graphical representation of a geometrical conception?" You know even about isobaric charts, photo synthesis, the ionization hypothesis and optical illusions.

These "illusions" are not all optical. As Miss Lynch implies, they are quite real in secondary education—a period calling for a type of training which meets adequately the secondary period of the child's development—a period which begins with adolescence and not at the end of some arbitrary eighth or ninth grade. I wish that our expert with the pedagogical rifle had aimed more shots at the high school course of study instead of at the buildings. It is not the outside which interests me. It is what goes on in the inside. Adequate high school training has little to do, especially in its early years, with the algebraic $A^{\circ}=1$ or that familiar problem about three hens which lay five eggs in seven days; or who was the candidate for governor in ——of the Whig party; or what was the unknown and cannot-be-found motive for Mark Antony telling Julius Cæsar that ——; or what is the angular velocity of an apple weighing 19 grams which falls from——.

Yes! Something is going to fall, but it will not be imaginary apples. It will be the human call of an enlightened public for a secondary education which has as its basis the development of sound, clean bodies, of clear, intelligent thinking, of the needs of citizenship in a democracy and of a skill of hand which can coordinate with a skill of brain.

And the schools are not, generally speaking, meeting the call. They hear only the echo of medievalism or the popular cry of superficiality. Miss Lynch is right. The high school can fill two needs. It can equip for special business or it can fit for college. The latter interests me only as college requirements conform with the needs of young people. A few schools do fit for the business of living. Such are usually either preventive or reformatory or are for delinquent or defective young people. These distinctive schools have half a day of book work like farming, home-making or mechanics. They have real shops and farms and kitchens. They run for twenty-four hours a day for three hundred and sixty-five days a year. They have the realities of things, and the collection of facts and theories of a text is made real by contact with the activities of actualities.

It is almost worth while to be a negro at a Tuskegee, a juvenile delinquent at a Lincolndale, or an orphan at a Hastings-on-the-Hudson, or even a son of a rich man at an Interlaken. Here one can figure out house, farm or shop accounts; read about soils, fertilizers and tools which one is handling; study the history of industry; stand proudly at the head of a thoroughbred animal which one has brought up as his own; eat the food one raises; sleep in the room one has decorated—and then, at the very end of the course, one can "cram" for and pass the exacting college entrance examinations because he knows how to work, how to study, how to grasp ideas and how to "plug."

But all children cannot be negroes, or delinquents, or dependents. Some are still normal, in that they "make their grades." And the reason so many boys and girls drop out of the high school is not because these children should not be in it, as Miss Lynch would leave us to infer, but rather because they cannot master a course of study which is apart from the race heritage so dominant at the secondary stage. These children cannot memorize, without winking an eye, a lot of facts which are handed them; cannot abide the topical outlines, examinations, unrelated science, and the events bequeathed them by the ancients, when their whole minds, bodies and souls are calling for realities—when they want to play the real game with unstacked cards.

What Denotes the Smart Child?

WE call "normal" those young folks who can master these fearfully and wonderfully made courses, and those who cannot we speak of as being "abnormal." But to my way of thinking, the former are the abnormal ones. It is strange how the school terror, who cannot find the nth term of a binominal raised to the $(a+b)$ power will conduct a successful paper route, memorize a lot of football signals, and eventually become a successful man of affairs when, in the opinion of his teachers, he is only fit for the scrap heap.

This conserving of a course of study handed down to us by an English landed aristocracy, this study of "fundamentals," this liberal culture which does not liberate,

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this worship of an educational fetish—all are bad enough for the boys, but for the girls it is positively criminal in that it develops an overwrought nervous system.

I am not saying that there is no place for formal work in all subjects, but it is not until boys and girls have passed through the early years of adolescence and not until the few who go to college have been chosen by the process of natural selection for advanced work. Meanwhile, the college group should not dominate the entire four years of the course of study of all pupils.

Miss Lynch snips off my friend Bloomfield and vocational guidance. I hold no brief for Meyer but the school must do something to fit the pupils for the job which they will some time fill. At present they retain the "nice" boys and lose to the dead-end jobs those who leave early.

Where is the blame? Ask the first grade teacher and she will say it is the requirements of the second. Ask the grammar school teacher and she will say that it is the first year of the high school. Ask the high school man and he will say the college. Ask the college——but why continue? All remind me of Thomas Nast's famous cartoon of the Tweed ring where every man standing in the circle has his right hand pointing to the next man with the words underneath, "Who's to blame?"

Now, who is to blame? Answer—the public. As yet it cannot discriminate between "schooling" and "education." The people who vote money for school purposes, elect school boards and pass judgment upon school teachers, associate education with books, buildings, courses of study, reviews, marks, examinations; uniformity and machine methods. I do not wish to be hard on the people: They were either brought up under the system and know no other or else they never had much schooling and consequently worship anything which the child of the other fellow is having.

Mothers take in washing that Susie may "finish her course" (or be finished by it). Fathers sift the ashes that Johnnie may study about the dignity of labor. Jones Senior denies himself a coat that Jones Junior may have a frat pin. Mary takes "cooking lessons" while mother cooks the family meal. Prosperous citizen says "I didn't have no education and see where I am."

Is Public Schooling a Real Education?

AND so it goes! All in the name of education. It would make you smile if it were not after all a serious matter. Everybody is scrambling after an education and yet no one seems to know what it is or how to get it.

It is easy enough to get a schooling. Just go to school; that is all. You will find plenty of books, fine buildings and printed courses. But whether these things constitute an education or not is a different matter. The education process has been turned over to the school. "Next year I can take up bridge again," says one, "as Mary then goes to the kindergarten." "I cannot make Harry mind me," says another, "I don't see how his teacher puts up with him." A child may have adenoids, but it is the school man that discovers them, not the parent. Two hours a week of manual training takes the place of daily chores at home. A course in sex hygiene is the substitute for a few discreet words of a thoughtful parent. A hastily swallowed doughnut followed by a cup of coffee is the breakfast for a boy who is to have in one hour his lesson on physiology. Parents vote for the single session plan and allow their children to eat a baker's lunch. "Teachers get big pay for five days a week, nine months in the year" is the common remark, never thinking that the educative process is continuous.

Some school men are awake to the need for a change. More than one would meet his professional graveyard if he proposed the radical changes recommended by Miss Lynch. Many are ready to press forward, but the chairman of the school board is an aspirant for higher honors, and so it goes. The school is a little factory with many machine hands and pet processes of specialties. Some measure their products in dollars and cents. Some dote on the ratio of per capita cost of instruction to the amount of coal burned.

But the majority of people cannot be thinking much about education or else they would earnestly seek for that school of a to-morrow where the teacher will be a master craftsman—an artist and not a machine hand. One who will take precious human clay—the child—and fashion it into various shapes rather than dump it into a common mold between the levers of tradition and uniformity. One who will think of the child of to-morrow—sound, accomplished, and beautiful in body; intelligent and sympathetic in mind; reverent in spirit and productively efficient.

But gradually the school will come. But not until you and I—all of us—begin to realize that the only purpose of education is the development of *human* wealth.

NEW YORK.

A Plea for Better Teachers

Winner of Special Prize

ARE our schools wrong? Of course they are. Everybody knows that. Where are they wrong? All over the country. Everybody knows that, too. How are they wrong? The answer to that is quite another story. My friend the Professor lost his chair because his wrong ideas of economics didn't agree with those of the college "angel" who was furnishing the funds. His new university labels him "advanced thinker," but his views haven't changed in the least. Is he right in one place, and wrong in the other, or is the change in the eye of the beholder?

Miss Lynch's ideal school, and mine, teaches hygiene and public sanitation, but I know a factory superintendent who says that kind of teaching is wrong, and who fires every teacher that tries it in the schools controlled by his company. Miss Lynch gives one hundred and fifty lines of Hiawatha to her first graders, and the city superintendent gives twelve primers to his. He thinks Miss Lynch is wrong, and she knows he is. Who shall decide which of us is right, or whether either is? There are as many moot points in education as medicine or theology ever produced, and up to date just as many of them appear to be permanently settled. The contest when Greek met Greek was nothing to the row nowadays when "cultural ideals" meet "industrial ideals," and the question is Greek vs. Plumbing.

After All It's Up to the Teachers

I WANT the free high school, even the state aided college, and I have a natural prejudice in favor of the supervisor; but in the main I agree with Miss Lynch's constructive program, though I should emphasize differently. To her, *what* shall be taught, and *when* shall it be given, seem to be the important factors; while to me *who* shall teach, and *how* shall they do it seem much more vital. The permanent things we carry from any schoolroom are not the informational details, but the habits of thought, the methods of attacking new difficulties, the ease of adjustment gained therein, all the direct outcome of the methods and the collective personality of our several instructors. The boy taught to memorize and "recite like a book" isn't apt to possess business initiative, nor is the one brought up under the subservient flatterer of the supervisor apt to develop moral fiber. I believe that the greatest need of our schools to-day is good teachers, and that the next one is more good teachers.

When our Normal classes refuse ever to admit any student with a noticeable deformity, or a defect of speech, or a nervous difficulty, and stop graduating the slouch in manners, dress, or language; when our superintendents mark incompetent the nagger, the whiner, the intimidator, and the sarcastic martinet; when our Board of Education hire teachers who are courteous ladies and gentlemen first and fine scholars afterward, I think we shall have taken a long step in the right direction. When those same boards free themselves from taint of partisan politics before adminstering our financial affairs; when they provide clean, sanitary, comfortable, even if plainly furnished, classrooms and a playground for every child; when they turn over to a superintendent who knows his business the selection of text-books and teachers, and the fitting of the course of study to the community needs; when they learn not to interfere with the details of his educational administration any more than the lay board of hospital directors presumes to direct the surgeon in his operating-room, I believe we shall be half way to the goal.

Whether we should teach geography in the third, fourth, or fifth grade seems far less important to me than that it shall be an actual examination of the child's own surroundings when we do begin it, leading out to the relation he bears to the rest of the world, instead of the recitation of memorized facts. He can study delta formation in his own back yard any rainy day with vastly more profit to himself than from any text-book, and the economic reasons for the growth of his own town are far more useful than the Isles of Greece. I want a history and civics course in my elementary school, but lists of battles do not figure in it, though reasoning from cause to effect and constructive citizenship does. The boy who knows the connection between slavery and our first war with Mexico grasps quickly the industrial conditions that are forcing the second one, conditions with which he is familiar because one day a week his history text is a newspaper.

Unlike Miss Lynch, I'd keep both the phonics and the twelve primers in the first year, and I'd teach the alphabet, too, but like her I see no valid reason for any other texts beside succeeding readers and a dictionary below the fourth year though I want a good grade library. Up to then I should keep written arithmetic entirely abstract, and devote it to securing ease in calculation, but more than half of my work should be concrete and oral. I'd put stress on writing from dictation to acquire technique of written language, but I'd concentrate my energies in the composition class on the telling of a clear, truthful, concise story, and it would be telling and not writing a good half of the time.

I agree that the pupil should determine his course early, but not before twelve, and while I should shorten his classroom hours to two one-hour sessions daily in the first grade, and gradually lengthen them to four hours daily in the eighth, I'd make that class work vigorous while it lasted; and I'd open school fifty weeks in the year, except in certain rural districts. I'd insist on individual instruction, but that need not mean small groups except in lower primary. I'd want one ungraded room into which I'd send misfits and pupils deficient in one or two particulars until they caught up with the grade of their best subject, and that room would be a privilege and not a disgrace for they would be making a grade and not losing one. I'd promote by subject: not on a final examination, but on the daily work and the teacher's say-so.

My boys who must go to work at fourteen wouldn't get technical grammar, but they would have drill in every-day letter-writing and preparing short newspaper items, and a good bit of standing on two feet before a class to explain a process, a tool or an opinion in one minute speeches. They would study elementary geometry, and enough algebra to evaluate the ordinary shop formulas. Their arithmetic would be devoted to the business transactions of their own lives, and I know by experience, that the boy who has spent his arithmetic period finding out what the instructor ought to charge him for the cover to his footstool, and whether it is cheaper for him to order leatherette or leatheroid, is rather apt to want the right answer regardless of the effect upon his class standing. He is even on the way to approval by the man who demands "practical education," though what that man really means usually is training that will make our graduates vocationally efficient for *him*, and the genuine educator antagonizes him by still attempting to fit his business training to the best interests of the boy, instead of fitting the boy to the interests of the business. There are laws of mental growth, just as there are laws of physical growth, and personally I honor the "impractical" band of "child study faddists" who so far have been able to uphold against the modern industrial exploiter the right of the child to be trained in a school that considers both.

NEW YORK.

If the Schools Are Wrong the Public Is To Blame

AS a high school teacher of nine years' experience, I have had abundant opportunity to weigh the final output of the public school system and I find it sadly wanting. Accordingly, I welcome all articles which, like Miss Lynch's, offer practical suggestions for the remedy of obvious evils. With most of her proposals I am in substantial agreement. Teaching should be less mechanical and more adapted to the individual pupil. To this end, teachers should be given smaller numbers of children and should be allowed to exercise their own initiative in dealing with them. In every way, teaching should be more direct and vigorous.

But with her more radical proposals I am not in such accord. I refer to the plan of beginning the public education at the age of eight instead of five or six and of separating pupils into two groups at the age of ten, giving those who intend to enter high school a different training from those who expect to leave as soon as the law allows.

The Value of Environment

IF all homes were the ideal places we wish they were, furnishing a normal amount of work and play, with high ideals and wholesome surroundings, where a child could safely be sent out to play with his fellows, then by all means children might be kept out of school till they are eight or even older. But alas for the ideal! The great majority of parents are either too busy or too indifferent or too incompetent to give their children the guidance they need in these critical formative years. In some shape or other, the state must assume the burden. How can it be done more economically than as a part of the public school system? Let the little children be given the greatest possible freedom. Let them work and play out-of-doors as much as possible. The less formal text-book instruction, the better. But when we remember that human beings learn more during the first eight years of their lives than at any subsequent period and that these first impressions are absolutely ineradicable, I should greatly doubt the wisdom of turning instruction over entirely to as haphazard an institution as

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"Cook could you spare me a little, please?"

Artful minx! Bound whatever happens, to have *her* fill of this tempting and satisfying dinner-course—

Campbell's Tomato Soup

And right here is the moral for every solicitous mother—anxious first of all for the physical welfare of her children.

Their normal appetite, nine times in ten at least, is a safe guide to the food which does them good.

The genuine wholesomeness of this perfect soup is what makes it so irresistible to the unspoiled appetite of young and old.

Do *you* and *yours* get the full advantage of this fact as often as you might? How about dinner *today?*

21 kinds 10c a can

Asparagus	Clam Chowder	Pea
Beef	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bouillon	Julienne	Printanier
Celery	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Chicken	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)	Mutton Broth	Vegetable
Clam Bouillon	Ox Tail	Vermicelli-Tomato

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Making Over Our Public Schools

(*Continued from page 25*)

the modern American home. Take the one matter of language alone. If children did not hear correct English for the first eight years of their lives, it would be well nigh impossible to correct their habits of speech when they finally went to school. Perhaps our present kindergarten system is silly and inept. The remedy is not to abandon the children altogether but to reform our methods.

Rather than defer the public care of children till the age of eight, I should consider it wise—particularly in congested districts of large cities—to establish nurseries and play rooms in the public schools where very small children might be left. Girls in the upper classes could be given a systematic training in the care and feeding of infants and put in charge of them. Could they learn anything that would be of more direct benefit to the community?

AT the risk of being classed by Miss Lynch as a sentimentalist, raising an outcry in the name of democracy, I certainly object to the proposed division of pupils into two groups at the age of ten. In fact, I believe my objection is in the name of democracy. A separation at so young an age is bound to be made mainly on an economic basis. I do not see how it could fail to foster one of the ugliest manifestations of American society, a feeling of class distinction built up on wealth alone. Rich and poor students should be kept working together as long as possible. I should introduce more practical manual and vocational training for every one and give exactly the same credit for it as for any academic course.

The one general remedy for the evils in the public school system is a more active, helpful interest on the part of the community. No public activity can be expected to run satisfactorily entirely apart from any cooperation on the part of the people served. Just as graft in civic affairs can be checked only by the earnest continued vigilance of honest citizens, so the educational institutions of any given section can be made to administer to the needs of the people only when they will take the trouble to find out what they want and express it.

The majority of teachers come from outside the place in which their school is located. They are strangers in the community and too often have no choice but to remain so. How can they be expected to know civic needs and conditions? The first step in making schools more practical would be the establishment of some kind of clearing-house at which parents and teachers could meet, talk over their problems and come to an understanding. We will suppose that parents can be persuaded to take an active interest in the training of their offspring. The next step is to determine what we wish the public schools to accomplish. What sort of people would you select to live in the world about you? I should like to have everybody honest, everybody sound in mind and body, and everybody competent to deal with his own particular set of circumstances.

How can honesty be taught? Certainly not by a system of espionage which makes children feel that the responsibility is not theirs if they cheat and lie but the teacher's who is not clever enough to catch them. You can teach people to be reliable only by relying upon them. The more a system of real self-government and control can be established in our schools, the better for the coming generation. It is much harder to teach a pupil to control himself than to control him with cast-iron rules, but it is the only kind of teaching that pays in the long run.

MEDICAL inspection of school children, free dental clinics, open-air schools for tubercular children are doing much to improve the health of our coming citizens, but much remains still to be done.

To make a generation competent is a wholesale order. Any good, rigorous teaching helps, but some things are better than some other things. No one can seriously suppose that the actual academic teaching of the present day is worse than it was a few generations ago. Standards of teaching have been raised mightily since the insistence upon carefully graded teachers' certificates. Is there any justice then in the prevalent feeling that the modern pupil is less self-reliant and less efficient upon leaving school than the graduate of the "little red schoolhouse?" I think so and I think the reason is this—the school has done more for the modern pupil but his life outside of school has done vastly less. When the majority of people in this nation lived on farms or in small villages and cities, children worked directly with their elders and learned to do things which they considered worth while. They grew naturally into a feeling of responsibility. The solid feeling of self-respect which comes from the knowledge of a piece of manual work well done is a most valuable element in education. The cyclone industrial changes which have attended the phenomenal growth of cities, the specialization of industry which has carried most handicrafts out of the homes have deprived children of a fundamental training. Public education ought always to be supplementary to that of the home. It simply has not changed fast enough to keep up with modern conditions.

IN any attempt to effect an improvement in the particular schools in which we are interested, we must remember —wherever we wish to go, we must assuredly start from where we are. Step by step, eliminating a foolish course there, strengthening a practical movement here, encouraging the competent teacher and removing the incompetent, in a hundred ways we achieve at last a satisfactory result. Above all let us remember that most human beings are reasonable—even parents and teachers—and endeavor to work together wholeheartedly in this most important of all occupations, the training of the coming generation.

MICHIGAN.

How One City Reformed Its Schools

MISS LYNCH'S study of the public schools has been from the inside, mine from the outside.

In our city a few of us always attended the annual school meeting; generously voted for an appropriation of 9,500.00; then forgot the schools for another year.

Our awakening came without warning and hurt. Our high school was dropped from our state university's list of accredited preparatory schools. We felt the disgrace deeply for we had been proud of our schools. Away back in pioneer days, the village school board had induced a gentle, scholarly man to come to us and take the combined work of study, no need of rules, for only students were enrolled and nearly all were preparing for college. He taught them French, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Science and Mathematics and imbued them with a love of good literature.

When his successor took charge of the school, it had been organized, under a state law, as a "high school." The new man was called "Principal of Schools" and we addressed him as "Professor." His first duty was to grade our schools. He did his work thoroughly. The steam roller went over us and we had courses of study from the primary up and written examinations and report cards. Class work counted for nothing; all depended upon the dreaded, monthly, ten-question, written examinations.

I was elected to membership on the school board and was the only woman on the board who was not blotted out of existence by the hitherto fair name of our high school. Within a year the accredited list again included the name of our school.

In visiting our schools we found so many things wrong, that we gladly availed ourselves of a new state law allowing the election of four additional members to our board. Our seven-member board included two lawyers, one an ex-county superintendent of schools, both ex-teachers; two business men, one of them an ex-teacher; a young mother, formerly a primary teacher; a grandmother; and a business woman. Our school experiences extended from log schoolhouse days to the very high school just reared to the roll of honor. We had an abundance of "view-points" and "angles." There were committee reports at every meeting and the old kerosene lamp, in a lawyer's back office, shed a subdued light on many a late session.

Our teachers were underpaid; our schoolrooms badly heated and lighted, and without ventilation. When we were agreed what first aids were needed, we appointed a committee on publicity, whose duty was to make the voters understand the situation so there

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Making Over Our Public Schools

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might be no possible delay in getting what we intended asking for at the next annual meeting. The local newspapers gave us free and unlimited space and soon our people were talking nothing but schools. Within a few months we were selling bonds, not only for a new high school building but for a central heating plant and a fan system of ventilation for all the school buildings.

We had not entirely neglected the schools while studying plans and we dealt with a thousand and one questions that arose during the building and remodeling. We had advanced salaries and raised our standards of teachers' qualifications. With fine buildings, free text-books, good school libraries, indeed, an up-to-date equipment in every department, our duty was surely done and we were ready to rest and await results. We had been adjourning "subject to call" three years and the "calls" had been frequent. We decided to meet once a week; but we had the "committee" and "visiting schools" habits and could not break them.

Our school children were poor spellers, poorer writers and used pencils and tablets and many figures to arrive at the solution of simple problems we had known as "mental-arithmetic." We insisted that spelling and mental arithmetic be given daily attention in every grade. With our mixture of up-to-date and old-time methods, we got fairly good results; but we were just beginning to know our schools.

We found many of the conditions of which Miss Lynch writes. A mother's protest led us to investigate grade promotions. Her daughter, with an average standing of ninety-five in the fall term, and of ninety-six in the spring term—when the year's work had been reviewed—had been "failed," with an average standing of sixty-four, because she had been ill and absent the latter half of the winter term. We found worse conditions in other grades. Several boys had been failed for the third time and one little girl for the second time, because extreme nervousness made it impossible for her to pass a written examination. We promoted the two girls and half dozen boys "on conditions" and passed a resolution that no child should ever be kept in a grade to exceed two years and only for the second year when a non-attendance record made it unadvisable to make a conditional promotion. Nothing ever worked better in our schools than conditional promotions.

ALTHOUGH we had spent a large amount of money; given the schools our best thought and more than our leisure; there was still something wrong, vitally wrong, with our schools. In a community of well-to-do people with no employment for children and no necessity for their earning money, with a law compelling their attendance at school and a sentiment in favor of its strict enforcement, we could not keep them in school. We appointed "truant officers" who escorted the unwilling to school, occasionally locking a lad in the county jail for a day. It was no way to hold children in school. What could a teacher be expected to do with the captives? The boys were our problem. They were "tired of school." If we compelled their attendance they were a demoralizing influence. They were in the majority in the primary grades, sadly in the minority beyond the fifth grade. A series of articles in the newspapers by our publicity committee and a graduating class of nineteen girls and three boys, prepared every one to listen to a plan for keeping the boys in school.

Our plan was Manual Training, our best argument the graduating class lists from schools where it was no longer an experiment. We got a manual training instructor for the boys that year; one in domestic science for the girls the next year. We have added, since then, a practical business course and a department of agriculture—the latter continuing during the Summer. We have as much of the highest education as ever in our High School; but the students are no prouder of high standings in Latin or mathematics, than of skill as a stenographer, farmer, carpenter, dressmaker or cook. The boy who wins honors in the debate may be the one most interested in the incubator chickens. The handsomest garage on our street was built, under contract, by a group of boys from a manual training class; the domestic science girls cannot supply the demand for their bread, cakes, jams and jellies.

As to "Who pays for the High School?" that question never troubles us. We all pay for it and believe it is worth all it costs. We never draw any dividing line between the expenses of our High and graded schools. We heat all of the buildings from one plant; employ, for both schools, the same superintendent and corps of special instructors in manual training, physical culture, music and drawing; and we pay as high salaries in our grades as in the High School.

We always have crowded annual school meetings. The taxpayers always expect to be asked for some special appropriation. We never disappoint them. This year, it will be for additional playgrounds. We have had to solve our own problems, for the school question was not then receiving the attention since given it by magazines and newspapers. Miss Lynch's articles are of much interest and help to us now; they would have been of great value to us then, for they deal, in a sensible, practical way with the most important institutions in our country—our Public Schools.

WISCONSIN.

Too Much System, Too Much Normal School, Too Many Text-Books

A TEACHING experience of fourteen years has taught me always to sit near a sack of salt when reading an article on education. Especially do I reach for salt when I read such a generalization as: "Our present system is one that fails to stimulate, that makes children lazy, that fills them with half-baked information, a system whose graduates have little reasoning power, small vocabulary, no appreciation of the worthy in literature, no preparation for life." Even if this were true it would not necessarily be a condemnation of the public school system. For I have seen it in colleges South, East and West and I maintain that I have not found that graduates "cannot spell, cannot write a decent letter." Of course, I have found many misspellings and some astonishing results in grammar; but I cannot discover that the English language is on the way to perdition.

Anyway, the cry of the capitalists that our students are inefficient never bothers me. Our chief purpose is not to produce mere grinders out of more dollars, but men and women of such independence as to look upon immense incomes as only a secondary factor in a worthy life. In short, our public school system is not maintained to turn out people who shall help the rich gain further riches.

In various other matters Miss Lynch and I do not agree. Is it not possible that Miss Lynch is hardly up on conditions that began to pass away a decade ago? "In our schools the child who is bright and the one not so bright take just the same time to master the same studies." In practically every city and town system that I know of in the West and South, the brighter pupils are promoted every term, while in many towns children backward in certain lines are placed in rooms where more stress is laid upon those particular subjects. Earlier, Miss Lynch declares the "stupid little one retains and develops faculties that the school failed to recognize, and makes a signal success of school and of living;" while in her last article she advocates settling a child's career at ten and telling exactly whether it will be fit to receive a high cultural education!

This despite the fact that during the age of puberty to twenty-one children almost reverse the sentiments, tendencies and aspirations of their previous life. Senator Sherman as a small boy, was the despair of his mother because of his pugnacious habits, while his brother, General Sherman, was the most *peaceful* boy in the neighborhood. Patrick Henry, whose oratory moved souls to action, was so dull, so stupid, so unambitious before the age of fourteen that a neighbor wondered why the Lord ever created such a good-for-nothing. When pedagogs begin to fit the careers of ten-year-old children I, for one, shall go out of the pedagog business. *The longer the childhood of a man or nation, the greater that man or nation.*

I am going to agree heartily with Miss Lynch in several other things. She is correct in declaring that classes in the grammar schools are too large. If the United States is training fighters at West Point allows only twelve pupils in a class, it should certainly train its peacemakers with the same care. Again, she is right in protesting against too much supervision. There is still too much cut-and-dried system, planned out nicely and precisely *at the office desk.* But this fad is gradually dying out.

We pedagogs are slaves to books. What is the result? The imagination of our pupils is deadened. There is but one remedy for all this and that is to allow the child *to make his own text-books as he goes along.* The trouble with most of us, students, pedagogs, and all, is that *we have surrendered the God-given right of creation.* Grant the boy the joy of making a discovery and announcing it in his own crude way and his school will cease to be a prison house.

Fourteen years of observation have convinced me, positively, that the normal schools of America are turning out teachers chock-full of *how* to teach a subject and *practically empty of the subject itself.* In short, it is my sincere belief that the present type of normal schools with their interminable methods are the damnation of the American school system.

I wish Miss Lynch had said more about the dominating influence of the higher institutions on our public school system. *The American educational system is absolutely degree-ridden.* The high schools boast that their faculties consist of M.A.'s and Ph. D.'s; students go to college less for culture than to obtain the Bachelor's degree; the specialist wastes three years over unimportant details in order to snatch a Ph. D. Indeed, at present, the man without this divine symbol of tedious toil and dull drudgery is almost excluded from our college faculties and yet, if in my own line, English, I were asked to name the five most inspiring professors in America I should be compelled to name five without the doctor's degree. I should advise the high schools to cease their submission to the colleges. The public schools are maintained not for the purpose of creating either money-makers or college students but to *prepare young people to meet life.*

Life is full of activity and there is too much enforced inactivity in our public schools—too much silence, too much sitting still. We are reversing Nature's rule; too many questions are asked by the teacher and not enough by the children; too many hours are spent in mental work while the child's soul is crying out for physical activity. Our public schools, like our farms, need more rotation.

Are we preparing students *to meet life?* Only partially. I cannot see that Miss Lynch's plans to segregate the highly intellectual at ten and face all others toward an art or business career is justifiable. *It is a tendency toward the caste system and strikes at democracy.* I think our business men need a little culture and I am sure that our cultured men need a little business. If I had the power, no boy would receive a Bachelor's degree unless he had learned one hand trade, and no girl a degree until she had taken a complete course in home arts and domestic science.

I SEE no reason why our students should not be compelled to take a combined course of cultural, scientific and business subjects. All three cannot be escaped in the life of to-day. But our public schools are tending to separate these more strictly and to compel students to take but one division, instead of a thorough mingling of all. On the one hand is the danger of a cultured pauper; on the other, a mere money-maker totally isolated from the past of his race, rejecting the intellectual heritage of the ages.

"A nation's prosperity," declares ex-Governor Guild of Massachusetts, "may depend upon the possession of skilled artisans and specialists, *but a nation's very life depends on the possession of men who are good neighbors, good friends, good citizens.* . . . We exult, and we have a right to exult, that boys from our technical schools step immediately into remunerative employment. Yet, after all, what is life worth if the man who exercises these functions is, in every other mental process, a shriveled paralytic? The garden of man's mind was not wholly intended to turnips, and onions and cabbages."

I, for one, protest against this constant tendency to measure our public schools by the dollar-producing capability of their students. I, for one, protest against any effort to graft into our public schools a system whereby some shall receive culture and some shall receive none. *I am for a public school that trains men, not only to make a living, but to enjoy a living.*

MONTANA.

Yes, I Cut Out Coffee

Got along with it for quite a good many years, but when indigestion, nervousness and biliousness began to bother, and my heart "kicked up" a little, Wife, without my knowing it, began to serve

POSTUM

Didn't notice much change in taste but began to feel better. Told Wife so, and she said, "there's a reason."

Postum is a pure food-drink made of wheat and a bit of molasses, carefully processed, roasted and blended to give it a Java-like flavour. But it is absolutely free from *caffeine,* the drug which makes coffee harmful to most users.

Postum comes in two forms.

Regular Postum—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—made in the cup with hot water—**instantly!** 30c and 50c tins.

Grocers everywhere sell both kinds, and the cost per cup is about the same.

"There's a Reason"

for

POSTUM

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Little Jack Horner
Ran to the corner,
Said to the grocery man:
"Some Borden's, please, Mister,
For me and my sister;
Be sure that the bird's on the can!"

How many thousands of American children have grown up sturdy and strong because the Eagle was a household word in their homes.

They were fortunate children whose mothers and family physicians were wise enough to know that as a substitute for mothers' milk nothing is quite so safe, nourishing and satisfactory as

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

If you are having difficulty with the feeding of your baby, you will surely be interested in the experiences of hundreds of physicians and thousands of mothers who have written to give us their unsolicited approval of Borden's Milk.

We will send without charge to any mother two books which embody this experience of many years. "Baby's Welfare," including a valuable feeding chart, was compiled under the supervision of a competent physician. "Where Cleanliness Reigns Supreme" will tell you why you may count upon the absolute purity of Borden's Milk.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
"Leaders of Quality"
108 Hudson Street New York

Dan Beard's Boys' Page

Some Husky Games for Husky American Boys

By DAN BEARD

WELL boys, I am glad to see you again, now that vacation is over and we are all in harness once more. There are plenty of pleasant days ahead of us before old Jack Frost starts us a-making snowballs, but before we begin on the games and just as a reminder of your importance in the world, let me point out what you have already done. You know that a demand creates the supply; if there is a great demand for chicken, for instance, everybody will go to raising chickens in the back yard to supply this demand.

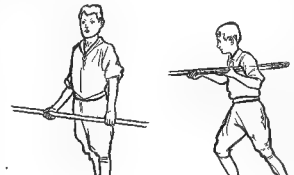
Long ago we commenced to boom our old American heroes for the purpose of creating a demand for real American folk-lore and American historical objects; we were the first to boom the log house. The other day, while on a trip to Pittsburgh, I noticed that the great railroads have taken up the idea and for miles and miles over the country the unsightly shanties for switchmen and train-walkers which once occupied the ground alongside the track have been transformed into picturesque little log cabins surrounded by green lawns. The western railroads have built beautiful log railroad stations and the American log cabin everywhere is replacing the so-called bungalows in the woods and mountains. All through the new national glacier park, the hotels are built of *logs*—that is some of *your* work boys, you have made it the fad. You have also created a demand for the American folk-lore and the popular writers for the most are tumbling over each other in their haste to furnish you stories about Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, Kit Carson and all those romantic heroes we love so well —this also is the result of *your work* because you have created the demand.

The three hundred thousand Boy Scouts of America owe their existence to the demand you boys have made for such an organization. Yesterday one of our old Boy Pioneers called upon me and told me that he was now an Eagle Scout, through the training he received as a Boy Pioneer, which made it easy for him to rise rapidly in the newer organization. I am telling you this, not to puff you up with pride, but to prove to you the tremendous influence you are exerting upon the nation and the world. Just think for a moment. Way back at the start I told you boys that the biggest men of our country would be glad to join our organization and now, besides all the other distinguished and eminent men, we have two ex-presidents of the United States and the present President of the United States who are proud to call themselves Boy Scouts, and this is *your work*.

So before we begin these games, ponder over this statement and whatever you do, do not forget the importance of the work you are doing in the world and for the world.

How To Make the Swatter

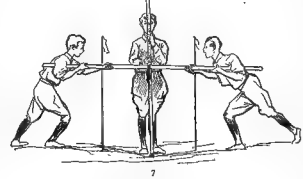
THE "swatter" is a revolving target which you charge as with your scout staff. Before it is described and before you charge at anything, you must learn how to hold the staff so that you will not hurt yourself through pure awkwardness.



Correct Way To Hold the Staff in Position

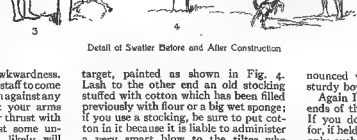
Never allow the butt of the staff to come in front of your body or touch against any part of your person except your arms and hands because a blow or thrust with the end of the staff against some unyielding object more than likely will cause a kick of the butt end of the staff against the body. This might cause rupture or very serious injury and at the best would cause unnecessary pain; so grasp your staff as shown in Fig. 1 then bring it up under your arm as in Fig 2; with it in this position, you could run up against the barn door at full speed without doing more injury than to wrench your arm or shoulder. It was in this manner that the knights of old "couched" their lances for a joust, but we are modern scouts and not knights of old and our lances are used for better purposes than that of unhorsing every stranger we meet. In these games we use our lances for exercise and fun—not to punch holes in our friends' bodies or to disarrange the map of their faces.

The Swatter (Fig. 4), is a post set firmly in the ground (Fig. 3) like a hitching-post or a fence post, on top of which is a short piece of timber about two inches thick and maybe four inches wide. It is set up on edge and a hole bored through it near the middle so that it will move freely upon a spike for a swivel; the spike is driven into the end of the post (Fig. 4). On one end of the plank is nailed a square piece of board for a target, painted as shown in Fig. 4. Lash to the other end an old stocking stuffed with cotton which has been filled previously with flour or a big wet sponge; if you use a stocking, be sure to put cotton in it because it is liable to administer a very smart blow to the tilter who charges the target. Remember in all these things we are out for fun and not to cause pain or injury to any one else.



7

Showing How To Play the Push-o'-War



Detail of Swatter Before and After Construction

When all is arranged, the target man steadies the target by holding the end of the stocking and the scout "couches" his staff, and at the command "Attention!" fixes himself in position with his eye upon the target. At the command "Go!" he runs full tilt at the target trying to strike it in the center; of course this spins the target around and "swats" the scout on the back of the neck with the stocking (Fig. 5), unless he is very spry. If he is marked by the flour or wet by the sponge he gets no count, but if he hits the target and escapes the stocking he will get ten for a buff's-eye, eight for the first ring, six for the second ring and one for the target outside the rings.

When you have built the "swatter," test it to see if there is any danger of the stick striking the scout instead of the stocking. If there is any danger this can be easily remedied by wrapping a shirt, old piece of cloth or another stocking around the stick and then padding with hay, excelsior or cotton to make it safe. The swatter will make fun and it will require considerable skill to count on a properly built machine without being marked by the stocking.

Charging the Water Butt

FOR this purpose a tub or pail of water is balanced upon the top of a post. The scout must charge the tub or pail full tilt and knock it off the post; but, unless the water butt is upset and he himself escapes a ducking no count is given. Fig. 6 shows a scout charging with results which do not count.

A glance at these illustrations will tell the scout and the scout master that there are great possibilities of an unlimited supply of innocent fun in them, besides which, the development of the skill required to count successfully is no small consideration in the education of a boy. It gives him quick perception, good judgment, quick action and excellent control of his muscles. In fact it gives him what science would call coordination; do not be alarmed at the word, boys, it is a harmless word—as harmless as the men who use it. If you do not know the meaning of it, look it up in the dictionary, but that is not really necessary for all you need to know is that coordination is a good thing to have and these scout stunts will give it to you. The next scout exercise is:

The Push-o'-War

THE push-o'-war is just the reverse of the tug-o'-war. Tie a ribbon in the center of a scout staff and let two boys each grasp an end, while a third boy stands holding the staff upright to show the center of the field (Fig. 7), at the word "Set!" the boys grasp the staff, the umpires adjust it so that the ribbon is exactly opposite the upright pole which the third scout is holding, then he says "Go!" and the boys begin to push for dear life. The one who succeeds in pushing the other way until he himself stands opposite the upright pole wins the contest and can challenge all comers until he is pronounced victor or loser to some other sturdy boy.

Again I must caution you to keep the ends of the staff away from your body. If you do this, you will escape injury, for, if held properly, a sudden thrust will only push it past you and not jab it into you. Properly conducted there is no danger of injury in these games but a chump will get hurt in any game because chumps do not observe rules. It is the chump who always looks down the muzzle of the *unloaded* gun which blows his head off; it is the chump who hurts you and then says "I didn't mean it"—of course he did not mean to do it, only the enemy who wanted to fight you would mean to do it; the chump injures you because he is a chump. These games teach him better.

Target and Swatter in Action and also What Happens in Charging the Water Butt if You Are Not Spry Enough

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A Maple Leaf Imp Party

By ELEANOR TRACY

Stencil Designs

By MARIE A. H. HYDE

THE fascinating little maple imp stencils shown on this page with their accompanying Jack-o'-lanterns will furnish delightfully decorative dashes of color for Hallowe'en dance programs, bridge-scores, place-cards and menus. In fact they are exactly what the up-to-date hostess will want for any little autumnal function, for they are as well adapted to the church "Harvest Home Festival" or the family Thanksgiving table as to the Hallowe'en affair. Even in the tones in which they are printed here they are attractive, but when done in the gay autumn colors, they are fairly bewitching. The pumpkins should be stenciled in orange, while the "maple imps" can wear dresses of orange shading into yellow, red and green, with caps of brown to offset the glowing colors.

The hostess who plans to use these stencils will find them easy to make. Lay a piece of tracing-paper over the designs, carefully trace them, being sure to get every line and cross-line. This tracing should then be retraced on any tough paper. It will then be an easy matter to cut on the lines so as to form the stencil. The larger holes can be cut with small, sharp scissors, but the smaller ones should be cut with a pen-knife. To secure the clean-cut edges so necessary in stencils, place the paper on a piece of glass or tile and use a very sharp knife. To make the stencil wear longer, shave some paraffin over it and press with a warm iron.

Also Good for the Harvest Home Festival

It seems unnecessary to give directions for stenciling, since the veriest children in the kindergarten know how to "paint through" the holes in the pattern," but it may save some beginner a little trouble to remind her that a very small quantity of Chinese white put in the water-color makes the paint thicker and less "runny," and keeps it from blotting readily. A few trials will enable one to get beautiful results.

The maple leaf imps would furnish the key-note for a very decorative and original Hallowe'en party. Decorate the invitations with queer little maple imps stenciled in gay colors on white paper or cardboard. Enclose with each invitation a red maple leaf and a yellow one. These are cut from paper and require no pattern save that which may be made by tracing around a real maple leaf. On each leaf print the name of the person to whom the invitation goes. People have grown very remiss in responding to the "R.S.V.P." but if the directions given in the following invitation are obeyed, the hostess will know exactly how many guests she may expect.

We herewith make sincere request
That you will deign to be our guest
On Hallowe'en at hour of eight.
Pray don't be formal! Don't be late!
As the autumn breezes gaily blow,
Let the maple imps your fortune show,
And to make things jollier and completer,
Let's have stunts by Peter Pumpkin Eater.
If you cannot come (which would give us grief)
Please return to us the yellow leaf;
But if you can come, much joy you'll shed.
By sending us promptly the leaf that's red.

Leave space for names of host and hostess and street number.

Decorate the house cheerily with autumn leaves and pumpkins. If you live in the country you may wish to use real ones, but if you live in a city you will find it much more convenient to use artificial ones. The cute little Jack-o'-lanterns which are made of papier-mâché

This Will Give Dash and Color to the Place-Card

and come ready for lighting are very inexpensive, the small ones being only ten cents apiece. Tissue-paper maple leaves are as decorative as real ones and as you can cut through eight or ten thicknesses at once, a few pairs of willing hands can produce hundreds of leaves in a few minutes. If these leaves are suspended on fine dark thread from chandeliers and ceilings and pinned to the curtains in gay array, there will be a dainty flutter in the air suggestive of a bright Indian summer day.

All of the games and contests of the evening cluster around the maple leaf and the pumpkin as symbolized on the stenciled invitations. First comes a fortune-telling stunt which may be worked out very easily and cleverly. A couple of kiddies dressed as maple imps come in. Their costumes may be made merely by basting quantities of tissue-paper leaves to their ordinary clothes, or by making more elaborate costumes of crêpe paper. A spot is cleared on the floor and the maple imps strew yellow tissue-paper leaves there. On each leaf is written an answer to the question: "When and where shall I marry?" These answers are written with a pencil. The guests seat them-

This Little Imp Shows What Life and Action Can Be Lent These Figures

On these are written answers to the question: "Whom shall I marry?" The men's answers are on red leaves, the girls' on green. Again the blowing takes place, and stops when each one has a leaf of the proper hue. As before, the surplus leaves are gathered by the maple imps, who replace them with orange-colored leaves. On these are written answers to the question: "Where shall we go on our honeymoon?"

The hostess may provide as many questions and as many colors of leaves as she wishes, and it is scarcely necessary to say that these questions may be changed so as to be adapted to the needs of a party of married friends as well as to the single ones.

When the "winds of fortune" have ceased to blow, each guest must read his fortune aloud to the others. The answers should be made as comical as possible. For instance, have a liberal number of circus clowns, hypnotists, vaudeville artists, et cetera, mixed with the more serious professions, and let honeymoon trips be taken in tubs, scows, wheel-barrows, and ox-carts, as well as in autos, private yachts, palace cars and aeroplanes.

When the maple imps have cleared the leaves away let Peter, Peter, Pumpkin Eater come in. He should be a fat, jolly-looking chap whose red cheeks give evidence of a hearty appetite and whose orange-colored cambric vest is padded out to pumpkinesque proportions with pillows. He announces an eating contest for the men. Each is given five or six large square crackers, and when all

A "Maple Imp" for the Menu, or Bridge-Score

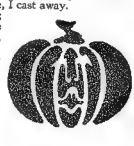
are seated in a row down the center of the room, Peter "rings the dinner bell" and all the men start to eat their crackers. The first one who succeeds in swallowing his last crum, wins for a prize a pumpkin pie whose golden face is adorned with features cut from pie-crust and baked a delectable brown.

Peter next brings in a bowl of pumpkin seeds and asks each guest to write the number of seeds he thinks are in the bowl. Then the seeds are counted with due ceremony, and small pumpkin turnovers go to the girl and the man who have come nearest to the correct number.

Another good stunt is to cut a large circle of orange-colored cotton batting (or of white cotton dyed orange) and after basting features of white on it, to give each guest six burrs. A contest ensues in which each person tries to hit the features of this Jack-o'-lantern either by blowing the burrs through a tube or by throwing them. Hitting an eye counts five, the nose ten, and the mouth fifteen, and prizes are given to the man and the maid who have the highest score.

A clever way to find partners for the refreshments or for a jolly Hallowe'en dance after the stunts, would be to give each guest a cute little pumpkin pie with pie-crust eyes, nose, and lips, and with teeth of almond nuts to represent pumpkin seeds. The man whose pie has only one tooth, hunts for the maid whose pie matches his so far as dental effect is concerned. The man whose pie boasts two teeth finds his partner by the same token, and so on. They will find it fun to apply the old childish apple-seed counting rhyme to the almond teeth and read their fortunes to the well-known doggerel:

"One, I love; two, I love; three, I love I say;
Four, I love with all my heart
And five, I cast away.
Six, he loves;
seven, she loves; eight, both love;
Nine, he comes; ten, he tarries;
Eleven, he courts and twelve, he marries."



Like a Breeze From Elf-Land

Is the fairy, flavoury goodness of

Post Toasties

These thin wafery bits of toasted Indian corn have a delicate sweet taste that is long remembered.

Only the hearts of the corn are used; perfectly cooked, daintily seasoned, rolled paper-thin and toasted crisp and brown, retaining all the appetizing flavour of the corn.

Served with cream, also with fresh fruit and a sprinkling of sugar—Toasties are distinctively delicious, and

"The Memory Lingers"

"The Tale of the Toastie Elfins," a fanciful little story illustrated in color, will be mailed to any address for a postage stamp.

—

Postum Cereal Company, Limited, Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

—

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ontario, Canada

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Good Morning Have you used Pears' Soap?

THE cost of beauty is but a few cents per week—that is all—for Pears, which by virtue of its complete purity and unequaled quality, lasts twice as long as common toilet soaps.

There is nothing, no matter how costly, that can be applied to the skin, that will do more to cleanse, preserve, refine and beautify it than Pears. What Pears cannot achieve in this direction cannot be done.

Pears is wholly composed of pure, natural emollient elements perfectly combined.

Matchless for the Complexion

THE GREAT ENGLISH COMPLEXION SOAP

The Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York

Salt's "MERITEX"

In the meeting places of fashionably gowned women, "Meritex" will be observed as the supreme vogue during the coming Fall and Winter

It is an exact counterpart of costly Baby Lamb and has been accorded recognition by the highest style authorities here and abroad. A garment of this wonderful material must be seen to be appreciated.

The foremost manufacturers of Cloaks, Entire Suits, Capes, etc. have used "Meritex" in their most attractive models and these now await you at the best retail stores. You will be surprised at the moderate prices.

For your protection however you must insist upon the "Meritex" label in every garment; it insures you against inferior imitations:

GENUINE MERITEX FUR

We also invite you to inspect garments made of Salt's Arabian Lamb and Salt's Pomoore.

We will gladly send you samples of any of these materials upon request and refer you to a dealer who can supply you. Many of the best stores are also offering "Meritex" by the yard

HOUSE OF SALT'S, Inc,
38 East 25th Street, New York City

Photograph of MERITEX Costume

Housework and Health

Turn Daily Toil into Physical Benefit

By ANNE GUILBERT MAHON

FIRST and foremost, be sure you have plenty of fresh air in your house and especially in the rooms in which you work, otherwise no work could be healthful, no matter how light it might be. Be sure that there is plenty of pure, fresh air to breathe all the time you are working. It will restore energy, build up strength and make of housework what it should be—a health-giving exercise.

Next, be sure that you are dressed suitably for your tasks: short skirts, allowing unimpeded movement, no tightness about neck, wrists, shoulders or waist to restrict freedom in any way, easy, comfortable shoes with low, flat heels. Unless you are comfortable and free in every movement your tasks will be bugbears.

When you are comfortably clad and have plenty of good, fresh air to breathe in, then go about your tasks with a light heart, knowing that housework is the most beneficial exercise in the world, if rightly performed, and will do more to keep you in physical trim than any other kind of occupation—except it be gardening or working in the open air.

Make up your mind that you will get all the outdoor air you can, not only in your rooms, but that you will spend as much time in the open air as possible. Have a table or bench on the back porch or beside the kitchen door, or a covered swing to which you can take the work that can be done as well sitting out-of-doors as standing up indoors. Prepare the vegetables for dinner, take the mending basket and the darning out to the swing and enjoy yourself in the fresh, invigorating air while you are doing your work.

SAY to yourself that housework is "exercise" from first to last and that you are going to make it of as great benefit as the artificial exercises used for the same sets of muscles taken in gymnasiums and physical culture classes. Be sure that you keep the right position, for in this lies the secret of exercise properly performed. Remember to keep the chest raised and slightly forward. A physical director of prominence used to say that if people would but remember this one maxim of keeping the chest high, the position of the body would take care of itself. When you bend see that you do not make a crook in your back, and round your shoulders, but make the motion come from the hips.

In sweeping, dusting, washing and ironing, remember to use each arm alternately, so that one side is not overdeveloped. When hanging out clothes, dusting high nooks, washing windows, or any exercise which necessitates reaching, make the movement with the arms alone, thus avoiding strain on the body and you will derive real benefit from this most important exercise of stretching. Have the table at which you work and the wash tubs of proper height, so that you do not have to stoop unnecessarily. Bed making requires reaching, stooping, stretching, and is excellent exercise if rightly done. Getting down on all fours and scrubbing or polishing hard wood floors is a fine exercise if done correctly, the body not allowed to sag down, the arms stretched and exercised vigorously. This was the very prescription given by a noted physician to a prominent society woman who was seeking restoration to health. Having many servants and being quite unaccustomed to any kind of physical labor she rebelled strenuously, but when another celebrated physician prescribed the same remedy, in fact, told her bluntly that if she did not take advantage of it she would have few months to live, she hastened to follow out his directions and now makes it a part of her daily régime to "exercise" by dusting the polished floors of her luxuriant mansion.

In sewing and other tasks which necessitate sitting, be careful about your position. Sit with the end of the spine well back in the chair, and with your feet on a small stool if this is necessary to give you the proper position.

In operating the sewing-machine be careful to bend from the hips, not from the shoulders, and always have a good light in your sewing-room. Eye strain is a well-known cause of fatigue and affects the general health, causing headaches and other ills. Never try to sew in a dim or a poor artificial light.

Save yourself in any way that you can by making use of all the patent contrivances, all the cleansers and other preparations which will make work easier. The woman who stands bent over for half an hour using up her strength scrubbing the enameled bathtub or wooden table when she could take the stains out in a few minutes by using a ten-cent can of some patent cleanser, is "penny wise and pound foolish." She is wasting strength and time, using up energy which might be employed in other more important tasks.

Any exercise, even if it is healthful, is injurious if done to excess, so take your tasks as easily as you can, eliminating the unnecessary ones. Take frequent short rests when you begin to feel too fatigued, even put off some of the work until tomorrow if you feel "ready to drop," and don't see how you are going to get through, or if you find yourself speaking sharply and irritably without cause. *You* are of more importance than the most important household task. Take warning and care for yourself first, last and always.

The wise housekeeper keeps a big, comfortable chair in the kitchen. When she is tired, or has a few moments to spare, she drops down into it and makes the most of her brief recess, resting completely or reading something which will refresh and divert her.

The wise housewife also makes a practise of sitting to as many tasks as she can. She keeps a high stool or chair in the kitchen for this purpose and finds that many things can be done just as well sitting as standing and that this relieves weariness and the strain on the feet to a wonderful degree.

EVERY woman should take at least half an hour at some time during the day to relax thoroughly and to rest in a dark room, recuperating her spent energies. The half hour of rest is not wasted time. It pays for itself in the added vigor it gives, and it enables the housewife to perform her work better, makes her healthier and keeps her young.

One well-preserved, fresh-looking old lady attributed her youthfulness entirely to this lifelong custom of taking a half hour's rest in the middle of the day. If there is a baby or young child demanding constant attention, take your rest period at the time it takes its nap, or be sure to get it in some way if you wish to keep your health and avoid becoming worn out before your time.

Above all things, *enjoy* your tasks, whatever they may be. Do not approach your work as dreaded drudgery. See how well you can do each task, and what you can find about it that is interesting, how much real benefit and enjoyment you can get out of it. Don't worry about the work ahead. Just do each task easily, thoroughly, happily and then go on to the next piece of work, doing that in the same way, remembering to breathe deeply, keep proper poise, and to make it healthful *exercise*. Rest and relax when you feel exhausted.

Spend as much time out-of-doors as you can, and embrace every opportunity for healthful recreation and diversion that your duties will allow. You will find that your work runs smoothly and easily and that your housework is a benefit and a joy if done in this way—a means of real development, physical, mental and spiritual. That housework with recreation and rest interspersed will keep you fresh and well poised.

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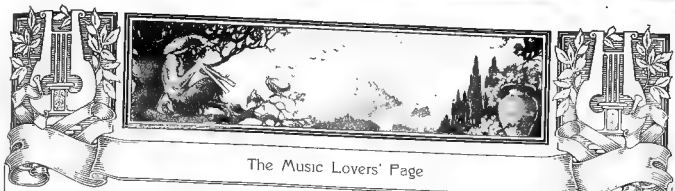

The Music Lovers' Page

On Voice Study for the Child

Second Article of the Series on Music in the Home

By HAROLD V. MILLIGAN

PROBABLY the best advice that can be given to a mother in regard to training her child's voice is that given by "Punch" to the young man about to marry, "Don't!" The dangers in most cases outweigh the advantages so heavily that it is usually wiser to let well enough alone, and to direct the musical aspirations of the child in some other channel until the time arrives when physiological changes have developed the childish treble into the form and color which it is to exhibit during adult life.

That is a somewhat sweeping statement of a general principle and is subject to just as many exceptions as such statements always are. Every mother has a separate and individual problem in each of her children and nothing can take the place of her own judgment, however much at sea she may feel in dealing with a question like music, involving as it does many points which require expert advice. It is a pity to attempt to suppress a child's natural love of singing, not only to her own disappointment, but to that of her parents and friends as well, for there is nothing in the world sweeter than the spontaneous, almost unconscious singing of a child.

What Is Natural, Is Beauliful

AND that is just the point; as long as it is spontaneous and not self-conscious, it is beautiful and natural as well as praiseworthy; but as soon as it becomes calculated and studied, it loses not only much of the appeal and charm which made it so pleasing, but very often leads the young singer into vocal faults and mannerisms which will prove a serious detriment to efforts at song later in life. This is not always true, as witness the successful boy choir singer, of whom we shall speak later; but it is almost always the result of the haphazard and ignorant training.

The problem is a serious one. The child who is badly taught on the piano or violin can repair the damage in later years, but a voice ruined in childhood is gone forever. If your child has any musical impulses at all, they will probably first manifest themselves in a desire to sing. This may be said, indeed, to be a practically universal desire. Now it would be obvious folly to attempt to suppress this primitive musical aspiration; it would not always be wise, perhaps, to divert it into other channels, but it certainly would be good common sense to watch out for it and to take advantage of it in some way or other.

Children are abnormally sensitive, which is at once an advantage and a danger, for it makes them quick to learn, but painfully subject to adverse influences which often bring about results out of all proportion to the original impulse. A case in point is that of a woman I know, who says that when she hears any one else sing, it invariably brings tears to her eyes, so great is her longing to sing; but though she has tried over and over again, she has lost the power. It is as though one of her faculties had atrophied from disuse. When she was a girl she was very fond of singing, but her brothers and sisters made so much fun of her that she finally said, "I will never sing again," and she never did. Perhaps this is an extreme case, but it points a moral, just the same.

Singing in choruses in public school, Sunday school and other such organizations is not to be recommended indiscriminately to the child who loves to sing. The more serious and conscientious she is and the more whole-heartedly and enthusiastically she throws herself into her singing, the more liable will she be to strain and permanently injure her voice. The director of the chorus will probably identify her immediately as a leader, and will point her out as an example to the other children and spur her on to redoubled efforts. Oh, the incalculable harm that has been done by over-enthusiastic Sunday school superintendents and public school teachers who have exhorted their young pupils to sing as loudly as possible, as though the volume of noise produced was the sole standard of musical judgment. This peculiar form of iniquitousness is disappearing rapidly, but it still exists in some schools and it is worth any parent's time to guard against it.

The child who loves music and loves to sing should not be discouraged in her musical efforts, but should have her attention directed to the piano and the violin. Let her sing, if she wants to, in an impromptu, spontaneous way, but never ask her to sing before people and try to have her regard her singing as a natural faculty, and not as a difficult study, such as learning to play an instrument. The finest training which any singer can have is a thorough familiarity with the piano and the violin. The great singer, Marcella Sembrich, is one of the brilliant examples of the truth of this statement. As a girl she devoted herself to study of both the violin and piano and had ambitions to become a concert violinist; but when she was eighteen it was discovered that she had a beautiful voice. Her musical equipment at that time was so complete and her musical faculties so highly developed that within about two years of the time she began to study the voice she was singing in opera. The fact that during her long public career she has been one of the greatest exponents of *bel canto* is due not only to the beauty of her voice but to the thoroughness of her musical training as well. The lovely singing phrase with which she endows everything she sings was learned as a violinist. She would probably have been just as great an artist with the bow as she became with her voice.

Of course, we cannot all be Sembrichs, and probably do not want to be, but the principle holds good even for the most timid of amateurs. Playing the violin cultivates to a marked degree many of the faculties necessary for artistic singing, including the formation of a good musical tone, correct intonation, and all the other outward signs of a true and sensitive ear; it also develops the sense of melodic phrase, upon which so much of the artistic nature of music depends. The violin is the most personal of instruments and closest to the will of the performer and the same standards of judgment may be applied both to good singing and to good violin playing; in fact, we often hear it said of a good violinist that he makes the violin "sing."

But, though the violin is more nearly analogous to the human voice than is any other instrument, and its study may be especially recommended to the child who wants to sing, yet the one indispensable instrument for the study of music in any of its branches is the piano. The piano, properly studied, imparts the broadest musical foundation and develops the rhythmic and harmonic sense as no other instrument does; in fact, the piano may be said to comprise all music in miniature and some familiarity with it is practically indispensable to any one who aspires to musical ability. To be sure, a few have succeeded without it, but they constitute examples of the exceptions proving the rule and are noteworthy because of their very rarity. I once heard a brilliantly successful violin virtuoso say that he had been a musical cripple all his life because on his youth he had failed to master the piano.

The best use then to which a child's love of music and singing can be put is the study of either the violin or piano; if possible, both—the piano first and then the violin. At sixteen or seventeen, when her voice has matured, the girl who plays the piano and the violin is ready to take up the study of singing. She does not have to study the technical rudiments of music, such as the time values of notes, phrasing, accent, et cetera, but is able to concentrate her attention entirely on her voice. Music has become a natural and personal language to her and her voice is an instrument for its expression whose mastery will prove much easier to her than either the violin or the piano.

If your child's love of singing is such that you cannot divert it into other channels, or if you wish her to continue singing while she is studying other branches of music, send her to some one who has made a successful specialty of training children's voices, such as the director, for instance, of a good boy choir. It is usually very unwise to send a child to an adult vocal teacher. A child should above all things sing naturally and freely; the average vocal teacher is too sophisticated and talks too much about the why and the wherefore, registers, diaphragm, open and closed tone, and so forth. The child becomes at first painfully self-conscious and then confused by the multiplicity of details and discouraged by the technical exercises. What was formerly a careless delight, so is apt to end by losing even the desire to sing. Again, I must say that this is not true in every case but is, nevertheless, a danger to be avoided. The principles upon which the proper training of a boy's voice depends apply equally well to a young girl's. A very eminent director of boy choirs in New York and a recognized authority and author of several books on the subject, has been blessed with three daughters but no sons. When he lectures on training the boy's voice for choir work, his little girls go along and provide the illustrations and examples.

Common Sense Principles Are Best

IF your child will not be discouraged in singing and there is no one to whom you care to entrust her vocal training, you can at least see that she follows a few rules. These bed-rock principles are: stand firmly erect on both feet, not slouching down on one hip or lopping over to one side or the other; *rest* the weight of the body on the ball of the foot, rather than on the heel; and most important of all, *breathe deep*, not with the chest muscles only, but with the whole breathing apparatus, which includes the diaphragm muscles. Children are inclined to do this naturally and should be encouraged in it.

When I was in the second or third grade in school, some one in authority conceived the brilliant idea that the children would work with clearer brains if they could indulge in breathing exercises at stated intervals during the course of the day. The teacher of the grade in which I happened to be at the time was a very earnest little lady whose knowledge was not sufficient for all the emergencies which occur in the life of a public school teacher. Being middle-aged, short and inclined to stoutness, she was far from athletic herself. When the hour arrived for our breathing exercises, we stood at attention in the aisles; then, following her example, we proceeded to inhale and exhale slowly and rhythmically. The example she set us was beautiful in earnestness and sincerity, but owing to the restrictions of her apparel, the only part of her anatomy which appeared to be breathing was a small portion just under her chin and slightly below where her neck ought to have been. Nothing could illustrate better than this experience the statement previously made about the dangers of inexpert instruction.

Do not allow your child to sing loudly or to strain the voice in any way. Avoid the very highest and very lowest extremes of the voice; indulgence in either of these directions invariably results in strain or at least in misplacement of the voice, which causes much trouble later on. The tone should be as open and free as possible. If it sounds forced or throaty do not continue singing. Humming is a fine exercise and not likely to injure the voice, as it is usually done with vocal correctness, and if practised regularly, will often eradicate defects in the voice.

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When Baby Travels

Just How To Make Little Folks Comfy

By LUCY B. JEROME

IF you must on a journey go, and find you have to take the baby, never believe that traveling with one is the dreaded task it used to be. While the conveniences for a baby's comfort are woefully lacking on steamer or train, still journeying has been made easier for both mother and child. Clever heads have been busy with this problem of comfort and convenience for the baby traveler, and a number of useful, yet simple things have been devised.

One of the best of these is a long, loose bag of double-faced eider-down, to be used as a coat, which does away with the disadvantages of a constantly slipping afghan. This is known as the cozy coat, and that is not a misnomer, for inside this eider-down bag which is buttoned down the front and is entirely without sleeves, the little traveler can move his arms and legs freely without the slightest discomfort. When the baby is carried in arms the extra length at the bottom can be folded over to give more warmth, and only the smiling, dimpled face peering from the adjustable hood shows that a baby is anywhere around. Tucked in the soft roominess of his eider-down coat, he is as snug as a bug in a rug. He can be laid on a berth or propped in a corner of the seat, without the least danger that he will kick his limbs free. Draughts and breezes sound no alarms to the baby snuggled warmly in his cozy coat, who yet enjoys much freedom.

RECENTLY, on a train I saw a woman carrying a baby. It was a child about three months old, and was carried in a singular way. The woman held an ordinary market basket with a stout handle, and on a tiny mattress in it, lay the baby. Very curiously being roused, I asked the mother how she came to carry her baby basket-fashion. She told me she found the baby so much more contented in the basket than when slipping from his blankets in her arms, that she had made up her mind to carry him basket-wise all the way to California. She had an air-pillow for a mattress; she explained that it made an elastic foundation softer and cooler than ordinary bedding, and that it neutralized the carvibrations. This was an ideal way to carry a baby of three months. Of course a child seven or eight months old, would be a different matter.

If your traveling baby is a bottle baby, a great convenience is a combination heater and cooler. This is a square, brown wicker basket, holding a tin box just fitting the basket, with a smaller box in the center in the sides of which are four pockets for holding bottles. The large tin box is called the grate, and the smaller one the heater. In each corner of the grate is a Japanese punk. One of these, when lighted, will keep the bottles warm for nine hours; while if it is desired to have the bottles hot, all four punks may be lighted at once. There is a nipple box which holds water for cleaning the nipples, and has a supply of charcoal underneath to sweeten them if sour. When the milk needs to be cooled, the central box or heater is taken out, and the space filled with ice. To remove the water drips, a valve in the bottom of the box unscrews and has outlet through the bottom of the basket. This heating and cooling device renders the mother practically independent of outside aid.

There are several folding conveniences which may be folded and packed so as to take very little space. One of these is the collapsible rubber bathtub. It is made of a single piece of white rubber cloth, thirty inches wide and one and a quarter yards long. The bathtub can be used on a chair, on the mother's lap, or it can be provided with a portable folding stand. If the tub be filled half full of tepid water and the baby given a brisk rub in the morning, he will feel the good effects all day. Talcum powder should be used liberally after the bath to prevent chafing of the skin, especially in hot weather.

One of the commonest reasons why babies cry fretfully on a journey, is failure to keep the eyes, nose and ears clean. To do this take a bit of absorbent cotton, wet with a weak solution of boric acid (a teaspoonful of boric acid to a pint of warm water), wind it about a toothpick, and with this, clean out the baby's nose. You will find plenty of soot and dust, but the baby will breathe more freely. To clean the eyes, dip a wad of cotton in the solution and squeeze it over the eyeball. If a cinder should happen to get in the eye, put a flaxseed in the corner, even though it may take a day to get the annoyance out, the flaxseed as it grows sticky and attaches itself to the cinder, will draw it out in time. This cleaning of eyes and nose is soothing and antiseptic and quiets the baby's restless moods. It is a good idea to gather up all the bits of cotton, toothpicks and such waste articles, and put them in a brown paper grocery bag of which you should have a store. They make good waste baskets and help to preserve the neatness of your section.

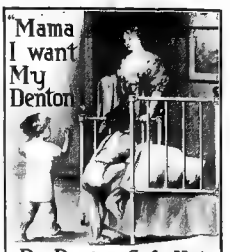
For a child of a year or more, one of the most sensible devices is a folding commode made of smooth white pine, and fitted with adjustable hinged sides. It is constructed to fit over an ordinary seat, and forms a sort of safety device for a small child. When folded it can be packed in the bottom of a telescope basket or under the car seat out of the way.

To preserve still farther this neatness, it is often necessary to keep the belongings of a very young baby out of sight. One mother obviated the difficulty of owning an extra large supply of baby's napkins by keeping the extra ones pinned around her waist underneath her dress skirt in the back. The damp ones she managed to keep out of the way and yet not injure the other articles in the telescope basket by having a small square of oilskin which, tightly rolled, would hold three or four. Tucked away in a corner of the basket they can be kept for a day or two without harm.

A suggestion regarding diapers is that if several layers of tissue-paper be laid on top of the one in use, they will be found a great help as they can be thrown away leaving the cloth diaper unstained. If the baby is constipated, a small conical rubber bulb with hard rubber pipe and nozzle should be taken in place of the usual fountain syringe, as it is much easier to carry. If, however, you have not a bulb of this sort, a good substitute is a piece of soap cut to a dull point and covered with white vaseline. This acts as an enema and is very useful in emergency. A quick and always available remedy for sudden convulsions is the holding of the child's head under the cold water spigot while pouring tumblerfuls of cold water over base of the brain. Another simple panacea in the case of an obstinate cough is the swallowing of a teaspoonful of white vaseline. This quiets the cough immediately, and the baby goes peacefully to sleep.

TO insure baby's comfort during naptimes you should have a large piece of white gauze. Stretch a string across the window and place the baby in his sleeping quarters, either on a pillow or in a basket. Throw the gauze across the string, draw it over the baby, and he will be free from flies, dust, cinders or any other disturbing element. A basket makes an ideal crib treated in this way, and is the most comfortable arrangement for the child as there is no possible danger of his falling out.

So if the baby must a-traveling go, don't neglect the air-pillow, the brown basket nor the cozy coat bag. The difference between a fretful, cross, uncomfortable baby and a bright, happy, thoroughly comfortable one is too great not to make every effort to secure the latter.



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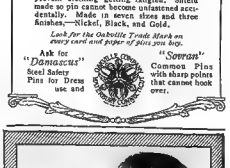

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The Cookery Department

Stocking Your Pantry

A Word of Advice to the Young Housekeeper

By

RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

ASSUMING that you are just an average girl with average tastes and a well-developed spirit of hospitality, I assure you, Louise, that the pantry of your six-room cottage or your four-room flat, can be filled with substantials and a goodly number of luxuries if your table allowance is a dollar a day. If you have twenty-five dollars to spend in stocking the pantry it will be an easy matter to replenish it on a dollar a day, and this will include meat and vegetables, ice, milk, and everything else.

Having swept and scoured the empty pantry, let's see about the furnishings before we make our lists of food supplies. Some girls cover their shelves with white oilcloth, others are fond of lace edged paper, but if I were you I should buy plain white paper and plenty of thumb-tacks. Turn under a two-inch "hem" of the paper, for this will give you a smooth, firm edge which will resist the snags that lace-paper is heir to. Fix the paper in place with a few thumb-tacks, and you will find your shelves so tidy and cleanly that it will be a joy to keep them so.

FIRST, comes the broad service shelf with drawers and cabinet underneath. I should reserve the cabinet for the larger kitchen utensils, the irons, wash-board and such, and the ungainly pots and pans. The drawers are for towels and aprons and strings and paper bags and the hundred things you will accumulate; but do keep them in order, Louise, for a pantry drawer is either a joy or an affliction. On the first shelf I'd have a large, oblong bread box of bronzy colored japanned tin. The white ones look nice when they are brand-new, but they chip and spot easily, become a milky-gray, and ugly with age. You will need a smaller box for cake, a round one for five pounds of granulated sugar, and three square ones for white and graham flour, and for corn-meal. If they haven't labels, couldn't you devise a label of your very own, with letters in water-color and India ink?

A round basket of brown wicker is inexpensive, and will be found very convenient on the service shelf. It is very effective when filled with apples or lemons or oranges. I have one that I use for potatoes, and so have obviated the necessity of stooping for them. There should be a small, quaint egg-basket, too, though of course many of these things—fruit and eggs, at least—will have to be kept in the refrigerator in warm weather. The baskets are worth having, anyway.

The next shelves may be filled with smaller groceries and for these you should purchase a dozen glass jars, squatty ones with flat glass tops. You can get them at the tea-and-coffee store, and you don't know how jolly they look, so shining and clear, with their goodies showing. Rice and raisins and nuts and small crackers and things—all the usual "paper bag" groceries—will be right before your eyes. You will always know just when your supplies are growing low.

You will gradually accumulate a goodly lot of tins and pots and glasses for little things. These vari-colored tins will be more attractive than the usual black tin "set" of cans. For instance, you can buy a pound of Turkish coffee in a gorgeous red and yellow can for fifty cents, and when the Turkish coffee is gone you can use the can forever after for your every-day coffee. You can buy a gay tin of imported biscuits, and use it for your home-made cookies. You can buy a dull green jar of ginger, and use the jar for your spices or cinnamon sticks. Dozens of other equally attractive things will probably be thought of and added to your stock.

You will need certain dry groceries, to begin with. I'm not sure where the line between "dry" and "fresh" is drawn, but it doesn't really matter, just so you know what you need in your pantry. Don't crowd the shelves if the stores are convenient. You can replenish them day by day, and so keep your stock perfectly fresh. If you are going to have your washing done at home—and I hope you are—order half a dozen cakes of washing soap. You will require half a dozen cakes of some pure toilet soap, or a long bar of castile; one quart of household ammonia; a bottle of liquid bluing; a box of prepared starch; a box of cleaning powder for pots and pans; a bottle of stove polish; a small cake of silver soap; a ball of twine; a small box of orange wood toothpicks; and six boxes of matches.

Of other groceries you will need a small sack or package of white flour, three pounds of graham flour; three pounds of corn-meal; five pounds of granulated sugar; three pounds of loaf sugar; a small amount of powdered sugar; a box of soda; a box of baking-powder; two pounds of rice; six five-cent cans of evaporated milk for cooking; one pound of coffee; a quarter pound of tea; one can of breakfast cocoa; one cake of cooking chocolate, unsweetened; two pounds of hominy; two packages of cereals; a small pail of lard; one package of corn-starch; one bottle vanilla extract; one package of gelatin or jelly powder; one quart tin of olive-oil; one quart bottle of vinegar; one package of spaghetti; one bottle of cooking sherry and the small things—table salt and pepper, cayenne, paprika and celery powder, all in convenient little tins.

As to the luxuries in meats and foods and vegetables, the possibilities of selection are unlimited. I believe in keeping certain things for emergencies. You can never be embarrassed by unexpected guests if you have a group of little luxuries on your pantry shelf. Soup is not a luxury, of course, but I begin the emergency list with several tins of condensed soups. Tomato, celery and asparagus—these soups will give the simplest pick-up luncheon a substantial air. Bouillon extracts or cubes may also be had in many flavors. Other emergency things are: one can of French peas; one can of asparagus tips; one can of green corn; one can of pimentos (sweet red peppers); one can of diced pineapple for desserts; small jars of orange marmalade; one box of seeded raisins; one glass of peanut butter; small jar of candied ginger; large bottle of queen olives; one pound of English walnuts; a pot of cheese; a can of tongue; three boxes of sardines; a glass jar or package of sliced dried beef; a tin or glass of boned chicken, and so forth. Of course, you are not supposed to have all these things, but I am giving my list in full so that you may select the things you like.

A SMALL bottle of mushrooms and one of maraschino cherries will be found very useful for trimming simple dishes and desserts. There are glasses of mixed vegetables, imported from France, layers of tiny green peas, string beans, diced beets, celery and carrots, which make an elaborate Russian salad, when piled on a heap of lettuce leaves. Many of these so-called luxuries are less expensive than the numberless "side dishes" to which we are accustomed, if they are used properly.

The best idea is to buy the smallest possible jar or tin of these things, and use them for garnishings, rather than for dishes in themselves. An ordinary dish of sliced cold meat will become a *pièce de résistance* if garnished with slices of sweet red peppers and diced mushrooms.

There are ever so many things which you may wish in your pantry that do not figure in mine—we all have our little preferences! For instance, tapioca, prunes, codfish and salmon may appeal to you, besides hundreds of other things! There are also numberless brands of meat and salad dressings on the market, and preserves and jelies and pickles of all sorts.

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Devices for the Cellar

That Will Save Time, Labor and Money

By FRANCES C. DAWSON

THE floor space above the cellar is carefully divided into rooms, each for a different purpose. But in most homes the cellar seems to be a catch-all for a miscellaneous accumulation of unrelated objects. By climbing over old boxes and barrels the gas, water and electric inspectors can manage to read the meters, but it is dusty work.

Grouping by itself the machinery incident to each operation should be the first consideration in the ordinary cellar. Passageways should be left unobstructed to the various meters. More closet space and shelf room should be provided, if possible. Compartments, each under lock and key, can be built around the sides of the cellar in the most accessible positions. Have one near the door for the garden hose, the lawn mower, rakes, scythe, sickle, whetstone and other implements for outside work. Put the carpenter's bench and tools wherever the light is best. For storing food a special cellar room is a great blessing. Have plenty of shelves and a screened food chest away from the walls, in which perishables can be kept safely without ice or danger from vermin. If apples and potatoes are stored in quantity, have part of the flooring raised a little to avoid dampness and to furnish a place for spreading out the food and airing it. Trunks stowed in the cellar should be on racks like those in a baggage room or trunk store.

THE plumbing regulates the position of the laundry, which is generally partitioned off from the remainder of the cellar. If there is no separate stove in the cellar the laundress will have to carry her heavy boiler up-stairs to the kitchen range and down again every time she uses it. A "T" extension on the gas-pipe that crosses the cellar would permit the attachment of a small two burner gas-plate. This little gas-stove could be cheaply set up on an old box covered with zinc. A laundry chute from the second floor to the tubs is splendid. It does away entirely with the malodorous and ungainly clothes hamper.

Useless steps can be saved in all work done in the cellar. Take the arrangement of the fuel and furnace. Not one house out of ten has the coal bin situated near enough to the fire. Shoveling coal is a back-breaking task which can be lessened by building the bin a foot or more from the floor. Have you ever lived in a house where the coal could not be chuted in because the bin was thoughtlessly placed on the wrong side of the cellar? This mistake costs fifty cents extra on every ton of coal delivered and carried in. Instead of carrying ashes down from the kitchen, the most up-to-date ranges have an ash-chute beneath the grate which, under cover, empties the ashes into the ash-can in the cellar. Where there is an old type of range it is not an expensive matter to have a tin-lined chute inserted in the kitchen floor under the range. The ideal plan of course is to have only a gas-range for cooking, with a hot water heater in the cellar connected with the furnace and operated by gas in Summer.

Fully a quarter of the coal bill can be saved by the use of an ash-sifter. Not the dusty little open sieves, but a hooded affair fitting closely over the ash-can and worked by a crank. The fine ashes sift down into the can without raising any dust in the cellar, the clinkers are easily picked out when the hood is lifted up, and the residue of half-burned cinders is invaluable for banking the fire at night. These cinders can be substituted for exactly their own bulk in fresh coal and used again.

A strong, corrugated rust-proof ash-can is a distinct economy. As the ash-cart driver is a rough customer who throws the ordinary receptacles about in utter disregard of dented sides and sprung bottoms, a reinforced can is absolutely essential to withstand his treatment day after day.

Regulating the dampers and drafts during the day means a lot of running for the housewife. There are several devices for checking the fire, either automatically or from up-stairs. For steam heat the lower draft can be attached by a chain to a weighted slide hung above the steam gauge. When the steam pressure increases the arm drops and the draft is closed; when it diminishes the draft is automatically pulled open. Another way is to have chains run from the lower furnace door up to the kitchen, so that the draft can be regulated without extra steps. A good device for sending trips to the cellar is a heat register in each room. This can be set at the desired temperature and when the heat changes in any way a cable is moved which operates the draft or check damper as the case may require. Still another invention for controlling the heat easily is like a clock. It can be put on any type of heating plant in the cellar and made to operate at any desired hour. As this works automatically it saves the housewife or maid many trips to the cellar.

Label the various heat pipes with linen tags, particularly with a hot air system, to show which rooms are reached by each pipe. This enables one to shut off the heat from unused rooms or to trace quickly any defect in the heating. The same suggestion applies to the hot and cold water pipes. Painting the hot pipes yellow and the cold ones green helps you to ascertain at once where to turn off water if the plumbing is giving trouble. Every woman should familiarize herself with the cellar plumbing system, for convenience in case of an emergency. An outside faucet on each side of the house will save labor in handling the garden hose.

ANOTHER set of piping not seen nearly often enough in the ordinary dwelling is an automatic sprinkler system. The greatest risk of fire in the entire house is in the cellar, so when other plumbing is being installed a sprinkler system can be run in easily just beneath the flooring. It consists of water pipes having nozzles at intervals. These nozzles or sprinkler heads are sealed with fusible links of solder which melt if the furnace becomes overheated or a fire starts in a pile of rubbish. A shower of water is released, quenching the incipient blaze and saving the house from further damage. In all homes the ceiling just above the furnace should be lined with metal sheets. A special little metal lined closet, well-ventilated, is a good safe place to hang up the unsightly but necessary cleaning cloths.

A permanently installed vacuum cleaner with a sealed dust-box connected with the apparatus in the cellar is a great thing. When building a new house if the immediate expense of setting one up seems out of the question, arrangements should be made for doing this later. A cylindrical wire trash burner is better than a barrel or box in the cellar for papers. It can be taken out-of-doors from time to time, inverted, and its contents burned. A patent metal underground garbage receiver, just outside the cellar door, can be operated by foot pressure. This will keep the food refuse entirely out of the kitchen or cellar and also out of reach of stray animals.

I do not recommend keeping the refrigerator in the cellar if any place near the kitchen is available. For one thing, several exhausting trips both up-stairs and down-stairs are necessary to get the materials for every meal. The iceman should be able to get at the ice compartment from outside, and a built-in refrigerator opening both on the back porch and into the pantry, is the best arrangement for most people. If, however, one prefers the lower cellar temperature there is an elevator ice-box made to operate on pulleys and ascend into the kitchen by touching a lever and descend to the cellar the same way.

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Serving Afternoon Tea

Table Accessories Both Novel and Ingenious

By SARAH LEYBURN COE

WHILE any small table may always be made to do duty for afternoon tea, the most serviceable is of the folding variety preferably the little drop-leaf mahogany table that is not more than five or six inches wide when the leaves are down. A newer style than this is a table with rectangular or oval top which turns back and can be placed flat against the wall when not in use. If you have no tea-table, one of the large trays of mahogany or the less expensive woods with substantial handles and glass covered bottom is quite as serviceable. The tray will hold all the necessary tea things and may be placed on a large table or on any convenient piece of furniture. The muffin stand of wood or wicker is a decidedly useful adjunct, as few tea-tables are large enough to accommodate plates of sandwiches and cake. For the hostess whose quarters are limited there are new muffin stands which consist of three plates set one above the other in a metal frame. These hold just as much as the tall muffin stands yet are small enough to be placed on the table. The same style of stand may be had in a much smaller size for watercress, candies or salted nuts.

Tea making and serving is a matter of individual taste. Doubtless every woman prefers to arrange her tea-table according to her own ideas and to use to the best advantage the articles at hand. For this reason there are practically no complete sets for this function, with the exception of the Russian tea service which includes glasses instead of cups. The set consists of a tray and kettle of dull brass, and six glasses in brass holders. If more glasses are required, they can be purchased separately.

SOME persons prefer tea made in a regulation teapot, and in serving a number of people this method is decidedly the easiest. For the average tea-table, however, where only a few cups are made, the tea-ball is generally accepted as the simplest as well as the most healthful way of making tea. When the tea-ball is used a hot water kettle is, of course, a necessity. There is not only an element of comfort and cheer but also a certainty of good tea about a blazing spirit lamp and a singing kettle that should not be overlooked. Kettles with alcohol lamps may be had at various prices, from that of the inexpensive little copper kettle to the one of solid silver. Electric kettles of various kinds may also be had, but, on the whole, are rather more expensive than those with alcohol lamps.

There seems to be no limit to the attractive shapes assumed by tea-balls. There are miniature tea kettles, coffee-pots, teacups, corn-poppers and other articles of household use, as well as the regulation tea-balls of different sizes. They may be had on a chain or on a silver handle like that of a teaspoon, while one of the most serviceable is shaped like a spoon with the bowl of a second spoon forming the other half of the tea-ball.

The caddy, which is a necessity when tea is made in this way is shown in almost as many attractive shapes as the tea-ball, and may be had in brass, copper or silver. The newest and most ingenious form of the caddy has a top made of a tea-ball that is attached to the caddy with a hinge. There is of course another top underneath which prevents the tea from spilling when the ball is used.

A combination kettle and tea-ball that has proved its usefulness is shaped rather more like a percolator than an ordinary kettle, as it has a faucet instead of a spout. The ball, which is of aluminum, hangs down in the kettle by a chain that comes through an opening in the top and is so arranged that when the tea is of sufficient strength the ball can be drawn up out of the water and held in place. Until recently this style was made only in copper or nickel, with an alcohol lamp or with an electric arrangement. Now, the same idea is carried out in a blue china teapot into which boiling water is poured and the tea allowed to steep. When it is strong enough the ball is drawn up and fastened to the top by the chain until more tea is needed.

Lemon dishes and forks, also tea strainers are included in the accessories of a well-equipped tea-table, and there are always new and attractive designs to be had. The strainer, although not necessary when the tea-ball is used, is attractive looking. It takes up little space, and is convenient to have at hand. Among the new strainers are some pretty ones of glass and silver, with silver-mounted glass holders or drip cups. Those of Dutch silver are particularly handsome.

The general use of rectangular shaped pieces of sugar has resulted in a number of new and useful pieces for the tea-table that make it even more attractive than ever. The little long narrow dishes of perforated silver into which the lumps of sugar fit exactly are a pleasing change from the usual sugar bowl; sugar cutters for persons who prefer half lumps are a novelty recently introduced. These cutters are of silver and are made in several styles, one suggesting the old-fashioned candle snuffers, another in the same shape as the familiar stork scissors, but, for cutting sugar, the stork's bill is unusually heavy with saw-like edges.

THERE are also various new combination pieces that seem designed to occupy as little space as possible. A small silver cream jug of quaint shape has an additional compartment at the back in which six or seven lumps of sugar may be placed without danger of spilling out when the cream is poured. Another cream and sugar holder is a circular dish of silver around the edges of which the lumps of sugar are arranged. In the center of the dish is a little cream pitcher with two handles and a lip at either side, so that it may be easily lifted out from under the handle of the dish and used with either hand. The same idea is carried out in a lemon and sugar dish of much the same size and shape, except that instead of the cream jug there is a little glass holder for slices of lemon.

Spoon holders that are unusual and attractive in appearance and take up little room on the table are also among the novelties for afternoon tea service, and can be had in plain or oxidized silver. They are box-like arrangements into which the spoons are laid. With curved ends to accommodate the bowls, and narrow cutouts even at either side, it is especially easy to lift out the spoons. Little sandwich or cake holders of silver, made to clamp on the saucer, are another innovation that should prove popular, particularly to guests, for extra plates are rarely served at an informal tea and saucers are never large enough to accommodate sandwiches. These small holders fill a long-felt want.

Just to prove that tea drinking is becoming a universal habit there are the most fascinating traveling outfits which are not at all bulky, yet contain the necessary things for a good cup of tea. Some of these are of mahogany, others reproductions of Dutch silver. Besides a little caddy they contain the tea-ball with stand, a pair of tiny sugar tongs and a small scoop for measuring the tea. It is usually possible to get boiling water, even when traveling and a cup of one's own particular kind of tea will do wonders toward the comfort of a journey or a visit away from home. It is truly the cup that cheers.

Besides the refreshment afforded by a cup of fragrant tea in the late afternoon, of far more importance is the informal gathering of friends for a few minutes social converse over the teacups. It is a delightful as well as an inexpensive way to entertain.

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Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.

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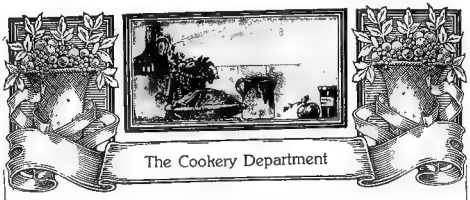

Pies That Are Different

An Old Standby in Many Tasty Forms

By CHRISTINE TERHUNE HERRICK

SO long as the pie is the best-beloved American sweet in nearly every section of the country, that long will housekeepers be on the lookout for novelties in this line. Not that one ever gets really weary of the old standbys. Mince, pumpkin, apple, custard, and berry pies have their immovable places in our gastronomic affections. Yet sometimes we crave pies that are different, if only to help us return to our first preferences with renewed enjoyment.

Some one has said that there is nothing an American housekeeper can't make into a pie and when you look over the list of articles she has used in this way you will believe the statement. The experiments turn out well, too, and the products are worth passing on, as I try to do with the pies for which recipes are given below. Each one may not suit every taste but all may be essayed on the chance of finding among them one or more which will be a valuable addition to the list of family desserts and a pleasing novelty.

The first pies I give are old Virginia products and I have never eaten them except in the South or at the tables of housekeepers with Virginia affiliations. To my mind any part of the country would be benefited by their adoption.

Potato Pie

1 Lb. Mashed Potato
1 Cupful Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Cinnamon
½ Cupful Butter
1 Lemon
1 Teaspoonful Powdered Mace or Nutmeg
1 Wineglassful of Brandy
4 Eggs

PEEL, boil and mash enough potatoes to make a pound. Put the mashed potato through a vegetable press to be sure there are no lumps in it. Cream the sugar with the butter and put with them the beaten yolks of the four eggs. Stir in the powdered mace or nutmeg and the cinnamon, add the potato, the juice and grated rind of a lemon, the brandy and the whites of the eggs, whipped stiff. Bake in an open shell of good pastry and sift a little powdered sugar over the top of the pie when sending it to table.

Sweet Potato Pie

FOR this parboil and peel your sweet potatoes. When they are cold mash them or whip them dry and light with a fork. Use a pound of these in making the pie mixture and follow the recipe given above with the exception of using only three-quarters of a cupful of sugar instead of a full cupful as with the white potatoes. Sweet potato pie is almost as good as the other.

Maple Custard Pie

2 Cupfuls Milk
¼ Cupful Grated Maple-Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla
2 Tablespoonful Powdered Sugar
3 Eggs

BEAT the yolks of the eggs, put with them the milk previously heated, the maple-sugar, butter and vanilla. Fill a crust and bake in a steady oven until set. Make a meringue of the whites of the eggs and the powdered sugar, spread on top of the pie and bake to a delicate brown.

Date Pie

2 Cupfuls of Stoned Dates
1 Lemon
Flour
3 Tablespoonfuls Sugar
3 Tablespoonfuls Milk
Butter

STONE the dates, cut them into bits, and put with them the juice and the grated rind of a lemon, the sugar and milk—just enough to soften the dates. Fill a lower crust with this, sprinkle very lightly with flour, put bits of butter here and there, lay on an upper crust and bake.

Italian Apple Tart

SELECT firm, tart apples of medium size, peel, core and cut in half; put them over the fire in a shallow saucepan with a cupful of water and a half cupful of white sugar. Stew gently until tender, but not broken. Lift the apples out carefully with a split spoon and lay them, the open side upward, in a pie dish lined with a baked crust. Let the sirup in which they were cooked boil down to half the original quantity. Fill the hollows from which the cores were taken with orange marmalade with which you have mixed a few chopped almonds, a few seeded and minced raisins and a little shredded citron. Pour the sirup you have boiled down around the apples, set them aside to cool and before sending to the table mask the apples with whipped cream piled lightly over the top.

Chestnut Pie

THE large Spanish or Italian chestnuts should be used for this pie, although I have eaten it made from the small American chestnuts. The process of preparing the latter is very tedious, however, and should only be attempted by some one possessing much time as well as many chestnuts. Boil and shell one pound of nuts, remove the inner skin and mash them. Proceed as with the recipe given for potato pie, using a pound of nuts in place of the potatoes.

Butter-Scotch Pie (No. 1)

2 Cupfuls Brown Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Cupfuls Milk
3 Eggs
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla
1 Tablespoonful Powdered Sugar

CREAM the brown sugar with the butter. Add to them the yolks of the eggs beaten very light, and the flour rubbed smooth with a little milk. Put to this enough milk to make two full cups. Heat the milk, sugar and butter together with the flour, stirring constantly in a double boiler until the mixture is smooth; then whip in the egg yolks. When the whole thickens, take from the fire, flavor with the vanilla, turn into a crust which has been previously baked, cover with a meringue of the whites of the eggs beaten stiff with the powdered sugar, and brown lightly in the oven.

Butter-Scotch Pie (No. 2)

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Cupful of Brown Sugar
1 Tablespoonful Flour
1 Cupful Milk
1 Egg

BEAT the yolk of the egg, stir in the flour and milk. Mix and put to one side. Put the butter into a skillet and melt; stir into it the brown sugar and four tablespoonfuls of milk and cook five minutes. Add the first mixture, cook slowly, stirring steadily until thick, turn into a baked crust, make a meringue of the white of the egg and a little sugar, spread on the pie and brown.

Orange Pie

1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Butter
4 Eggs
2 Oranges
1 Teaspoonful Lemon-Juice
2 Tablespoonfuls Powdered Sugar

CREAM thoroughly the sugar and butter and whip into them the beaten yolks of the eggs, the juice and half the grated peel of an orange, the lemon-juice and the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs. Bake in an open crust slowly, until the filling is set, make a meringue of the whites of two eggs and two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, put on the pie and brown delicately. Serve cold.

Fig Pie

WASH a half pound of pulled figs, put them over the fire with enough water to cover, simmer until tender and chop fine. Boil down the water in which they were cooked, put it with the figs, add two tablespoonfuls of sherry or one tablespoonful lemon-juice, turn the mixture into an open shell, cover with a meringue and bake. If the filling is not sweet enough to suit the taste, add sugar at discretion.

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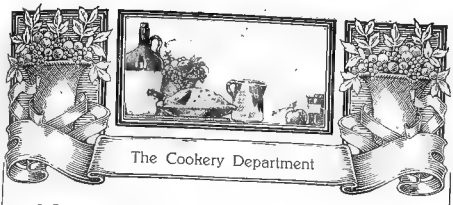

The Cookery Department

Hot Breads and Biscuits

The Best Ways To Make and Bake Them

By LILY H. WALLACE

Popovers

1 Cupful Flour
1 Cupful Milk
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Eggs

SIFT together the flour and salt; beat the eggs lightly and add them to the flour, adding the milk also. Beat hard with an egg beater for four minutes, then pour the batter at once into hissing hot greased gem-pans and bake about twenty-five minutes in a moderately hot oven. Or, small earthenware cups bake them splendidly.

Quick Coffee Cake

3 Cupfuls Flour
3 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter or Lard
1 Egg
½ Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Raisins or Currants
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1½ Cupful Milk

SIFT together the flour, salt and baking-powder. Rub in the butter or lard lightly with the tips of the fingers. Next stir into the dry ingredients the fruit and the sugar. Mix to a light, soft dough with the egg and milk. Turn into a well-greased biscuit pan and bake in a moderate oven from twenty to thirty minutes, according to the depth of the pan. If the cake is baked in a small, deep pan it will take longer to cook than if a larger and shallower pan is selected. Sprinkle powdered sugar and cinnamon over the top of the cake when serving, or, if to be used cold, make a thin sugar and water icing and spread this over the cake when it is cool.

Date Waffles

1½ Cupful Flour
1 Teaspoonful Baking-Powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Tablespoonful Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Milk
1 Cupful Dates
2 Eggs

AFTER sifting together the flour, salt and baking-powder, add the sugar, then the dates, stoned, floured and chopped. Melt the butter and add it, together with the yolks of the eggs and the milk. Beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and stir these into the batter at the last moment. Bake in a hot, greased waffle-iron and as soon as each waffle is done, spread with butter, then sprinkle with powdered sugar to which may be added a little grated lemon rind. If preferred, serve the waffles with maple or other sirup.

Cereal Fruit Muffins

1 Cupful Cold Cooked Cereal
1½ Cupful Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
½ Tablespoonful Butter
1 Tablespoonful Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Dates or Figs

WHEN the flour, salt and baking-powder have been sifted together, rub the butter in lightly with the tips of the fingers; add the fruit, floured and coarsely chopped; then the cereal and sugar. Mix to a light dough with the well-beaten eggs and the milk. Have the dough quite a little stiffer than is usual for muffins, in view of the fact that it is partly composed of cooked cereal, which has already absorbed all the moisture that it is capable of taking up, and if the muffin batter should be made as soft as where all dry flour is used, the muffins would be sticky when baked.

Potato Scones

½ Cupful Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
1 Cupful Mashed Potatoes
½ Teaspoonful Salt
1 Egg
¼ Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter

WHEN the flour, salt and baking-powder have been sifted together, rub in the butter and add the potatoes, which must be mashed so that not a single lump remains. Work these lightly into the flour with a fork; then mix to a dough with the egg and milk, adding the milk gradually, as the quantity required may vary somewhat according to the size of the cake and the moisture or dryness of the potatoes. Divide into two portions. Roll each of these out in a round cake about half an inch thick. Cut across with a knife, so as to form four triangular cakes or scones. Bake either in the oven or on a griddle, turning when about half cooked, so that both sides may be fat and delicately brown.

Southern Beaten Biscuit

1 Qt. Flour
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Pt. Milk or Water or ½ Pt. of Each
2 Tablespoonfuls Lard

WHEN the flour and salt have been sifted together rub in the lard until thoroughly incorporated. Mix these with the liquid, having the dough rather stiff. Turn it onto a lightly floured board, and beat with a rolling-pin until the dough becomes perfectly smooth and small bubbles or blisters form. Roll thinly, cut into biscuits and prick with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven until the biscuits are a delicate brown color. This will take about fifteen minutes. The edges of the biscuit should crack slightly during the baking and the centers should be very fine grained and pure white in color.

Corn Puffs

½ Cupful Whole Corn-Meal
½ Cupful White Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
½ Cupful Sugar
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Melted Butter

THE corn-meal, flour, salt and baking-powder should be sifted together. Next add the sugar, then the yolks of the eggs lightly beaten, and the milk. When these are thoroughly beaten in, add the butter, melted but not heated any more than is absolutely necessary. Last of all, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs and bake the puffs in small, greased gem-pans in a hot oven.

Ham Sandwich Biscuit

2 Cupfuls Flour
2 Teaspoonfuls Baking-Powder
½ Teaspoonful Salt
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter or Lard
½ Cupful Finely Minced Ham
1 Cupful Milk

RUB two tablespoonfuls of the fat into the flour, salt and baking-powder, which have been sifted together. Mix to a dough with the milk. Roll out rather thinly. Cut into rounds, and spread half of these with the ham which has been moistened with the remaining tablespoonful of butter melted. Cover the ham in turn with another portion of dough; press the sandwich thus formed lightly together and bake in a hot oven.

English Muffins

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
2 Pt. Milk
½ Yeast Cake
1 Teaspoonful Salt
5 Cupfuls Flour

SCALD the milk; add the butter to it and when cool, add the yeast cake, dissolving it first in a tablespoonful of milk. Add the salt, also two cupfuls of flour. Beat this batter well, cover and set aside for two hours, by which time it should be exceedingly light. Add the remainder of the flour, mixing enough altogether to make a very soft dough. Knead lightly, divide into small portions and roll out or pat into cakes about one-half inch thick. Allow these to rise again until light; then bake on a hot griddle, turning when about half cooked. Split, butter and serve hot, or if made the day before they are needed, split the muffins and toast them at serving time.

Egg Bread

1 Pt. Boiling Water
1 Cupful Corn-Meal
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Lard
1 Cupful Milk
2 Eggs

PLACE the boiling water in a mixing bowl and sift the corn-meal into it, stirring all the time. Next add the salt and the lard, then the milk and, last of all, the eggs very thoroughly beaten. Turn into a well-greased baking pan and bake in a quick oven. Serve piping hot and butter the bread generously.

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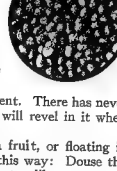

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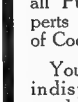

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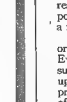

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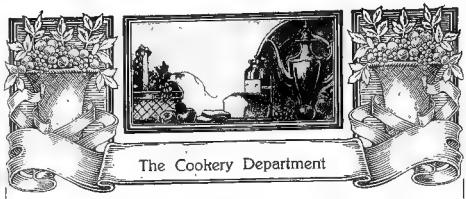

The Cookery Department

Have a Mushroom Bed

One Way To Lower the High Cost of Living

By LOUISE GUNTON

MUSHROOMS are a tasty and nourishing article of food which cost nothing but a little trouble and very little of that. It is strange that more housewives do not add them to their menu.

Before I tell you how to prepare and cook them, I will give a few hints on how to raise a steady crop with which to supply your table. It is usually the amateur who is most successful with mushrooms because in her hands they do not receive too much cultivation, but are allowed to grow somewhat according to nature. There is a mistaken idea that they are difficult to grow. They are really easy, and within the reach and power of almost any one who will follow a few simple directions.

They can be grown in pots, on shelves, or in beds or ridges on your cellar floor. Even a small bed will keep you steadily supplied after they once begin to come up. The whole art or trick lies in the preparation, which consists in the mixing of the necessary materials for the soil and in making up the ridges or beds. In addition to the cellar any outhouse, shed or stable may be used if an even temperature can be kept up and if you make sure that no water drips in from the roof or creeps in under the doors.

TO make a start you will need fresh stable manure, some fine loam, and mushroom spawn. The spawn should be bought from a reliable firm, which will take care that you have it fresh. One cart-load of manure will make a small bed to begin with as an experiment. First, place the manure in a heap outdoors under some sort of protection from the wet and fork it up lightly, never press down. The air must go through it to make it sweet. If the weather is dry have this heap watered and turned over every day; but if it arrives wet your object must be to get it drier, and to keep it well turned until it reaches one hundred and twenty degrees. It must be tested with a thermometer. After reaching this point turn it thoroughly again, add another watering and leave it to rest for three days. By that time it ought to be quite sweet and have no smell whatever.

Make the bed about three feet wide and three and one-half feet high. Place a layer of manure six inches deep, cover it with two inches lightly dry earth, and have it trodden very firm and pressed tight. Make two similar layers with similar coverings. The firmer the layers are trodden and pressed the longer they will bear and the larger will be the crops. If the bed is outdoors cover it with straw to protect from rain and from parching influences. When all has been made up and well packed, make a hole with a thick stick and insert the thermometer. Watch it every day until it reaches one hundred and thirty degrees, after which it will drop one degree at a time to eighty degrees. This is the exact time to place the spawn in the beds. Stand some bricks of the mushroom spawn in tepid water for three or four minutes, then break each brick into four pieces. Place these pieces all over the bed about twelve inches apart and three inches deep, cover over again and press all down. Now cover the bed with loam to the depth of two inches, and beat level with a spade. It must be very firm.

If all these instructions have been faithfully followed, in about a month or six weeks the mushrooms will appear. The way to have a constant supply for your table is to have two or more small beds, one that is already bearing and one that is in progress of maturing. If the mushrooms begin pushing through in bunches and clumps, avoid this by giving a good watering; have the water two or three degrees warmer than the surrounding temperature. Many people have been disappointed with their beds through not keeping them moist enough.

When gathering, do not cut the heads off and leave the stalks and stumps in the ground; it is bad for the others. Pull up with their stalks taking care not to uproot the whole family. More beds have been spoiled by being in too great a hurry and not waiting for the proper heat before placing the spawn in the beds, than from any other cause.

Never cook a mushroom which is old, black or wilted underneath, as it is apt to be full of worms. It is not necessary that the gills be pink to be perfectly fresh and good. A delicate chocolate color underneath is a good indication, and if the vegetables do not black a silver knife they are safe to use. Three sizes of mushrooms are commonly used: buttons, cups and broilers. The broilers are the big coarse kind, buttons are the very young and the cups are medium size.

To cook mushrooms in the finest taste, be lavish with butter. To broil the large flat kind, first cook the smooth outside, then slightly toast the inside. While still hot season with salt, pepper and a generous allowance of butter.

Baked Mushrooms

12 Large Mushrooms
Salt
Butter
¼ Cupful Cream
Pepper

WASH the mushrooms, remove the stems, peel caps and place in buttered pan cap side up. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, dot with butter, then add the cream. Bake about twelve minutes in a hot oven and serve on toast. This makes a delicious luncheon dish.

Mushrooms with Toast

Butter
Salt
Cream
Mushrooms
Cayenne Pepper
Mace
1 Lemon

HEAT the butter in a saucepan. Put into it some mushrooms with salt, cayenne pepper and mace; let them stew gently until the butter has almost disappeared, then add the cream and the grated rind of a lemon. Set on the back of stove so that they will barely simmer until done. Have some toasted bread cut round, serve the mushrooms on the toast and squeeze a little lemon-juice over each.

Lentils and Mushrooms

½ Lb. Lentils
½ Tablespoonful Butter
Pepper
½ Lb. Mushrooms
Milk
Salt
Bread-Crumbs

COOK the lentils thoroughly and season with pepper and salt. Skin the mushrooms, then put a layer in a buttered pie dish with the butter dotted over them. On top of this place a layer of seasoned lentils, moistening each layer with milk. Cover with fine bread-crumbs, bits of butter, and bake until the mushrooms are tender. Cream sauce may be used instead of milk.

Mushrooms and Bacon

1 Tablespoonful Butter
Mushrooms
Brown Sauce or Stock
Bacon

STEW some mushrooms for a few minutes in brown sauce or stock and add the butter. Have ready some rounds of hot buttered toast and crisply fried bacon. On each piece of toast place a slice of bacon and on the latter a mushroom or two. Sprinkle with parsley and pour sauce around.

Mushrooms with Steak

½ Lb. Mushrooms
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Cupful Butter
2 Cupfuls Beef Stock
2 Tablespoonful Lemon-Juice
Onion

DICE one-half of the given amount of mushrooms and cook in the butter until tender. Remove the mushrooms and brown two small slices of onion in the butter. After taking out the onion put in the lemon-juice. Cook the flour in the butter until smooth and clear of lumps. Add the hot beef stock gradually and stir until smooth, then the cooked mushrooms with the uncooked ones. Simmer until the mushrooms are tender; then serve with steak.

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from page 10*)

you sure the name was Munger?"

"Quite sure." Nancy repeated it, and even went to the trouble of slowly spelling it. "Who lives there now?" she asked without interest now, since she had about made up her mind nothing was to be learned by questioning him any more. Nancy was little prepared, however, for the consequences of that idle question, idly asked.

"In *that* house, ma'am! *Humph!*" Mr. Appleby shot a vehement look at her, and a still more vehement look at the house. "A perfect stranger, ma'am—*a perfect stranger!* Do I make myself clear to you?" Staring at her fixedly, he dragged out his handkerchief, and wrung an indignant trumpet blast from his nose.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Nancy, and Mr. Appleby looked at her uncomfortably.

"No fault of yours, my dear young lady. Man's a perfect stranger, I assure you. No call for an apology—not in the least!"

Still snorting—Mr. Appleby led the astonished girl back through the French windows, the dining-room, and the hall, and gravely bowed her out. But as Nancy looked back from the sidewalk, the little man suddenly recovered his amiability, and bobbed to her energetically. "If you can't find your house," he chirped pleasantly, "come back and let me know. Maybe I may recall where I've heard the name—Munger—wasn't that it?"

Nancy thanked him smilingly, and then the door closed behind her.

WHICH way now? Must it be back to Mrs. Munger's, once more bearing the flag of defeat? It seemed not even worth while to look at that other house, the one behind Mr. Appleby's. The house there meant only another disappointment. But the uncertainty.

Quickening her steps, the girl turned the corner and entered the street beyond.

It was another quiet byway, just such a street as the last had quit. Hurriedly she crossed over to the opposite curb and looked up at the lamp post. "Bend Street," she read, and repeated it: "Bend Street—Bend—Bend!" Then like a searching flash of light, the name touched back upon some cell of recollection, and flooded every nook and cranny of her mind. *Bend Street!* Nancy *knew* that name! It returned to her, shouting in the dimmed recesses of her brain. Its remembrance cried up to her from the forgotten depths of the past. Swiftly, she walked along. Bend Street! —even the number now—number Sixty-six, Bend Street—the right house on the right side of the way! No mistake now. There it was—green blinds, pillars, fanlight, spindle railing and all—all as she had expected to find them. She halted, staring up at it again, and was just ready to march up and ring its bell, when, all at once, a sharp cry escaped her, and she shrank back in the doorway.

Coming down the steps of Sixty-six Bend Street was a woman, her stick thwacking loudly on the pavement, and the woman was Mrs. Munger herself!

Flight was Nancy's first impulse. Whether Mrs. Munger had seen her remained a question; but when the girl turned the corner with a flying look backward, Mrs. Munger had gone the other way and was making off into the distance.

But what did it mean? What brought Mrs. Munger there to the scenes of former days? Who lived in that house now, and why had she gone there? Still dazed, dismayed, overwrought by the mystery, Nancy hazarded guess after guess, only to have each one momentarily considered, seemed to be in the least way plausible.

But as Nancy hurried back toward Eighth Street and the Elevated, a sudden thought struck her. What if Mrs. Munger had seen Nancy prowling the streets in her wake? If she had, many days might pass before Nancy could prowl again. So if anything were to be done, it must be done now; nothing was to be gained by delay. Armed with her resolution, she turned on her heel, and swiftly retraced her steps to Bend Street.

Mrs. Munger had disappeared; the street lay quiet and solitary. Beyond, the missing mansion raised its front, more fully fledged than ever in its bewildering look of mystery. From the corner she could see it clearly, its closed door blankly secretive, its windows with their shades closely drawn, its discreet and impressive quiet, as if within skulked the untold and the unknown. Or so Nancy thought, after a momentary look; and rounding the corner again, she returned to Mr. Appleby's. He must tell her who lived in that house, for she dared not ask at the house itself, and that he knew she was certain.

Her emotions, when she drew near Mr. Appleby's, were even more confused than before. She knew definitely, though with no clear grasp of the facts, that the threads of this tangled skein stretched all about her, back through the strange mansion in the adjoining street, and here to this queer little gentleman mured in his quaint retreat. Summoning all her courage, she laid her hand to the bell-hanger and rang vigorously.

The door opened almost instantly, the servant holding it back to let out a young girl of about Nancy's own age. "Will you ask Mr. Appleby whether I may see him again?" she inquired; and this time the servant showed her courteously into the drawing-room.

To say that Mr. Appleby was astonished but indefinitely expresses it. "Why, my dear young lady!" he ejaculated. "Well! well! and what is it now?"

"Mr. Appleby," she said hesitantly, "I have found the house, and this time there can be no mistake. It is the one you pointed out to me; your neighbor, just back of us!"

Instantly the inquiry in his face transformed into open astonishment. "*That* house!" he exclaimed. He pursed up his lips and frowned thoughtfully. "How long ago did this Mrs.—this Mrs.—Ah, yes! thank you! When did this Mrs. Munger live there?"

She reminded him it had been fourteen years before. "There can be no mistake, I assure you," she added convincingly. "I am quite certain about it."

Mr. Appleby pressed his lips together again. His manner now had lost all its first genial, eager kindliness; he had become suddenly alert and cautious, careful, shrewd—almost hard. "Tell me," he demanded abruptly, "who is this Mrs. Munger?"

Nancy, thoroughly alarmed and on guard now at the quick change in his manner, felt her heart flutter nervously. "Why—who, who is Mrs. Munger, you ask?" she stammered, echoing his words in the effort to gain time enough to compose herself. "Why, Mrs. Munger is—she's——"

She came to an awkward pause. Yes! who, indeed, was Mrs. Munger? For Nancy didn't know, now that she came to think of it.

"My dear young lady," protested Mr. Appleby, after a painful interval, "it strikes me that this is a rather queer proceeding. You come here, you bring home an utter stranger to me, and you ask me to tell you what I know about the man who lives in the house behind us. Now while I dislike to offend you by an unjust suspicion, my young lady, you must admit the circumstances to be little in your favor. Now will you tell me what it really is you're trying to find out?"

Nancy caught her breath. It was as he said. "Mr. Appleby," she said frankly, and so far upset that she made no effort to hide her embarrassment, "I can't tell you what my danger is because—why, because I don't know. But she lived in that house, Mr. Appleby; I know that because I lived there with her!"

IN the pause following this astonishing admission, filled by the girl's growing excitement, and by Mr. Appleby's open-mouthed wonder, a footfall sounded on the stairs. Then a quietly modulated voice called out quietly:—"Philip, are you here?"

Mr. Appleby sprang to his feet. "A moment, if you please," he murmured apologetically, and as he pushed aside the hangings at the door, Nancy saw in the hallway a tall, slenderly built woman, white haired and grave, whose face was marked with its air of placid repose. "A young lady to see me," Nancy heard Mr. Appleby hurriedly explain. "I want you to come in and speak to her."

"A young lady? Why yes, indeed, Philip," said the quiet voice pleasantly, and Nancy rose.

"This is Miss—er, why Miss—" began Mr. Appleby. "Bless me, if I haven't again forgotten the name!"

"I'm Miss Robinson," Nancy murmured shyly, filled with her emotion of the moment before. She guessed the elderly woman's relation to the little man in a certain resemblance that was unmistakable. "I'm afraid I must have been troubling your brother a great deal," she ventured. "I hope I haven't kept him from you."

(*Continued on page 41*)

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from page 40*)

"Nonsense! not troubling me in the least!" exclaimed Mr. Appleby. "Delighted, I'm sure. Highly interested, besides!"

The white-haired woman looked around inquiringly. "Interested? Why, that's very good, I am sure. What is it about, may I know?" she asked, smiling pleasantly.

Nancy's eyes dropped uncomfortably. So far from setting her at ease, the gentle lady at her side had only succeeded in forcing on her an added knowledge of how awkward the situation had become. But before the uncomfortable pause had become too significant, Mr. Appleby spoke.

"My dear Laura," said he, peering over his spectacles at his sister, "our young friend here has come to me with a question that seems to be a very earnest matter to her. I haven't been able to answer it, but perhaps you can. The fact is, do you know a Mrs. Munger?"

"*Munger?*" Mr. Appleby's sister uttered the name with just the faintest note of recognition. Then her eyes lighted. "Oh, yes! Mrs. Munger; why, of course! I remember the name."

Nancy impulsively bent toward her. "*There!* I was sure of it!" she cried with animation. "Now won't you let me tell you what I want to know?" Mrs. Munger lived in the house behind us. Then there was a boy who lived here—here in your house—a boy with brown hair and a snub nose. Why!" exclaimed Nancy to Mr. Appleby, in growing excitement, "Why! it must have been your son!"

Mr. Appleby and his sister looked at each other blankly. "My son! my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Appleby, in obvious stupefaction; "What are you saying? I have no boy; never had any. Nor chick nor child of any kind!"

His sister was the first to gain composure. "One moment, Philip, I believe I know whom Miss Robinson has in mind. But before this goes any further, I should like to be enlightened." With quiet dignity she bent her eyes on Nancy. "This boy you speak about—what do you wish to know about him? And why do you wish to know?"

Nancy's voice trembled uncertainly when she answered. "He knew something I wish to learn. I talked to him through the fence back there. I was living in that house."

For a brief moment Mr. Appleby and his sister exchanged another glance. "Ah! And you say Mrs. Munger lived there, too?" the elderly woman persisted; and when Nancy bent her head in silent assent, Mr. Appleby's sister pressed her lips tightly together, her manner even graver than before. "Philip, Miss Robinson seems very confident. What do you think of it?"

"Think of it!" exploded Mr. Appleby, "*Think* of it! I don't know what to think at all. In the first place, who in the world is this Mrs. Munger?"

There was a pointed meaning in his sister's tone when she spoke. "If you'll try to think, Philip, you will recall her, too."

"Think? How can I think?" Mr. Appleby protested hotly. "Come, stop this. Who is she?"

"The boy's new acquaintance," she answered, and in the crisp directness of her words, there was every quality of dramatic intensity. "It is she, without a doubt. But what her motive is, who can say?"

MR. APPLEBY plumped down into the nearest chair. "*Her!*" he cried, expressively, if inelegantly. "Her!—why!—oh, well *I never!*"

"What is it you wish to know from my boy?" inquired Mr. Appleby's sister, quietly, but with a disturbing reserve in her tone and manner.

Nancy moistened her dry lips. "It wasn't really the boy," she answered, choosing her words slowly with the knowledge that caution was required now. "It was his father. The boy said his father knew something, and now I am trying to find it out. Can't you or Mr. Appleby help me to him?"

Very quietly and amply the grave-faced woman answered the girl's plea. She folded her hands in her lap and a shadow drew across her face; her lips trembled momentarily with some hidden pain. "He was my boy's father, Miss Robinson. He died many years ago, just after we moved into this house."

The silence grew. Mr. Appleby sat staring at the carpet; beside the girl Mr. Appleby's sister leaned back with a far away thoughtfulness in her eyes, gazing pensively through the half-drawn curtains of the window; and even Nancy knew from the look how unforgotten and painful the sorrow must be whose wraith she had so ruthlessly, though innocently, dragged up out of the past.

"Oh!" she whispered contritely, and at the murmur the two others stirred slowly.

"Laura," said Mr. Appleby, slowly deliberate, but with all the former significance in his tone, "Laura, this is a strange affair. Can this young lady be right? Somehow, I can't quite convince myself, but I think we ought to make sure about that woman ever living there. Don't you think so, too?"

"Yes," she answered absently; "I think we ought to make sure."

He paced across the room and back again. "Will you describe this Mrs. Munger?" he asked; and once more Nancy heard his firm, quiet tone of encouragement; "I should like to hear what she looks like."

NANCY described her. Detail by detail, as closely as she could, she drew the figure of Mrs. Munger to the life. None could have mistaken the likeness; the stalwart, heavy, square-framed, ponderous, deliberate woman, her profound, suspicious manner, her grim and resolute way. The two hearkening intently, looked at each other and blankly shook their heads.

"Phil," said Mr. Appleby's sister, "That woman never lived in the house behind us; I am very sure; or not while we have been living here. But the description of Phil's Mrs. Munger, there can be no mistake of that. But that she lived *there! Incredible!* or—" Mr. Appleby's sister caught her breath, and stopped. "Or——"

The brother, too, seemed to share her thought, whatever it may have been—the apparent suspicion that had so abruptly silenced the gray-haired woman. "Now look here!" he exclaimed, or, rather, once more exploded; "you lived in that house and you say she lived in that house? Are you dead certain?"

Nancy nodded drearily, wondering what kind of a hornet's nest she had really stirred up around her. Mr. Appleby arose and stood in front of her. "Very well then! Will you please tell me why you are sure? Give me one good reason—just one. I'll own up it's a pretty important matter to me to find out. Now, why are you so sure?"

"Because," answered Nancy, raising her face; "because I lived there with her. Because I know the house and remember it. I remember the number, too. No, I'm sure, Mr. Appleby, and besides—why, not half an hour ago I saw Mrs. Munger herself come out of that very house!"

If Nancy had tried deliberately to arrange and stage a dramatic climax, it could have possessed no greater emotion, nor been any more intense than the result of this unpremeditated shot. Mrs. Munger seen coming out of that house! Mr. Appleby gasped, and the sister, for a moment forgetting her calm and dignified reserve, suffered an exclamation to escape her.

"Then, Philip," said Mr. Appleby's sister, "this explains that woman's strange interest in the boy; or rather, it gives us an inkling. But what is she trying to do? What is her motive?"

With the words still on her lips, she turned instantly to Nancy in sudden, pointed suspicion in her manner. "Miss Robinson, there is a Mrs. Munger living on West Seventy-fifth Street near the Park. Do you happen to know her?"

On West Seventy-fifth Street! It was Nancy's own Mrs. Munger, of course! "Yes, I know her; she is the one," she answered, unaware of what the admission must have signified to them.

Again the gray-haired woman caught her breath. "You know her? Miss Robinson, what is your motive in this Mrs. Munger, may I inquire?"

Nancy answered, feeling it was no use to hold back the truth; they could find it out anyway, is they chose. "I live with her—I am her companion!"

"Ah, indeed!" The murmured comment was filled with every significance but what Mr. Appleby's sister had decided this young woman to be; but Nancy blundered on, her mind in no condition to take it in. "Yes," said Nancy, "I've lived with her always. I lived in the house behind you, too. Won't you tell me who lives there now?"

It was the covert shake of Mr. Appleby's head that awoke the girl to a full sense of her position—a furtive signal wig-wagging caution. But Mr. Appleby's sister required no warning.

"Miss Robinson," she said courteously, yet with an icy decisiveness that left

(*Continued on page 42*)

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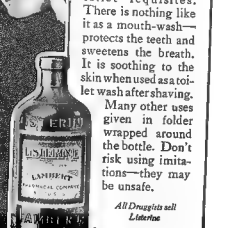

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from page 41*)

Nancy no longer in ignorance, "you will pardon me, but let me recall to you the fact that Mrs. Munger is already supplied with the information you came here for. Phillip, will you open the door for Miss Robinson?"

"Why—oh!" That was all. There was nothing to say, though Nancy made a stammering effort to explain herself. But as she started toward the door, confused and wounded, flushing with the shame of her false position, a key was thrust into the lock, the door opened, and a voice cried out cheerfully, "Oh, mother! Hello, Uncle! Any one at home?"

Nancy stood rooted to the carpet. A young man appeared at the door, and when his eye fell on Nancy he flashed at her a moment's dumfounded look of wonder, and then burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, Miss Robinson! Oh, what a joke!" he cried cordially, and not in the least embarrassed. "So the ogres have really got you?"

It was Phil Harding, of course—young Mr. Harding who had craftily directed Nancy to his own home in her search for the missing mansion.

"Why!" Phil Harding exclaimed, confusedly, "is anything wrong?"

A GREAT deal appeared to be wrong. Nancy, even more uncomfortable than the others, gazed at Phil as if yet unable to grasp the explanation of his sudden appearance on the scene; forgetting it was Phil himself who had playfully sent her to his own home, she thought only of the consequence. Was Mrs. Munger to learn through this channel also some further history of how her companion had occupied this rather extraordinary morning?

"You know, Miss Robinson, I see?" said Mrs. Harding with an inflection that gave to the question a pointed force.

"Know her? Why, of course I do!" answered Phil, heartily. "Don't you remember my telling you how I've talked to her? It was she, mother, whom I met at Mrs. Munger's."

Mrs. Harding still regarded him with an unchanged expression. "Precisely. You talked to the people in that house, though you couldn't realize why they took such an interest in your affairs."

"Couldn't realize? Mother, I don't think I quite understand you."

Mrs. Harding faintly smiled. "I mean this, Phil; Miss Robinson came here this morning to ask whether we know of the Mrs. Munger, whom, I now find, she is living with. Rather singular, wasn't it? In fact, I have had to tell her there are personal reasons why we shouldn't answer her many questions."

"Mother!" exclaimed Phil, in remonstrance, but before he could speak again, Nancy found her voice.

"Personal reasons, Mrs. Harding!" she cried, astonished. "Why, I had no idea of asking you anything like that!"

"Yes, mother, I hardly think Miss Robinson could do that. How do you mean?"

"Precisely what I say," answered his mother, coldly. "Miss Robinson insists on our telling her what we know of the person living in that house behind us. She says further she has seen Mrs. Munger coming out of it. And as you are aware, I know only one thing about the man who lives there—something that for years I have tried painfully to forget."

But Nancy, alive to what their suspicion conveyed, stood ready to plead her cause. "Oh, Mrs. Harding, I never dreamed of offending you like that! I knew nothing about the people living in that house, and even now I don't understand how anything I have said should make such trouble!"

Her earnestness carried conviction with it, and even Mr. Appleby and his sister seemed a little less certain in their suspicion.

"Laura," said the little gentleman, "perhaps we have done Miss Robinson an injustice. I think we ought to tell her what we know, for no matter what might be said about it, we have nothing after all to conceal. Perhaps we may get some light on the matter, too, for I frankly confess it's far beyond me."

Mrs. Harding, looking at Nancy quietly, pondered the question. "If you mean there is nothing for us to hide, Philip, I agree with you. But Philip," she added definitely, "I am still to be convinced that we should not discuss this matter with any one least of all, when the person is a stranger who has not given to us a very clear idea of what she is trying to find out." She looked meaningly at Nancy. "Perhaps Miss Robinson will tell us her motive for wishing to know?"

Yes, why Nancy wished to know! It might do well enough to admit to herself she knew nothing of her own name and parentage, but to confess it to them—and particularly to this young and attractive boy—well, that was rather different!

"I don't think I can tell you, Mrs. Harding," she answered slowly. "I have a reason, but it's not the one you think. I hope you will pardon me for making you so much trouble."

But, as she moved toward the door, Phil Harding tried quietly to relieve the situation. "Mother," said he, though his eyes were on Nancy, "you mustn't let Miss Robinson go like this. Won't you try to straighten it out?"

Nancy shook her head at him. "No, there isn't anything to be said now. I realize how it must look to your mother, and she is quite right, I think. It is queer, but I can't help myself, and I have no right to bother her any more."

Then fearful lest they see the tears brimming in her eyes, Nancy bent her head and hurriedly left the room.

But, as the girl stumbled blindly down the little flight of steps to the street, she was aware that he had come with her. "Please don't feel so badly about it," he begged presently. "I haven't realized before, this was so serious a matter with you. If I could do anything, or," he went on still more earnestly, "if there were some way you could let mother get at it, I'm sure she'd be only too willing to aid you. She's upset now. Why," he exclaimed, energetically, "you don't realize who the man is that lives in the house behind us! I'll tell you if you like. The man is my uncle, Sidney Harding."

"Oh!" murmured Nancy, and echoed the name. "Your uncle, and you haven't known that he was acquainted with Mrs. Munger?"

Nancy was still battling with her perplexities when Phil spoke again. "Do you wonder now why my mother and uncle were so suspicious?" he inquired. "You see, the truth is, they had already begun to imagine something queer in Mrs. Munger's interest in me. The fact that you had seen Mrs. Munger coming out of his house turned their suspicions into certainty, and they were ready then to suspect any one. I hardly need tell you they have every reason to dread him; you must have seen that from their manner."

"But I thought you were only Mrs. Munger's architect!" cried Nancy, all at sea.

HE smiled at her perplexity. "That's the queerest part about it," he replied; "we were all in the dark why she came to me with that work until you turned on the light." He laughed. "Anyway, Mrs. Munger engaged me, and since then I've lain awake nights trying to figure out where she ever heard of me, or why she ever trusted her precious houses into the hands of an architect who was about as well known to her as—well, say John Smith in the directory!"

"Did any one know her?" asked Nancy quickly.

"No, no one knew Mrs. Munger, it appeared. But that isn't strange," he exclaimed clearly, "Mother's friends are the kind that have never known any one else but themselves since they came over in the Ark. I don't believe they're acquainted with a soul above Fifty-ninth Street, and mighty few, besides, above Murray Hill. But to go back to Mrs. Munger. No one seemed to know anything about her."

"Yes," Nancy assented, "no one seems to know at all. I wish I knew myself."

"You know nothing about her?" he echoed, as if not quite understanding. "How was it then, may I ask, that you went to live with her?"

IF the young man had stopped to think a moment, he might not have asked so impertinent a question—a question that, if answered frankly, might have given Nancy no little embarrassment to answer. "I've lived with her a long while," she replied evasively; "but I know only that she calls herself Mrs. Munger."

To have disclosed more would have been also to disclose the fact that she had gone to Mrs. Munger as a child, an admission that in itself would have required still further explanations; and Nancy was still determined to hide from him the fact that she had been adopted, that she knew nothing of her parentage, that her origin was to her an unsolved

(*Continued on page 43*)

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The Forgotten House

(*Continued from page 42*)

riddle. The result was that he jumped at an entirely different conclusion.

"Oh, I see how it is now!" he cried animatedly. "You're trying to find out who she is, so that you'll know whether it's proper for you to live with her."

Nancy understood him instantly. "No," she answered, unwilling to deceive him openly, though the explanation would prove embarrassing, "it means more than finding out about Mrs. Munger. It means finding out about myself as well—something I can't talk to you about," she admitted unguardedly.

His look of quick astonishment warned her she was going too far now, and she paused, looking up at him. "Mr. Harding," she said, and involuntarily she laid a hand on the young man's arm, "I want you and your mother to know I had an honest reason for going to your house to-day. It is something of a good deal of importance to me. You'll believe that, and trust me, won't you?"

"Yes, indeed I will!" he answered sincerely. "Can't you see that I do?"

She let her hand remain in his for a moment, and then quietly disengaged it, her eyes softly grateful. He was the first to speak, then. "Some day," he ventured smilingly, "you must tell me what it is that troubles you. In the meantime, is there anything I can tell you—about that man —my uncle?

"Tell me, is it about Mrs. Munger?" he hazarded. "About her and my uncle? Yes, I thought so! But that's a thing we'd all like to find out. How he came to know her and what these two persons are to each other is as much of a puzzle as what they are really up to. Jove! I only wish I knew!"

NANCY looked up with a startled little exclamation.

"Mr. Harding! Oh, how stupid of me! why, *of course!* There was a boy that lived in your house—no, I haven't told you about him before—and he had brown hair—thick, wavy, brown hair, and a—" She caught her breath.

"Listen!" she cried excitedly, "don't you remember talking to me through the back fence? Please try to remember. It was when I was a little girl. I lived in that house behind yours, and Mrs. Munger lived there, too."

He looked at her in astonishment. "You lived there!—in Uncle Sidney's? I wish you'd tell me about it."

"No! wait a moment, won't you? Don't you remember climbing up on the top of the fence, and looking over? Then you got down and kicked in a loose board, and I was dreadfully frightened. You had a slice of bread and jam. Oh, don't you remember? You gave me a bite, and you were going to tell me what your father said, but Mrs. Munger came and dragged me away. Can't you remember?"

But the moment the question had been spoken she regretted it with a sudden, awakening terror. For what would it be his father had told him? As well as not, it might entail some shameful revelation of just what she dreaded to learn, the true fact of her origin, and a fact so embarrassing that it might hurt him to repeat it.

But he remembered nothing. "It was something my father told me, you say?" he repeated gravely, and there came into his face then, as she saw, the same look of shadowy pain that had clouded his mother's face when she spoke of the man long dead. "You see, my father died many years ago. It was just a day or so after we came to this house. He and I were alone there a day or so before mother came, and I must have forgotten what he told me." There he paused, and looked away, thoughtfully.

"The fact is," said he, after a long pause, "my father killed himself, and it was because of this uncle of mine."

"Oh, how dreadful!" uttered the girl, shocked both by the words and the resentful tone in which they were spoken. "Oh, how terrible!"

"Yes," he answered, in the same, bitter, accusing voice, "Sidney Harding tricked and ruined him, and my father shot himself. And my mother—well, you can see what it's done to her. She's never gotten over it."

His voice had dropped into a quiet simplicity of tone after that first vindictive utterance, and its quietness shocked her even more. "Oh, how sorry I am!" she whispered. "And to think how I must have hurt your mother!"

"Mother will forgive you; you couldn't have known," he answered gently. "But this uncle of mine—" He paused long enough to control himself. "Well, the point is, that even after my father's death, my uncle wouldn't let us alone.

All my mother's money was gone—yes, and most of Uncle Phil's too; we were nearly cleaned out, you know. So we had to move into this little house of ours. Well, we went on living there after father's death, and then one day we awoke and found Uncle Sidney camped down right at our elbow. But why my Uncle Sidney came to live there, right next to us, or why he has watched and spied and prowled around us for years, no one seems able to understand.

"We rather hoped he'd move out of the neighborhood. But he stayed on, year after year and, after awhile, we learned he owned that house. He'd bought it, or he'd got it away from the owners by some swindle or other—some way in which he is clever enough. It belonged to the Barnabys, the same people from whom we bought our house."

Nancy interrupted him with an exclamation. "Barnaby? I know that name! Did the Barnabys own that house?" she cried breathlessly. "I wish if you knew, that you'd tell me about them. Who were they?"

"See here, Miss Robinson, don't tell me they have anything to do with this Munger business—have they?" He, too, looked startled when she nodded. "Do you really mean it? *Phew!*" His exclamation was expressive. "Very well, then, I'll tell you what I know first, and then you've got to tell me what you know. In the first place, Margaret Barnaby was my Uncle Sidney's wife—or is supposed to be, if she's still living. Now does that shed any light on the subject?"

Nancy answered him as calmly as the circumstances would permit. "I don't know yet. Was she related in any way to R. Barnaby? I know only the name."

Phil nodded slowly. "You must mean Randolph Barnaby—and, well—why I think I'll have to tell you the rest of it. The truth is, he was a friend of my father's; one of his closest friends," he added painfully. "After my father died —killed himself, Miss Robinson, they said my father had ruined him, too. My Uncle Sidney spread the lie; and he did it to save himself. Well, he'll have to settle for that, some day."

"Now, what do you know about Randolph Barnaby?" he asked alertly. "Has it anything to do with Mrs. Munger?"

She told him now. With no effort to conceal anything, she told of the book, and of her childhood, and of Mrs. Munger's swift confusion at the mention of the name.

"Queer, isn't it?" he observed thoughtfully, biting his lip. "I don't know how much it conveys to you, but to us who know—well, the least I can say is that it's pretty significant."

To Nancy it seemed quite as significant, or rather, suggestive. "Don't you suppose," she faltered hesitatingly, "that if I could find Miss Barnaby, your uncle's wife, she might know something?"

He frowned thoughtfully before he answered. "I've been trying to remember what became of her," he said slowly; "but I think she and her child—there was one, if I recall rightly—I don't believe they've been heard of for years. My mother never knew any of the Barnabys but Randolph. Margaret was only his stepsister."

THEY were at the Avenue crossing now.

"Do you know anything about Mrs. Munger you haven't told me?" she asked.

"No; it's not anything I know," he answered, still cautiously, "but I've begun to suspect something. I want you to promise me now—you will, won't you, Nancy? If you need a friend or some one to go to, you'll think of us, won't you?"

He took her hand, and this time without attempting to draw away, she let her fingers lie in his clasp. "Yes, I promise," she answered, smiling at him; "and it's very nice to have a friend, too."

He still held her hand, smiling once more. "Tell me something, won't you?" he asked, trying to hide the dancing light in his eyes.

Nancy laughed again. "That depends. What is it?"

She felt his fingers tighten a little on hers. "You're going to be frightfully angry," he warned, twinkling. "Last night—at Mrs. Munger's—why did you try to make yourself look so? You know what I mean."

Nancy burst into a little ripple of amusement and dragged her hand away. Then she blushed furiously, and of a sudden fled up the steps to the station away from him.

(*To be continued*)

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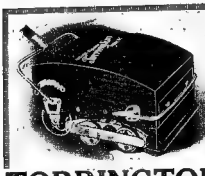

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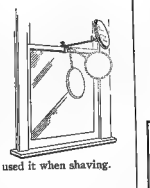
To Save Time and Money

AN adjustable shaving mirror will delight the heart of any man who shaves himself. The one illustrated is seven inches in diameter. The mirror is supported by a nickel-plated wall bracket with a swinging arm upon the extreme end of which the glass is set by means of a swivel attachment. With the bracket fastened to the window casing the glass may be moved so as to catch a strong light on either side of the face. The rod which supports the mirror may be raised or lowered to any angle. A clamp which may be attached to the meeting rail of any window as shown here is furnished with it. The whole equipment is so compact that it may be carried in a satchel, which makes it an ideal gift for a man who travels. It comes with either a regulation or magnifying mirror, as required. This little mirror is a convenience that will be indispensable to the man who has once used it when shaving.



A Candy Thermometer

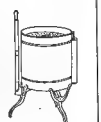
IF you expect to make your own holiday sweets this year, a candy thermometer will be a wise investment. Remember that a good workman always has good tools, and such a device will mean fewer spoiled batches of candy and boiled icings. A very reliable firm is putting out a candy thermometer made of copper, with an arrangement to slip over the side of the kettle. By this device the thermometer does its work in testing the candy, at the same time forestalling the possibility of burnt fingers.

NO longer need the housewife dread the kindling of fire in the coal stove if she happens to have gas in the house. There is a gas hose fire starter which solves a very disagreeable problem and is perfectly safe. This is more than can be said of the death-inviting method which many women still cling to—that of pouring kerosene on the coals to make them light quicker. If the fire gets low in a certain spot, the lighter can be inserted at the weak point and the coal ignites at once under the gushing gas flame. Best results are obtained when using the largest sized gas hose as this provides a large flame which spreads under the coals, quickly heating and igniting it into a glowing mass. The fire starter saves time, money and labor and is worth the cost.

A Hot Pan Lifter

IT behooves every housewife to protect her hands as much as possible when doing housework and for such a purpose a hot pan lifter is invaluable. A recent novelty shows a combination of a hot pan lifter, made with two serrated jaws and a hook-shaped lever between them. At the other end of the handles is an ordinary stove lid lifter. The cost of this device is very small and its use is far safer than the usual lifting cloth which lets the heat through to the hand, sometimes burning it.

A DISH-WASHING machine, that occupies little space and is so light and portable that it can easily be moved about the kitchen, has much to commend it. This particular one has a capacity sufficient to wash all the dishes of an average family at one time. It is very simple in construction. The interior of the washer contains only the propeller and rack, both of which can easily be cleaned. There is no pump—the movement of the handle back and forth, revolves the propeller in the bottom of the washer, which dashes the hot, soapy water over the dishes and cleanses them absolutely in about one minute's time. A device that minimizes the dreaded task of dish washing should be heartily welcomed by women on whom this work falls. Besides lightening the work it also saves the hands.

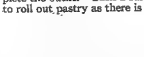


A Smokeless Broiler

THESE broilers come in two sizes to be used over a coal stove. The smaller one—round in shape—fits over a single stove hole. The larger one—oblong in shape—fits over the entire fire-box and can be used for large steaks, big fish, et cetera. They are constructed of the usual wire rods, but have tin covers which may be lifted when you turn the steak. This lid, however, makes a draft impossible and hence there is no smoke during the broiling process and the fire remains in a good condition.

A PORCELAIN enameled pastry board that is attached to the wall is about the latest cry in kitchen novelties. It is supported on a concealed wall hanger and bracket. When not in use the slab is dropped down flat against the wall, and occupies a very small space. The slab is twenty-seven by twenty-eight inches, and the back is six inches high. An enameled rolling-pin can be purchased to complete the outfit. Such a surface is the ideal one on which to roll out pastry as there is less tendency for it to stick.

WHERE closet room is limited, a practical trousers or skirt hanger is a necessity. This particular model speaks for itself, and comes with either four or six arms, as required. Each garment is easy of access without disturbing the others; it simply is placed between two flat rods, and the slide slipped over them.



Any information as to prices of these articles and places where they may be obtained will be gladly furnished to readers upon receipt of a letter addressed to the New York office, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelope for reply.

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What and Why is the Internal Bath?

By C. Gilbert Percival, M.D.

THOUGH many articles have been written and much has been said recently about the Internal Bath, the fact remains that a great amount of ignorance and misunderstanding of this new system of Physical Hygiene still exists.

And inasmuch as it seems that Internal Bathing is even more essential to perfect health than External Bathing, I believe that every one should know its origin, its purpose and its action beyond the possibility of a misunderstanding.

Its great popularity started at about the same time as did what are probably the most encouraging signs of recent times—I refer to the appeal for Optimism, Cheerfulness, Efficiency and those attributes which go with them and which, if steadily practiced, will make our race not only the despair of nations competitive to us in business, but establish us as a shining example to the rest of the world in our mode of living.

These new daily "Gospels," as it were, had as their inspiration the ever present unconquerable American Ambition, for it had been proven to the satisfaction of all real students of business that the most successful people are those who are sure of themselves—who are optimistic, cheerful, and impress the world with the fact that they are supremely confident always—for the world has every confidence in the man or woman who have confidence in themselves.

If our outlook is optimistic, and our confidence strong, it naturally follows that we inject enthusiasm, "ginger," and clear judgment into our work, and have a tremendous advantage over those who are at times more or less depressed, blue, and nervously fearful that their judgment may be wrong—who lack the confidence that comes with the right condition of mind and which counts so much for success.

Now the practice of Optimism and Confidence has made great strides in improving and advancing the general efficiency of the American, and if the mental attitude necessary to its accomplishment were easy to secure, complete success would be ours.

Unfortunately, however, our physical bodies have an influence on our mental attitude, and in this particular instance, because of a physical condition which is universal, these much-to-be-desired aids to success are impossible to consistently enjoy.

In other words our trouble, to a great degree, is physical first and mental afterwards—this physical trouble is simple and very easily corrected. Yet it seriously affects our strength and energy, and if it is allowed to exist too long becomes chronic and then dangerous.

Nature is constantly demanding one thing of us, which, under our present mode of living and eating, it is impossible for us to give—that is, a constant care of our diet, and enough consistent physical work or exercise to eliminate all waste from the system.

If our work is confining, as it is in almost every instance, our systems cannot throw off the waste except according to our activity, and a clogging process immediately sets in.

This waste accumulates in the colon (lower intestine), and is more serious in its effect than you would think, because it is intensely poisonous, and the blood circulating through the colon absorbs these poisons, circulating them through the system and lowering our vitality generally.

That's the reason that biliousness and its kindred complaints make us ill "all over." It is also the reason that this waste, if permitted to remain a little too long, gives the destructive germs, which are always present in the blood, a chance to gain the upper hand, and we are not alone inefficient, but really ill—seriously sometimes, if there is a local weakness.

The accumulated waste has long been recognized as a menace, and Physicians, Physical Culturists, Dietitians, Osteopaths and others have been constantly laboring to perfect a method of removing it, and with partial and temporary success.

It remained, however, for a new, rational and perfectly natural process to finally and satisfactorily solve the problem of how to thoroughly eliminate this waste from the colon without strain or unnatural forcing—to keep us sweet and clean and healthy and keep us correspondingly bright and strong—clearing the blood of the poisons which made it and us sluggish and dull spirited, and making our entire organism work and act as Nature intended it should.

That process is Internal Bathing with warm water—and it now, by the way, has the endorsements of the most enlightened Physicians, Physical Culturists, Osteopaths, etc., who have tried it and seen its results.

Heretofore it has been our habit, when we have found by disagreeable, and sometimes alarming symptoms, that this waste was getting much the better of us, to repair to the drugshop and obtain relief through drugging.

This is partly effectual, but there are several vital reasons why it should not be our practice as compared with Internal Bathing.

Drugs force Nature instead of assisting her—Internal Bathing assists Nature and is just as simple and natural as washing one's hands.

Drugs, being taken through the stomach, sap the vitality of other functions before they reach the colon, which is not called for—Internal Bathing washes out the colon and reaches nothing else.

To keep the colon consistently clean drugs must be persisted in, and to be effective the doses must be increased. Internal Bathing is a consistent treatment, and need never be altered in any way to be continuously effective.

No less an authority than Professor Alonzo Clark, M. D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence every dose diminishes the patient's vitality.

It is rather remarkable to find, at what would seem so comparatively late a day, so great an improvement on the old methods of Internal Bathing, as this new process, for in a crude way it has, of course, been practiced for years.

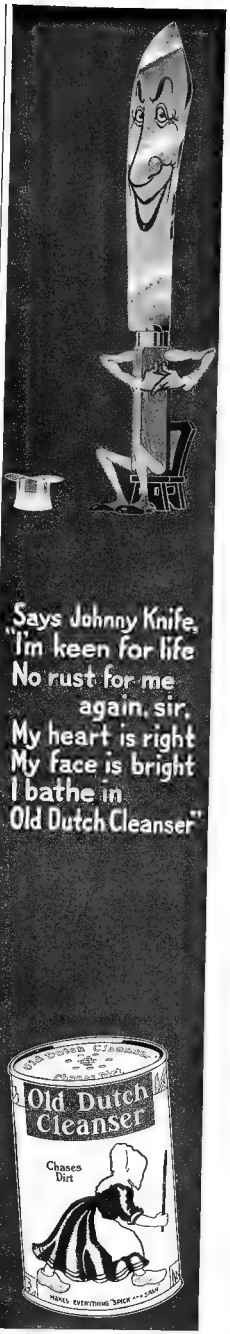
It is probably no more surprising, however, than the tendency on the part of the Medical Profession to depart further and further from the custom of using drugs, and accomplish the same and better results by more natural means: causing less strain on the system and leaving no evil after effects.

Doubtless you, as well as all American men and women, are interested in knowing all that may be learned about keeping up to "concert pitch," and always feeling bright and confident.

This improved system of Internal Bathing is naturally a rather difficult subject to cover in detail in the public press, but there is a Physician who has made this his life's study and work, who has written an interesting book on the subject called "The What, The Why, The Way of the Internal Bath." This he will send on request to anyone addressing Charles A. Tyrrell, M. D., at 134 West 65th Street, New York, and mentioning that they have read this in the PICTORIAL REVIEW.

It is surprising how little is known by the average person on this subject, which has so great an influence on the general health and spirits.

My personal experience and my observation make me very enthusiastic on Internal Bathing, for I have seen its results in sickness as well as in health, and I firmly believe that everybody owes it to himself, if only for the information available, to read this little book by an authority on the subject.—Advertisement.



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Mrs. M. T. Stevens, of Pa., writes: "For years PICTORIAL REVIEW has been my standby to make $5.00 to $10.00 or whatever amount I need at one time. When living recently in a small Southern town, I earned $25.00 in one week when I only started out to make $5.00." You can do the same by writing to Department A.

Lena Collins, of Kentucky is able to devote more time than Mrs. Stevens representing PICTORIAL REVIEW. She has made as high as $250.50 in one month. Every month she makes more than the average woman in business—and is her own boss. If you desire a position like Lena Collins' write to Department B.

J. C. Mahan, of Indiana, is a hustler. He knows how to make others hustle. His poorest month's earnings since October, 1913, amounted to $645.00. We have others who earn $700.00 to $300.00 a month regularly. If you want to hustle for big money write to-day, enclosing three references, to Department C.

The Pictorial Review Company
The Pictorial Review Building New York

COMMENT AND COMPLIMENT

An Admirer of Pictorial Review

PERMIT me to say that I think PICTORIAL REVIEW is the "best ever" and I would not be without it if I had to go without my dinner for a week to pay for it. I hope this will not be necessary, but it will be for a good cause if it is.

I look forward with much pleasure to the feast of good reading you have promised us in next year's magazines. After I finish reading most of the stories I feel as though I had known the people in them, always. Best wishes for your success.

New York.

Praise for an Artist-Writer

I AM simply keyed up to "G" awaiting the promised cover by George Gibbs, for he is as splendid an artist as he is a writer and the very best fiction you ever presented to your grown-ups was his "Silent Battle." How I wish you would give us another! The illustrations he made were little masterpieces.

I anxiously await my June issue and thank you sincerely for hours and hours of enjoyment your unequaled magazine has given me.

New York.

Likes the Editorials

THAT editorial of yours, "The Saddest of Things," on page three of the April PICTORIAL REVIEW was certainly a mighty fine thing.

It has undoubtedly gone in deep with a large number of your readers. Wonder if you would permit me to call it to the attention of a few more? Please advise if it is possible to print five hundred copies of that page and the cost for so doing? I can use it preferably just as it is, heading included, or without as you wish. I have an unusually good method of distributing such material in my business, and I would indeed be pleased to use this in the same manner.

Pennsylvania.

From a Woman Who Is Making Good

I JUST want to express my appreciation of your magazine, every department of which I enjoy. Particularly do I want to mention this month, your article on "The Family Woman in Business"—which is the shoe that just fits.

Sixteen months ago my husband died leaving me with two boys and two girls aged from two and a half to thirteen years. A little seven-roomed cottage (mortgaged) and an established business, but heavily in debt. At his suggestion, I concluded to continue the business and although to my knowledge I am the only woman monument dealer in the State of Indiana, I am succeeding in a way that is gratifying. This last month I sold over three thousand dollars' worth of memorial work.

But this isn't what I started out to tell. I wanted to tell you that it is good of you to extend a little encouragement to those who must make good.

It is the ideal of every woman to live a progressive, interesting life, but when double duty is demanded of her, it is appreciated when such agencies as yours will lend encouragement. For who knows what can be done until the effort be made, and who will make the effort until necessity demands it.

Indiana.

One Business Woman's Views

FOR a long time I have been intending to write to you and tell you how much I appreciate the splendid, common sense articles and editorials that are in your magazine. There is hardly another woman's magazine that I can read without a feeling of irritation and rebellion because the stuff they print is so untrue of life, as life has to be lived by the majority of us. I feel proud that I have had two stories appear in your pages and if the time ever comes when I can write again, I hope to write something else that is good enough for you to print. I have done no writing for a long time because I found it impossible to earn an *entire* living that way, and I am now earning my living, as well as that of my three children, as a stenographer.

A short time ago I was speaking to the editor of a well-known Western magazine regarding the articles relating to our public school system, which you published recently. I told him I had a notion to write you and compliment you on them, and he said, "I wish you would, and make it for me, too."

Illinois.

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COMMENT AND COMPLIMENT

A Natural Philosopher

I WANT you to know how much I have enjoyed your article "Learning from Sad Experience," in the June PICTORIAL REVIEW I am so glad that some one else can be happy over things. I have always thought perhaps there was something lacking in my character for I never grieve, I can never mourn over anything. Like you, I have the faculty of losing things and I never feel a pang at the loss. When I was sixteen, my uncle gave me a diamond ring. I lost it before I was grown and my mother still grieves over the loss but I was never unhappy a minute without it. People love to be martyrs, and some people are most happy when they are the most miserable, but I am one of the kind that is always happy, come what may. I sincerely thank you for your article.

Texas.

Awakened by Helen Keller

AS a very deeply interested and constant reader of PICTORIAL REVIEW, I would request a little space to voice my sentiments regarding the valuable and instructive articles appearing in this magazine. What I have told my friends, I feel in due justice to this magazine to express myself to the other readers.

Words are inadequate to express what an impression the articles by Madame Maurice Maeterlinck about her visits to Helen Keller have made on my mind. A feeling mingled with awe and admiration has taken possession of me, and it has made me sit up and take notice of how little we people who can see, hear and speak are doing in comparison to the wonderful work achieved by Miss Keller, devoid of these endowments. These articles have been of such a beneficial nature that unhappiness has left my sphere, and I am trying to live to *do*, and not to live a life of self-conceit.

New York.

A Real Woman's Journal

EVERY month when my PICTORIAL REVIEW arrives and I peruse its pages I am thrilled. It surely is a woman's journal and not an avenue through which we are told what worthless unnecessary creatures we are.

When one knows many of the splendid workers who have made the remarkable Third House series possible, they become doubly interesting. I wish every woman could read them.

May I always have the price of a year's subscription to PICTORIAL REVIEW and my Political Equality League dues!

Illinois.

Thanks from a Mother

I HAVE just read that article, "What Shall We Do About It?" in your February issue. From the bottom of my heart I want to thank you for it. I have just gotten through educating a son and daughter at the largest coeducational institution in the middle Northwest and I want to say that from experience and observation every single word in that article is worth a weight of gold, and I would to God that every home in America could have it pasted on its walls.

Yours for the betterment of America.

Michigan.

An Appreciation and a Plea

THE mail brought this morning the July PICTORIAL REVIEW in which was an article "When You Make Your Will." I have been considering for some time that very subject and found it most helpful. These are the kind of things most needful for women to know, especially those who have no man to advise them. Women are so helpless with regard to the law.

I thank you for this article and my hope is that there will be more like them.

Washington.

Article Worth a Year's Subscription

AFTER reading the article "Making Over Marriage," by Mabel Potter Daggett, in July PICTORIAL REVIEW three times, I could not resist the temptation to write and tell you how I enjoyed it. It is one of the finest articles I have ever read. The author certainly knows how to handle her subject. Please have her write something like that every month; it is worth a year's subscription. But PICTORIAL REVIEW always knows a "good article." Keep up the good work. Here's to its success

Texas.

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Write today for liberal free sample cake of this famous skin cleanser and beautifier. Also free booklet on nerve-building, health-giving value of youth-ful complexion. Write today to-day—before you forget it—now always and forever.

Sempre Giovine

Pronounced: Sem-pray Jo-vee-nay
Meaning: "Always Young"

Comes in cake form. Different from anything you have ever used. Just rub it on with the tips of your fingers. Not a message cream. Beauty's choice for 25 years. At druggists and department stores 50c. Write Today Accept No Substitute

Special Offer Send now for a full size cake if you prefer not to get Sample. Don't delay and your complexion cannot benefit

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Here Is Your Opportunity

Our beautiful new styles will sell readily because of their exclusive and up-to-the-minute attractiveness. They will enable you to build up a permanent business of your own and earn a steady income.

Write for particulars regarding our exclusive agency proposition.

WICHMANN DRESS FABRIC COMPANY
3 Fenn Street, Pittsfield, Mass.

Daughters of the Golden Treasure

To Bring Money and Good Things to the Women of America

ISN'T the Golden Treasure just glorious, when it can do so wonderful a thing for this mother way out West!

And yet it has done something like this for thousands of mothers, and thousands of daughters, and even for grandmothers and wee bits of little girls. You'll notice that Mrs. Walker is so proud of her gifts that she doesn't even mention the money; yet she has earned enough money to buy some mighty fine things for those two kiddies of hers.

"DEAR PEGGY—

Hurrah! My first silver article has arrived. Oh, I am so pleased words cannot tell you of the great joy that is in my heart! It is simply beautiful. I was in hopes it would be very pretty and nice and all that, but when I opened the dear little package, it was far beyond all expectations. A thousand thanks, and I am so enthused I hardly know how I can wait to see more of the pretty presents. It is hard to decide which one I want you to set aside for me next. Our town has only about two thousand in population. I do sewing, all my work and have two children. Do you really think I have done well? Please tell me about the linen and other articles. My husband was really disgusted to think I didn't send for the lavaliere, so perhaps you better put me down for that next. Every one is wild over my ring. So am I.

So thanking you a thousand times for my pretty silver, now put me down for the dear lavaliere. Best wishes from an earnest worker for D. G. T.

MRS. C. A. WALKER."

And do you know what else we did last month? We helped a little girl in Illinois to become a Camp-Fire Girl. Wasn't that jolly? See what she writes:

"DEAR PEGGY KEY SCOTT—

My ring certainly is a beauty. All my friends admire it. Among the girls in my classes at high school are two Daughters, but they're not yet Guardians.

You will like to know that I joined a Camp-Fire, and the initiation fee was paid from Golden Treasure money. The cost of my dress came from the Treasure also as I surely couldn't have found the money any other way.

I was awfully glad to see your picture. I have cut it out to put in the picture gallery in my diary.

Once more thanking you for the ring, I am
Sincerely yours,
V. L. E."

OUR NEW CLUB PIN

Every month has to have its beautiful surprise for the Daughters. This month it is the loveliest club pin, dull gold, craftsman in design—simple, exquisite.

Also, the letters D. G. T. are entwined in the design in small type, so no one but yourself knows they are there. You'll be as happy over it as this girl is over her ring!

"MY DEAR MISS SCOTT—

Why, you are a *perfect darling* to send me such a dream of a ring. It is too pretty for *words* and I can't keep my eyes off it. Every one likes it! Oh, I can't tell you enough how I like my ring. I have *always* wanted a *pearl* ring too, so you may guess how well I do love it. Now, dear Miss Scott, I want the silver set, so I am going to work just as hard as I can to get it. I would like to have the clothes-brush first, and may I? I am simply wild to own all the pieces.

It seems that I don't have much pleasure and so I have more pleasure and joy out of this work than lots of the other girls may have. I will close with love and best wishes.

Yours sincerely,
M. S. H."

And one of the girls in Walton, New York, simply doesn't see how the Daughters can give so much. I'm surprised myself. And sometimes when I go to the management and ask for some new gift, or some more money for the Daughters, I almost think they will say no. But they never do. The Golden Treasure Chest is bottomless. The more we take out of it the more there seems to be in it.

* * *

FIRST we take out a thousand solid gold rings, with their pearls,—and immediately another thousand lies ready. We lift out the rings, and there are the lavalieres, all glowing in their 14-carat gold and their diamonds and their pearls. And beneath them we catch the gleam of silver, and take out the marvelously chased solid silver toilet set, and then below that we see white folds of embroidered linens and shimmering piles of silk stockings, and the fine luster of rich table silver. And below I catch a glimpse of our club pin. And all mixed up with the gifts is money—gold and bills and checks—so that every time you take out a gift, you pull out some money with it.

And it doesn't make a bit of difference where you are, you can reach in and take out your share of the Treasure. Look at this girl way off in Porto Rico. I think she must be a Spanish girl.

"DEAR MISS SCOTT:—

I am delighted with the ring and Madame Lebrun picture that I've received. The ring fits me well and looks very pretty.

The picture is in my room. I look at it very often, it shows so well the love and purity of a mother!

I am very glad of seeing your picture in the June number of PICTORIAL REVIEW. And now I'd like to have the mirror, hair-brush and comb.

With thanks and best wishes to you and the club.

Yours,
ANGELINE COLL."

MONEY for Christmas

WE'RE all beginning to think of Christmas. Then the Treasure Chest will do its most wonderful work! It will bring you the money for lovely things for father and mother and sister and brother and husband and baby—and will tuck something nice away in your own stocking, too. Did you ever hear of a way to earn Christmas money that puts gifts into your own stocking besides? I wonder if many of you won't want to give your girl friends the silk stockings for Christmas that you can get out of the Treasure Chest. Every girl is just wild over silk stockings at Christmas. And—oh, yes! I'm having made some of the daintiest Christmas cards for you. Such dreams! But I'll tell you about them later.

It does seem to me as though every girl married or not married in the United States is a Daughter, as we have so many and we are so busy with your money and our gifts. But common sense tells me that we can't have all of you yet; so all you girls who are outside, come in. Come in and join us. We have fun and sensible work and good things that we want to share.

Of course, if you have all the money you ever want, and there isn't a thing on earth you'd buy if you had a little more, then you don't want to join. But I never heard of a girl like that. There's a girl we know of whose father is a millionaire; she's in heaps of trouble and misery because she wants a little extra money her father won't give and she doesn't know how to earn it.

But you know how. You know all you have to do is to write me a little letter or a card and tell me your name and address and, if you choose, just what you'd like to have money for. I'm here at this desk to answer questions and solve problems. Let's begin right away.

I have a secret. I wasn't going to tell it until next month, but it is so good I must tell you now. Our new gift is the daintiest wrist watch you ever saw. I have been wearing one of these watches myself to see if it would keep time, and it is simply perfect.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure.

The Gift for All Time

Lot 2805—Ladies' solid gold Tango ring with four genuine white pearls and centre stone either genuine garnet or any birthstone. Price . . $6.00

Lot 2806—Ladies' solid gold cluster ring with four genuine white pearls and centre stone simulating diamond-shaped garnet or any birthstone. . . $7.00

For that birthday, that festival, that "special occasion," that brother, sister, sweetheart, father, mother, husband, wife, give a beautiful ring—one that will endure for years to come—a *perfect* gift. Rings of beauty, durability and pleasure are

W-W-W Guaranteed Rings

All W.-W.-W. Rings are so wonderfully fashioned in the world's largest ring factory that the guarantee says—*a stone ever comes out or is smashed we guarantee to re-place and reset it free.* This covers all stones but diamonds.

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For men, women, youths and maids. At $5, $8, $8, $10 and up. As much or as little as you wish to pay. All bands solid gold set with white sapphires, turquoises, sapphires, rubies, garnets, zardonyx, amethyst, alexandrite, opal and semi-precious stones. Natural or all the birthstones.

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Go to your jeweler. Ask to be shown his big assortment of W.-W.-W. Guaranteed Rings. Try them on. See how much better they look than the pictures. Remember that they are made by an exclusive ring house—that the guarantee makes your gift a gift for all time. If your dealer should be out of them, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

$5 Special

See the $5 Special W.-W.-W. Rings. A most unusual value. Ask for Model's Rings. Our own idea—designed and patented by us—is a rich coral cameo setting. Let us help you buy. Send for interesting booklet on rings. It is free. Write for it today.

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No previous experience is necessary. We show you how to make money in an easy, pleasant and profitable way. Two lady agents began in their home town in Virginia and each made over

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THIS IS JOAN SAWYER

the best dancer in America, in her interpretation of the Hesitation Waltz. Pictures and text showing this and other new steps and how to do them, in the October

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15c. on all news-stands

TO THE MOTHER AND MOTHER-TO-BE

The Woman's Home Companion is back of all Better Babies Movements —133,421 babies have been tested and measured by the Better Babies Bureau of the Woman's Home Companion. A new service for mothers, even more wonderful and far reaching, is described in the October

WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Furniture & Rugs of Quality

The world's greatest merchandise bargains are now awaiting you. A $10,000,000.00 concern, who specializes in bargains, is eager to share its savings with you. You can buy furniture from bankrupt factory stocks, in some instances, for less than the manufacturer's cost for labor and materials. You can share in rugs that were sold under the hammer at America's largest mill auction, where the sales were over a million dollars a day.

We buy and sell only for CASH, which alone means a big saving over the prices possible to make by anyone extending credit. We have no losses, either from dishonesty or inability to pay, we have no extensive collection department with large attorneys' fees—no local or traveling representatives—or other high overhead which you who buy from us must pay.

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This 7-Piece Set $16.25

Swell Front Dresser $6.98

Why Pay 50% to 70% More?

Real Leather $6.65

This set contains a splendidly made extension table with 42-inch top; non-binding slides, extra heavy legs, well ivy, look; 6 genuine leather, box seat, solid quartered oak chairs, neat, strong and lasting. Golden glow finish. Regular price saves you about nine dollars. Order set No. 1-DJ-5203.

$5.65—Steel Bed—$5.65

Practical size. Four drawers with swell fronts,—24 by 30-inch French bevel-edge plate mirror,—dou-ble bot. Excellently constructed and finished in golden quarter-sawed oak. Order No. 1-DJ-5414 ..... **$6.98**

2-inch continuous post steel bed with five 7/8-inch fillers, 68 inches high at head. Better made and finished than many at $10.00. New child-less style. Any size, any color, including Verona Marble gold. Order No. 1-DJ-5144 ..... **$5.65**

This roomy rocker is fine enough for any parlor. Golden quartered oak or birch mahogany finish. Black or Spanish leather spring seat and upholstered back. Regular $7.50 grade. Order 1-DJ-36 ..... **$6.65**

The Year's *Biggest* Mattress Bargains

This mattress is made entirely of elastic cotton felt in layers. Its equal will regularly cost you $8.00. Has an extra good tick. Imperial roll edges and 108 cotton tufts. Made of new materials to meet pure food laws of seven States. Priced at less than wholesale, and absolutely guaranteed to 60 Nights' Trial. Order 1-DJ-34. Sold subject to Any size..... **$4.65**

Wardrobe $4.95

Roomy double door wardrobe with oak front,—golden finish. 79 inches high,—40 inches wide. Hat shelf and ample hooks inside. Full with drawer below. Worth $6.50 1-DJ-336.... **$4.95**

Solid Oak Roll Top, $10.95

The best desk ever offered at such a price. Is made of solid oak, rich, even golden finish. Frictionless, dust proof curtain both pedestal drawers automatically.

Right side partitioned for books. Practical letter file with hinged cover —bigger racks, pencil racks, two drawers and open stationery compartments. Worth $17.50 at retail anywhere. 47 inches long, 43 inches high. Order 1-DJ-3... **$10.95**

Look at this $12 Table $6.65

For a Limited Time Only

$15.95 Buys This NEW Oak Cabinet

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You Save ½

Splendidly made on heavy Colonial lines; 3¼ ft. long. Large drawer. Rich, golden quarter-sawed oak finish. We guarantee this to surpass most $12.00 tables in design, strength and beauty. Order No. DJ-1. Price..... **$6.65**

Dozens of other snaps in all kinds of tables in our big catalog.

$14.70 BUYS THIS BIG Bed Davenport NOW

Real Worth $22.50

A handsome, comfortable davenport which opens up to a full length, double bed. Massive golden quartered oak frame. Seat and back tufted over the best all-steel spring construction. 80 inches long. Full length, wardrobe box for bedding below. Order 1-DJ-836. Cov. with figured velour or Chase artificial leather **$14.70**

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One of our finest kitchen cabinets. Made of solid oak throughout, golden waterproof finish. No desirable necessary feature lacking. 42 inches wide. Has sliding nickeled top. With enameled canopy,—tilting sifter flour bin,—self-feeding sugar bin,—Venetian glass doors, —metal bread box with sliding top,—glass tea, coffee and spice jars. Too many other features to mention. Order 1-DJ-38 ..... **$15.95**

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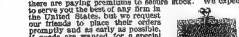
New Coat, Fan and Purse Chain
CHRISTMAS NOVELTY FOR 1914



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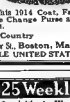

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The New Color-Embroidered Frocks

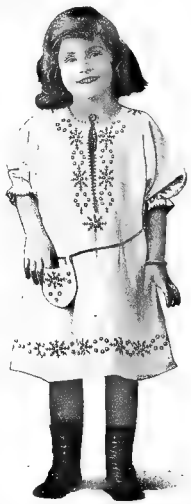
Peasant Smocks from Eastern and Southeastern Europe Furnish Ideas for the Small Maid's Clothes

DESIGNS BY JUTTA HOYBERG

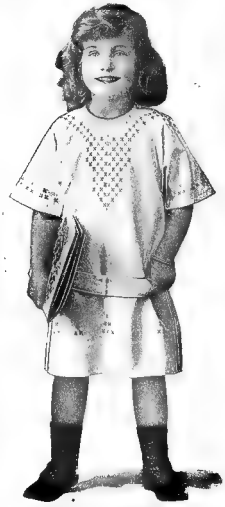
No. 12097—Cross-stitch flower motifs in red and yellow cotton floss give a delightfully barbaric touch to a dress of fine white cotton crêpe

No. 12097—Nothing smarter in frocks for little girls has been shown this season than these simple models of white cotton or linen, in one piece from neck to hem, and with no trimming or decoration of any sort save hand embroidery worked out in rather bright shades of the primary colors. They are the easiest things possible to make yet they have a decided chic of their own, and are being worn by the best-dressed children. Hungary, Bohemia, the Austrian Tyrol, Servia, Bulgaria all contribute motifs and designs for the embroidery, and the effect while primitive and barbaric, is really fetching. The first frocks imported were of unbleached cotton, without a scrap of dressing, but nowadays the embroidery is applied to linen, piqué, chambray, cotton crêpe and voile, as it looks well on all these fabrics. Little girls from four to ten years of age wear the frocks, and they are very comfortable, the looseness giving the freedom the growing child requires. On this model of white cotton crêpe a leaf and flower design is worked in red, yellow and blue cotton floss, the stems and flowers in cross-stitch, with conventional leaves in solid stitch. Eight motifs are applied to the lower part of the dress in border effect, one on the waist at the center-front and back, and one along the top of each sleeve. For the embroidery be careful to select a good quality of floss that is guaranteed to wash, or the colors will run into each other, and into the material, and this, considering the time and work that enter into the making of even such simple frocks as these, is very disheartening. Transfer pattern of embroidery containing 12 motifs, price, 15 cents. Nothing but the embroidery is furnished in the pattern, but a cunning dress to which the embroidery may be applied is provided in tissue pattern No. 5093, sizes ½, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12095 -Fashioned of white linen this frock would be the very essence of smartness with Russian border of blue, red and yellow worked in solid and outline stitches. The dress is slashed at the center-front for an opening, both sides of which are bordered with embroidery motifs, and a cunning pocket, also embroidered, is attached to the red cord that so quaintly girdles the waist. Tissue pattern No. 5844 is suggested for developing the dress. No allowance is made for the pocket, nor for the slash in front, but both these suggestions are easily carried out. The pocket is like an apron pocket, cut double, and stitched together all around except at the top, where the edges are finished off separately so as to leave an opening into which the child may place a tiny handkerchief. Transfer pattern of border 1½ inch wide, 3 yards in pattern, price, 15 cents. Tissue pattern No. 5844, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. Price, 10 cents.



No. 12095—Of distinctly Russian type is this frock of sheer white voile with cleverly worked cut border done in solid and outline stitches



No. 12094—Fine white piqué or voile makes the best background for this dainty cross-stitch embroidery that is done in bold yellow, dull old blue and warm reds, with a touch of black

No. 12096—The quaintest of little frocks is this gathered at the neck and with attractive border at hem, on sleeves and outlining the opening

No. 12094—Softly gathered at the neck, this dear little frock of sheer white voile or the finest of piqué with cross-stitch embroidery would make a charming party frock, especially if silk or mercerized cotton floss in pastel shades were chosen. For more practical service the sturdier fabrics such as linen and chambray would be suitable, with the embroidery done in bolder colors. The dress may hang loose from the neck, or may be belted in as pictured, making the belt of the dress material, or of wide ribbon velvet, in black, or one of the colors employed in the embroidery. Or a patent leather belt may be worn. Transfer pattern of embroidery, price, 15 cents. Tissue pattern No. 4887 is suggested for the dress, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. Price, 10 cents.

No. 12096—Just the thing for the wee maid who is going to kindergarten is this attractive dress, which, with its fulness at neck and sleeves immediately suggests fabrics of soft, supple weave, not necessarily costly, for cotton crêpe and voile lend themselves admirably to such a design, and yet they are quite inexpensive. Of the two the busy mother will no doubt prefer cotton crêpe, as it is easy to wash, and requires no ironing. A good shaking and pulling is all that is necessary to make it presentable after it has been washed and dried. The embroidery takes the form of a border applied along the hem and the top of the sleeves, and also to outline the edges of the slash on the front of the dress. The neck may be faced, using this facing as a casing through which a fine silk cord is run to regulate the fulness to fit the little wearer's neck, and then tied in a bow with tasseled ends in front. Any color cotton floss may be utilized in working out this embroidery, or white may be substituted if preferred. Of course there is no risk of colors running when white is employed, but the colored embroidery is so much newer and so very much more effective on frocks of simple line, that its use is advised. So very plain in design are the frocks that there is nothing to distract the eye from the smartness of the colored embroidery. The dresses will not be boiled. Dress No. 4838 is suggested for this model, though the pattern makes no allowance for the slash in front. This is a simple matter though, merely cutting the dress down from the neck at the center-front as far as is necessary to slip it on over the head. Embroidery design containing three yards of border, 2½ inches wide, price, 15 cents. Tissue pattern No. 4838, sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Price, 10 cents.

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents, at all Pictorial Review Pattern agencies, or by mail from The Pictorial Review Company, New York, 20 cents.

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Practical Novelties To Beautify the Nursery

Some Charming Suggestions That May Be Carried Out At Small Expense

No. 12105—Planting Hollyhocks are appliqued on the softly padded cushions

No. 12105—Designed to match the chairs is the wicker sofa, gay with ribbons and appliqued flowers

No. 12105—To rock the Baby Bunting in, what could be cozier or more attractive?

No. 12105—Appliqué work, so long forgotten and unused, has been revived recently to decorate and make gay the nursery of the most important person in the household, the Baby. So wonderfully effective is it, and with so little trouble and expense can it be worked out, that it is small wonder mothers all over the country are taking it up enthusiastically. Newest of all are the flower motifs illustrated on this page, prim and sweet as the old-time posies of grandmother's garden; and these flowers, morning-glories, hollyhocks, poppies and wallflowers may be used to decorate the living-room, the dining-room and guest-chamber as well. A set of plain wicker furniture may be painted white, then overlaid at sides, back and seat with softly padded and quilted white sateen or cream color chambray or linen, on which gay hollyhocks are appliquéd. The work is very simple. The transfer pattern gives the form of the flower to be used, which must be cut from the material and then carefully basted onto the background of quilted linen or chambray. All edges are overcast onto the foundation with small even stitches, and by doing this with contrasting color silk floss a very pretty effect is obtained. From this one pattern as many motifs as are needed may be cut. Against the white or cream background, quite vivid colors are permissible, and the shades of the natural hollyhock, bright warm pinks, and reds, yellows and purples outlined with black are wonderfully effective. The pads for the furniture should be made removable for laundering, and they may be tied to the chairs and sofa with ribbon matching the flowers. Transfer pattern may be had of motifs 7, 9, 11 and 13½ inches high. Transfer pattern of each size, price, 15 cents.

No. 12104—Not alone to the nursery, but the living-room and library as well would this lamp-shade be a charming adjunct. Green and rose are the best colors to select for the lamp-shade, which must be made over a brass frame, and a narrow, shirred puffing of pale blue silk or some silk and cotton material makes a dainty finish for the top and bottom. This pattern contains a bird, lamp-shade and crib motif all of which are very dainty. The motif for the lamp-shade consists of conventional flowers and leaves, while the bird motif is appliquéd on the cunning little cart that can be turned into a crib. It is made of unpainted wood, and is covered inside and out with quilted sateen or chambray on which the birds, in blue, cardinal and gray are appliquéd. A coverlet and pillow cover should be made to match, and a band of darker quilting finishes the bottom of the cart on the outside. A shirred canopy of some dark green silk or silk and cotton material protects Baby from the sun when he takes his outing. Transfer pattern of bird motif is 4x3¼ inches; lamp-shade 8½x3¼ inches high, and flower motif for crib 6x7 inches high. Transfer pattern of the three designs, price, 15 cents.

No. 12104—Beautiful and artistic would be a lamp-shade of rose color linen with conventional flowers and leaves appliqued

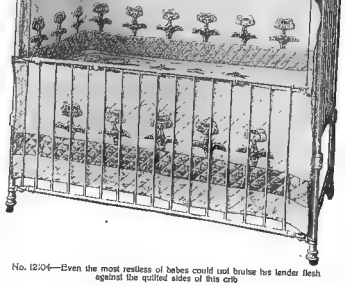
No. 12107—Here is pictured another of those cunning little hand-made contrivances that can be converted from a crib to a perambulator. This is also of unpainted wood, covered inside and out with quilted material in any desired color, and with flowers appliqued to form a sort of border. A long handle is attached in front for pulling the improvised perambulator, and a canopy is necessary, preferably of dark green for keeping off the sun. This motif can be used as a border on a crib quilt, or it would make a very effective frieze for the nursery. Transfer pattern of motif 9 and 12 inches high, and a large motif 12 inches high by 19½ inches wide, price, 15 cents.

Any of the separate motifs shown on this page could be used in the form of a border or frieze on the nursery wall, the birds in particular being very appropriate, and very pleasing to the small inmates. Cut them from paper, burlap, sateen or heavy linen crash, and paste them carefully and on the wall. As a border for curtains they would also be effective, but for this purpose, the motifs should be cut from a lighter fabric such as silkoline, pongee, etc., and appliquéd to the curtains with silk thread.

Portières may be treated in the same manner, and many charming color contrasts may be worked out at little cost, not alone for the baby's room but for the other rooms as well.

Soft, rich silks appear to be heavily embroidered with their appliqué designs in pale rose, lavender, violet, mellow browns and umbrous greens, while a welcome note in the denim or burlap portières and other hangings invites one to a cheery living-room or bedroom.

Designs on this page reproduced by courtesy of Best & Co.



No. 12104—Even the most restless of babes could not bruise his tender flesh against the quilted sides of this crib

No. 12106—So natural are the birds, it seems as if they must burst into song

No. 12107—By night a crib, a cunning perambulator by day

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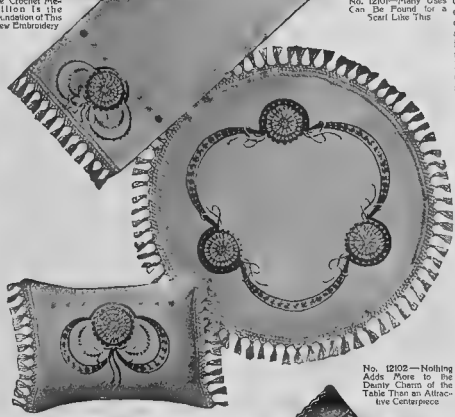
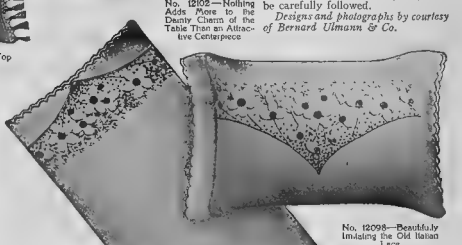


No. 12101—Many Uses Can Be Found for a Scarf Like This

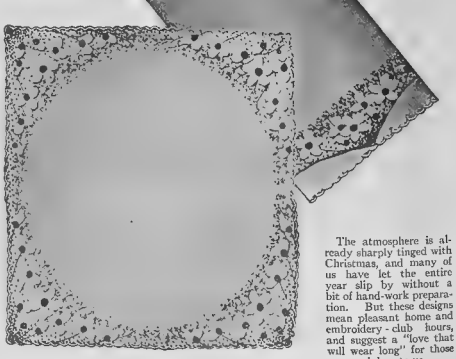
No. 12103—An Unusually Pretty Pillow Top

No. 12102—Nothing Adds More to the Dainty Charm of the Table Than an Attractive Centerpiece



No. 12098—Beautifully Imitating the Old Italian Lace

No. 12099—On White Linen the Greens and Yellows of the Embroidery Show Up Marvelously



No. 12100—Nature's Own Color Scheme Is Worked Out

No. 12098—Another novelty for the dining-room is the Narcissus set, illustrated at the lower part of the page, and exploiting under the name of "Florentine crochet" a very good imitation of old Florentine lace. An unusually pretty pillow top is pictured worked out in this way. The narcissus is first crocheted, then the embroidery is done in seeding or French knots with the stems of the narcissus and border in outline stitches, and the scalloped edges buttonholed. Many color combinations are possible, but the color scheme Nature devised, yellow, green and white, is most effective. The pillow top is 24 inches by 9½ inches. Transfer pattern, price, 15 cents.

No. 12099—This shows a lovely scarf to match the pillow top, that can be used for buffet, sideboard, or dresser, and which should be carried out in the same color scheme and stitches. The buttonhold scallops form a very effective edging and one that will wear splendidly, if the scallops are carefully done. Natural color or white linen may be chosen, as preferred. Transfer pattern of two ends, 16½ inches wide, price, 15 cents.

No. 12100—An effect of elaboration is given by this centerpiece, though it is in reality quite simple in execution, and can be finished very quickly. Stitches and color scheme should be the same as for the scarf and pillow top. A set of this sort would make a very satisfactory addition to the prospective bride's hope chest, or an effective wedding gift. Or for the housekeeper who is on the lookout for "something different" for her dining-room, nothing could be more lovely. Transfer pattern of centerpiece 34 inches in diameter, price, 15 cents.

Directions for making the narcissus in crochet and also for making Venetian Disk crochet medallions will be sent by the Embroidery Editor on receipt of 10 cents for each set, and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Directions as to materials, etc., must be carefully followed.

Designs and photographs by courtesy of Bernard Ulmann & Co.

No. 12101—Every housekeeper welcomes new suggestions for the embroideries with which she embellishes her dining-room, and there is no more fascinating work than this Venetian Disk, which combines crochet medallions with lazy daisy, outline and solid satin stitches. Linen in the natural shade would work out very effectively and inexpensively, and the embroidery may be done in soft shades of red, blue, leaf browns, greens, or any colors that may be preferred, and that will harmonize with the dining-room hangings and furnishings. Embroidered sets for the dining-room generally consist of a centerpiece, a scarf for buffet or sideboard, which could be duplicated for the luncheon table, and a pillow top. This scarf illustrated here is very attractive with each end embroidered, and finished with natural color linen fringe three inches deep. The scarf measures 15⅝ inches by 9½ inches. Transfer pattern containing two ends, price, 15 cents.

No. 12102—The centerpiece that forms part of this unique set is 28 inches in diameter, but should a larger one be desired, the embroidery may be placed on a 36-inch square of linen. It, too, shows a combination of crochet medallions and embroidery to match the scarf, and is finished with the same sort of fringe. Transfer pattern, price, 15 cents.

No. 12103—No one can have too many pillows, and a roomy window-seat piled with attractive cushions, is certainly an inviting picture. Natural color linen or monie cloth embroidered to match the scarf and centerpiece would make an effective cushion top, and the oblong shape is a welcome change from the square ones to which we are accustomed. Fringe finishes each end, and the back of the pillow may be of the same material as the front, without the embroidery. The top is 16½ inches by 13 inches. Transfer pattern, of this very charming pillow top design, price, 15 cents.

The atmosphere is already sharply tinged with Christmas, and many of us have let the entire year slip by without a bit of hand-work preparation. But these designs mean pleasant home and embroidery-club hours, and suggest a "love that will wear long" for those near and dear to us.

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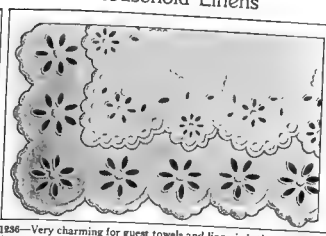
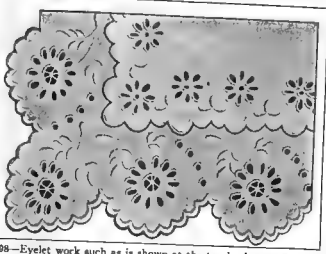
Scallops in Many Styles

A Pretty Finish for Lingerie and Household Linens



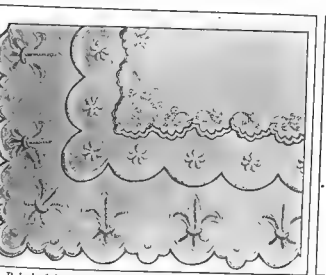
No. 11236—Very charming for guest towels and lingerie is the upper scallop design worked in eyelet and solid stitches, with the scallops buttonholed. The design is 3 inches deep, and 4 yards and 4 corners are provided. Transfer pattern, price, 15 cents.

No. 11185—A dainty scallop and daisy border 2 inches deep such as is shown in the lower illustration makes a very pretty finish and is not hard to work. Allowance is made in the transfer pattern for 3 yards and 4 corners. Price, 15 cents.



No. 11408—Eyelet work such as is shown at the top is always effective whether used on household linens, lingerie, or children's frocks. This is 2 inches deep, and the transfer pattern provides 3 yards and 6 corners. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11237—Just the thing to finish the flounce of a white petticoat is the lower scalloped border which is worked in eyelet and solid stitches with buttonholed scallops. It is 3 inches deep and 4 yards and 4 corners are given in the transfer pattern. Price, 15 cents.



No. 11184—Baby's dainty frocks will be made still prettier by trimming with the border at the top of the illustration which is 1½ inch deep. Transfer pattern of 4 yards and 4 corners. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11189—The second design of the group above is a floral border 1½ inch deep, and the transfer pattern contains 6 yards and 4 corners. Price, 15 cents.

No. 11657—A popular decorative border is the fleur de lis, shown at the bottom, 2½ inches deep. Transfer pattern of 3 yards and 4 corners. Price, 15 cents.

$125.00 IN CASH PRIZES TO BE DIVIDED AMONG THE READERS OF THE EMBROIDERY DEPARTMENT

WE AIM to make the Embroidery Department of this Magazine of the greatest possible practical value to you, and to this end we invite your criticism and suggestions. Bear in mind that in one way these pages are yours, and are meant to furnish You with just what You want to know along the lines of embroidery, crochet, and all sorts of fancy work stitches. Write and tell us just what You would like to see in this department; also what You don't like about the designs and articles now appearing in it; what are You missing in the way of new ideas and stitches; what kind of material do You consider of benefit to the needleworker?

Here is a chance for the enterprising, resourceful woman to make some Christmas money. We want you to write us freely of your ideas, suggestions and criticisms and we will pay $5 apiece to the twenty-five contributors whose suggestions, ideas or criticisms are most helpful to us. This money to be paid on December 1st, 1914.

All suggestions and offerings must be legibly written or typed on one side of the paper only, and be in the Editor's hands by November 1st. NO CONTRIBUTIONS WILL BE RETURNED. The contest is open to all. Address: Embroidery Competition Editor, Pictorial Review, 222-226 West 39th Street, New York.

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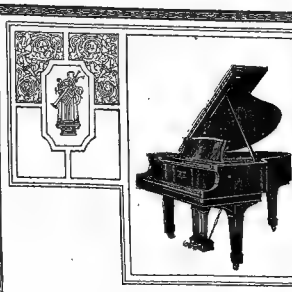

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The Dressmaking Lesson

A Charming Redingote Basque

By MARGARET BRYCE

SELDOM in so short a time does a new fashion become so popular as has the basque. Worn at first by a few society women in quest of novelty, the prim straight lines, the demure front buttoning looked so smart that its success was soon assured; and in every fashionable tea-room and restaurant, at races and all outdoor sports, at theater and dance—in fact, everywhere that well-dressed women congregate, the basque is in evidence.

And the reason for this wide-spread popularity? Well, in the first place the basque, especially when attached to a tunic in redingote style, is becoming to women of every type of figure; for despite its severe lines, it does not accentuate the curves of the form, but descends from the shoulders and bust in straight semi-fitting lines that are kind to slender and stout women alike.

Another reason is that it can be made of all sorts of fabrics except those of very heavy or wiry texture. Serge, satin, gabardine, broadcloth, wool poplin, crêpe and even the soft silks all lend themselves to the lines of the basque.

Practically no trimming save buttons and a bit of silk or organdy for the collar and revers is required; and this, together with the fact that it is very easy to make, combine in a strong double appeal to the home dressmaker.

No. 1—Redingote Basque No. 5839
Accordion-pleated Skirt No. 4744

Before cutting into your material, lay the tissue pattern up to you to see whether any alterations are necessary. Very frequently the pattern fits perfectly, when the correct size is purchased, but should it be a trifle long-waisted, a tuck may be taken in the pattern front and back two inches above waistline. If short-waisted, slash it two inches above waistline, and insert a piece of paper wide enough to give the correct waist length.

Cut the lining first, and for this use a soft-finish percaline or batiste if you intend to make the basque of serge or any wool fabric. If you choose satin, which is very fashionable, a lining of China silk would be best. Smooth the pattern pieces out carefully, and lay them on the lining, pinning to position with sharp pins. Mark all perforations in colored thread, using a different color for each set of perforations and do not cut the notches too deep. But three-eighths of an inch seam is allowed, except on underarm and shoulders, and when the notches are cut to the stitching, the material is apt to tear out. Before basting the lining together, gently stretch the neck and shoulder edges, to make them fit the figure curves. Baste the hems at the notches, and baste the darts along the perforations marked on pattern, being very careful to match the right perforations.

After joining all the seams according to the notches, try the lining on, and make any necessary alterations. Do not fit it too closely over the bust. It should lie smoothly but easily over bust and shoulders. It should not draw at any point, so be sure the fit is loose enough to be comfortable.

If you have to alter the lining, baste these alterations in with small stitches, and try on again before seaming on the machine. When the fit is satisfactory, stitch the seams just outside the bastings so as not to tighten the lining in any way.

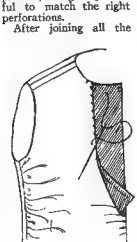
Sew small hooks and eyes alternately on the hems, as there is less danger of the lining opening when fastened in this way. If you sew all the hooks on one side and all the eyes on the other, the lining will be sure to gap.

After pressing all seams open flat, and overcasting them, sew the lower edge of the lining to a foundation girdle which can be bought by the yard in the notion department of any dry goods shop, and this, too, must be fastened with hooks and eyes. A line of perforations indicate just where to attach the lining to the girdle or stay. Illustration No. 2 shows the adjustment of lining and foundation girdle.

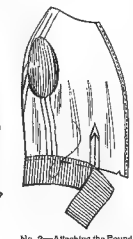
The basque is very easy to make as it is has no seams save at the underarm and shoulder, the slight fulness eliminating the need for side-front seams or darts. Before joining the seams, underface the fronts from the edge to the double "oo" perforations, and this facing forms the revers, when the waist fronts are rolled back, so it should be applied neatly. If you are making the basque of black satin, white organdy, white satin or crêpe de Chine will form a dainty facing. Gather the front and back sections between the double "TT" perforations, and baste underarm and shoulder seams. Then try on the basque over the lining.

After stitching the underarm seams, sew a tape about twelve inches long and one-half inch wide along the seam on the inside to hold the gathers in position. The underarm and shoulder seams of the basque and lining are joined separately, but at the armhole, the sleeves, the lining and the basque are all joined. That is, the sleeves are sewed into the armhole of both lining and basque, and this holds them together. If the cape is used, it should be lined with white satin, turning under the edges of cape and lining about three-eighths of an inch, and hemming the lining onto the outside as shown in illustration No. 7. The Directoire collar may be of the black satin lined with white satin like the cape, or it may be of white faille. Illustration No. 11 shows the lining and boning of the collar. Three wires are generally used.

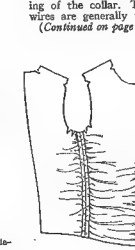
(*Continued on page 55*)



No. 3—Pacing the Front of the Basque To Form the Revers



No. 2—Attaching the Foundation Girdle or Stay to the Lining



No. 4—Front and Back of Basque Gathered and Joined at Underarm

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How To Make Your Money Buy More

A $23.50 Dress for $15.85

By Mrs. Elizabeth Davis Brown

A woman in P——, New Jersey, saw just the dress she wanted at her retail store for $23.50. At a neighbor's, she saw the Charles William Stores Fashion Book. From it, she got exactly the same dress for $15.85. With the $7.65 saved, she got a hat for $4.50 and a pair of shoes for $3.

Thus, with the same amount she got dress, hat and shoes for what she would have had to pay the retail dealer for the dress alone.

City women used to have all the advantage over women living in smaller towns or in the country. At the clearance Sales, at the end of each season, they could get articles of all kinds at big reductions. At these sales, the stores were so crowded you almost had to fight your way in.

If it were possible to sell at such prices at the end of the season, why couldn't it be done at the beginning, when the styles were new and women wanted them most?

This is just what the Charles William Stores do. Women everywhere can now get New York styles *now*, when they want them, and actually for less.

At last the variety you want.

Under one roof, all the Charles William Stores are grouped together. The Charles William Dress Store, Waist Store, Millinery Store, The Charles William Children's Outfitting Store, The Charles William Shoe Store, etc. Together they carry complete lines of a *hundred and twenty-five thousand different* articles.

In one store alone, they carry a stock that would take six continuous city blocks of stores to display.

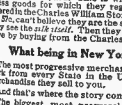
You can imagine what a variety this gives *you* to choose from.

Two profits done away with — You get the saving

All of this merchandise they buy direct from *factories* and sell to you at less than the retail store *pays* for its merchandise.

The thousands of factories know that when they buy these new merchandises they can sell to the Charles William Stores in vast quantities *for cash*. This is why they are willing to sell at prices much lower than they regularly sell to wholesalers, who in turn must add *their* profit and expense to sell to the retail stores. And the retailers must add their profits and expense to sell to you.

A GLIMPSE OF FIFTH AVENUE, WHERE THE SHOPPING IS AMONG THE MOST EXPENSIVE IN AMERICA


MR. HUGH L. HIRD, VANDERBILT'S TOWN MANAGER IS THE BIGGEST BOSS

For example—a large mill had a fine dress fabric which they sold to jobbers for 37½c, who sold it to wholesalers regularly for 50c, which was retailed at $1.00 a yard. This fabric in large quantities they offered the Charles William Stores at a price which enabled them to list it in their Fashion Book for 37½ a yard. This is why women seeing dress goods for which they regularly pay $1.00, come to the Charles William Stores Fashion Book for 50, can't believe they are the same quality until they see the *silk itself*. Then they realize what they save by buying from the Charles William Stores.

What being in New York means

The most progressive merchants come to New York from every State in the Union to buy the merchandise to send to you.

And that's where the story comes in.

The biggest, most progressive buyers come twice a year. But the vast majority must wait till the wholesalers send their traveling men to them. The Charles William Stores, located right in New York, are there all the time at the Nation's Gateway of Trade.

They know styles and values as no visitor to New York can know them. They know hundreds of designers and manufacturers whom the visiting merchant hasn't time to see. Being on the ground, they work out with them special styles, made expressly for the Charles William Stores.

Promptly delivered at your door

On whatever you intend to buy, for yourself, husband or brother, the boys or girls, or little folks, you will find the assortments as great as on the dress goods mentioned, and everything will be *delivered free to your door*. If for any reason you shouldn't like them, the Charles William Stores want you to return them, and your money will be refunded in full, together with any express or parcels post charges you pay.

Send for whatever style you want; try it on; if you aren't perfectly satisfied, return it at the expense of the Charles William Stores; for pleased customers is what the business is founded upon.

It is the unsolicited testimony like that of the women in P——, New Jersey, who saved $7.65 on a dress alone, that has made so many women send the Charles William Stores Fashion Book each season that the postage stamps alone for sending it out cost over half a million dollars a year. Write today for your copy of the fall issue—NEW YORK STYLES. It is called —and see how many more things your money will buy this fall and how much better style and quality they'll be. Write today to

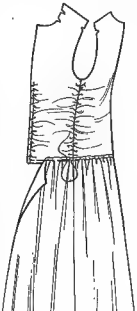
Charles William Stores
The Nation's Gateway
939 Stores Building, 115 East 23rd St., New York

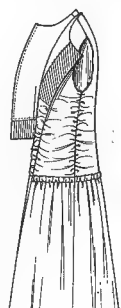
The Dressmaking Lesson

(*Continued from page 54*)

THESE serve to hold the collar up for a couple of inches, and it then rolls over. Join the cape and collar to the neck of the basque, and cover the seam with a bias facing of white satin on the inside. One of the charms of the basque is the front buttoning, so close this with buttons and buttonholes. Barrel-shaped jet buttons are smart, and after cutting the buttonholes carefully, instead of working them with the regulation buttonhole stitch, bind them with black satin or braid as shown in illustration No. 9.

Long sleeves are generally worn with a basque, though perforations permit of shortening the sleeves of this model.

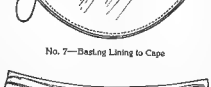

No. 5—Gathering the Tunic at Top and Attaching to Basque


No. 6—Tunic and Basque Attached, Showing Facing for Revers

Gather between double "TT" perforations, close seam as notched, and draw in gathers to fit. Adjust the sleeve to the armhole, easing in any fulness; and holding the sleeve toward you when basting and stitching it into the armhole. Turn under the scalloped edge and face with a bias strip of white satin. Illustration No. 10 shows how this is done.

Join the tunic as notched. For the open front, slash down the fold at the center-front, and turn under the front edges at small "o" perforations for a hem. On a satin tunic, the hems should be done by hand or hemstitched. A serge tunic may be hemmed by machine, or bound with braid. The lower edge may be hemmed if the tunic is long enough for it. But no hem is allowed for. If just the right length, it may be faced with self-material.

No. 7—Basting Lining to Cape


No. 8—Girdle Plaited on Foundation

Gather the upper edge of the tunic between the double "TT" perforations, and sew to the lower edge of the basque as illustrations Nos. 5 and 6 show. Cover the joining with a girdle of black satin, which is cut on a fold at center-front, and is plaited at the back edges, placing "T" on the small "o" perforation. Tack the plaits lightly to position, and fasten with snap fasteners or with hooks and eyes.

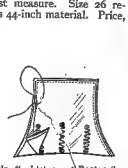
A foundation of lining may be used for the girdle. Illustration No. 8 shows it laid in plaits. If a bow is desired as a finish, make two loops of the satin and sew at the back of the girdle, covering the fastening.

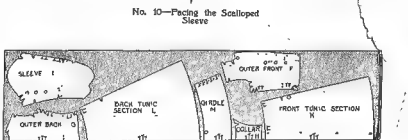
Any further information that may be desired on dressmaking subjects or questions of style, I shall be glad to answer if, in writing, a stamp is enclosed. If black satin is to be used for making this redingote basque, an accordion-plaited skirt of the satin would be very smart, and No. 4744 illustrated with the basque on page 54, would be a good selection. It is cut with straight lower edge, and is made with raised waistline, to be hung from a foundation girdle. A hem is allowed for at lower edge, and there is but one seam—at the center-back which should be closed to the large "o" perforation, above which it is left open for a placket.

Redingote Basque No. 5839, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires if made with cape, 4½ yards 44-inch material, and ⅝ yard 27-inch lining. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4744, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

No. 9—Binding the Button-holes

No. 10—Facing the Scalloped Sleeve


No. 11—Lining and Boning the Collar



No. 12—Cutting Guide 5839; Pattern Laid on Fold of 54-inch Material

The Basque Dress $6.96

So marked in the vogue for the basque dress. It needs no emphasis by us. Made of lustrous Satin with long shaped panel front and back; trimmed girdle and flaring tunic. Vest of cream Net with pearl buttons. New high collar of cream shadow lace. Long sleeves. Ample width for walking. In black, brown or Copen Messaline. Sizes 32 to 44. State size and color desired.
No. 2868A1620
Prepaid $6.98

The New Cape Coat $6.98

The most talked of of all garments—the cape coat! The very successful model is of the broken check all-Wool cloth, unlined; collar of same cloth in tucked silk effects; deep side pockets, cape and cuffs emphasized by black Velvet piping; large roumanian buttons; collar can be worn open or turned up around neck. Either grey, blue or brown plaid. Carefully finished throughout—sizes 32–44. State size, color desired.
No. 2868A1630
Prepaid $6.98

Special Fall Offers

Values *now*, better than "clearance sales"! These special offers show how it is possible, at the Charles William Stores, to get your clothes, the very latest New York styles, now while you want them, at prices lower than ordinary end-of-the-season retail reductions. By selling direct to you from the largest market in the world, on a Low-Profit, big-volume-of-sales policy, these prices are possible. For example—

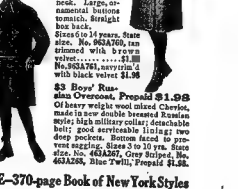
Suede Gloves 50c

No. 2868A3342. Fine quality suede, imported 12-button length velvety finish; 4 seams stitched in black; a regular 85c value in every size now here sold for 50c.

Either natural or Head Brown fancy Beaded Gloves, 12-button length, with gray Suede cuffs, also real Suede over lisle, at same price.

$3 All Silk Crepe de China Waist, $1.98

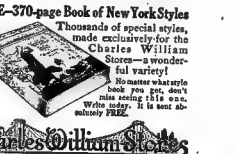
Perfectly exquisite coloring—peach, maize, blue, white, pink, the new cheruse, navy blue and black. Charmingly simple collar and cuffs of effective hemstitched crepe. Pearl buttons of beautiful design. Sizes 32 to 46. State size and color. No. 2863A1258 Prepaid $1.98



$3 Girl's All-Wool Coat Prepaid $1.98

Excellent all-wool Herringbone Cheviot; patch pockets and cuffs same material; color of striped velvet; can be worn open or buttoned up around neck. Ornamental buttons to match. Straight box back.

Sizes 6 to 14 years. State size. No. 863A766, ran trimmed with brown velvet.....Prepaid $1.98
No. 863A761, navy trim'd with black velvet $1.98



$3 Boys' Russian Overcoat, Prepaid $1.98

Of heavy weight wool mixed Cheviot, made in new double breasted Russian style; high military collar; detachable belt; good serviceable lining; two deep pockets. Buttoned to prevent sagging. Sizes 3 to 10 yrs. State size. No. 463A367, navy Striped. No. 463A368, Blue Twill, Prepaid $1.98.

FREE—370-page Book of New York Styles

Thousands of special styles, made exclusively for the Charles William Stores—a wonderful variety!

No matter what style book you got, don't miss seeing this one. Write today. It is sent absolutely FREE.

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Gossard Brassieres

The Latest Triumph of Gossard Designing

When the trend of modern styles developed the brassiere, wearers of Gossard Corsets insisted that we supply them with *Gossard* Brassieres. This happened six years ago.

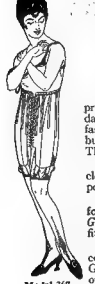
We determined that Gossard Brassieres must achieve the same style pre-eminence that has established the Gossard Company as *Corset Makers to the World.* The actual value of each garment, in material and finish, must surpass that to be found elsewhere at the same price.

Any one of the four models illustrated proclaims our success. They head a line of dozens of models. There is a style for every figure, and for every dress requirement.

You will wonder, when you see them, how we can make brassieres like Number 405, shown above, to retail at 50c each. You could hardly buy the materials used for the same money if you made it yourself. You are indeed a skilled needlewoman if you can rival the workmanship.

Number 406, designed for slight figures, is of equal value. Number 810, made from open-work mesh, and worn under the corset, and Number 2405, a shadow and cluny lace creation for thin waists and frocks, present unequaled value at $1.00 and $3.50.

The best-dressed women in New York, Chicago, London, Paris, Vienna and other style centers now wear Gossard Brassieres exclusively. We know that you will be similarly convinced by their style, wearing service and price.


Model 367 $3.50

Wear Gossard CORSETS *They Lace In Front*

Model 451 $6.50

The corsets illustrated are two new medium-priced Gossards which furnish the correct foundation for the successful wearing of this season's fashions. Each has the curved line under the bust and the slightly higher cut now demanded. The back line is flat and the hips straight.

Model 367, made from light weight Sterling cloth, is $3.50. Model 651, made from fine imported mercerized batiste, is $6.50.

Both these Gossards and the brassieres are for sale in the store in your city which sells *Gossard Corsets.* The ones you select will be fitted by a trained corsetiere.

Style service, fitting service and unrivaled corset value—these are insured by the name GOSSARD. No matter whether you pay $2.00 or $25.00 for your **Gossard Front Lace** Corset—50 cents or $1.00 for your brassiere.

Gossard Style Book on Request

If you cannot obtain Gossard Corsets or Brassieres in your city and would like to learn about them through illustration and description, write us direct. We will see that you are supplied.

The H. W. Gossard Co.
CHICAGO
Largest Makers of Fine Corsets

In Canada and foreign countries there is an increase in the price of all Gossard Corsets, caused by customs duties. (103)

Autumn Dress Needs of The Stout Woman

How New Fashions May Be Modified To Meet Her Requirements

By MARGARET BRYCE

SEASON after season has the stout woman been neglected by the great Paris couturiers, the real style creators, whose efforts have apparently been concentrated on the production of fashions for the woman of sylph-like figure who could pile ruffle upon puff and look slender still. Mournfully has the woman who turns her back when she passes a weighing machine, looked at the skimpy skirts, the puffs and bustles and bunched-up draperies, and wondered what on earth she was going to wear.

This season though, with the flounces and ruffles have come also the long flowing lines of the Russian tunic, and the straight lines of the basque, both very becoming to stout women. No chance for monotony is there either, for the tunic is of infinite variety, so that it may be worn in a dozen different styles on as many different frocks.

Some of the Russian tunic skirts give height in a wonderful manner, and the front-buttoning waist such as No. 5811 shows, furthers this illusion marvelously. Even the sash that is a dominant feature of the new modes will hardly disturb the contour, as the most fashionable ones are of soft silk or chiffon exactly matching the dress in tone, and laid in flat plaits so that they are scarcely distinguishable from the dress itself.

The New Coat Dress

FOR the first crisp autumn days I am going to suggest, instead of a suit, a coat dress like No. 5811, to be fashioned of dark blue serge or gabardine combined with black satin. Length of line so necessary to stout figures is given by buttoning the vest straight down the center-front, continuing the buttons along the center-front of the tunic. The sleeves are in raglan style, which as I have said before, is one of the most becoming types for the stout woman, as it diminishes the apparent shoulder width considerably. The open V-neck gives a becoming line, but an adjustable shield provides for high neck should this be preferred. The flat collar makes an ideal neck finish, and a smart tailory touch is given by fastening the waist fronts onto the girdle with a button and buttonhole. The four-piece tunic is gathered just a little at the top, which is better for full figures than a perfectly plain tight tunic, especially across the back. Make the waist and tunic of blue serge, and the underskirt and collar of black satin. While white makes an attractive vest, for very stout figures self-color moiré or bengaline is better.

A Smart Suit

LATER on in the Fall, when chilly winds bring home the need of warmer outer clothes, make up a suit with one of the new long coats like No. 5808, in broadcloth which is again fashionable, heavy serge, gabardine, or duvetyn, which is being brought out in a much more durable quality than was shown last Winter. As you can see from the illustration which was in the September issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW, this coat reverts to the seams that have been unused for several seasons. But do not make the mistake of fitting these seams in closely. The coat is semi-fitting, and should hang in straight lines from the shoulders. You will gain much more slenderness of appearance in this way than by fitting the seams in to your figure. The sleeves are plain tailored two-piece models, with little fulness at the top, and finished with turn-back cuffs. Bone buttons with the notched collar may be of velvet in a slightly darker tone, for velvet is the modish trimming. Perforations are given in the pattern for cutting this coat shorter, and in cutaway outline if desired, but the woman who is at all inclined to embonpoint will find the long straight garment most becoming. To combine with this coat, nothing could be smarter than a Russian tunic skirt, and two good models are Nos. 5767 and 5771. In two-piece style is the tunic of the former, plain in front but laid in flat plaits at the back, while the tunic of No. 5771 may be plaited or gathered front and back. Plaits are better for stout women, stitching them down to below the hips. A point to remember in making a long tunic skirt of contrasting material, is to have the darker material in the flounce, using the lighter one for the tunic. This will not cut the height off, but will on the contrary give a longer line to the figure. Dark seal brown, dark blue, soft gray-greens and plum shades are especially good in suits such as I have been describing, combined with self-color satin, moiré or velvet, or black satin. Velvet is to be very much in favor for dressy suits, and in black and dark colors may be worn becomingly even by very stout women, provided of course, the lines of the suit are kept long and simple.

Practical Morning Frocks

SIMPLE home and shopping dresses of serge or wool poplin can be made by patterns Nos. 5768, 5798 and 5807, all smart and thoroughly practical. No. 5753 shows a very attractive waist with raglan sleeve, below which there are a few tucks in front, and the clever closing and prettily shaped collar add chic. Provision is made in the pattern for a tunic band on the skirt, but only slender women can wear this becomingly. It is best omitted from the skirt of the stout woman.

Revers that are formed by turning back the fronts of the waist are distinguishing features of No. 5798, and the revers facing may be of self-material, or of self-color satin, faille or moiré, with flat collar of dark velvet. In raglan shaping are these sleeves, too, and high, round and square neck are among the possibilities of the pattern. An extension plait at each side of the three-piece skirt gives comfortable walking width. Buttons may be used to hold the plaits in position, and to trim the revers. In the third model, No. 5807, the back of the waist is carried over onto the front forming a yoke effect, below which the waist is tucked. The drop-shoulder line is becoming to plump figures, as is the plaited panel at the back of the skirt, the latter quite a new feature. Press the plaits very flat, and stitch them down to about flounce depth. Any of these dresses can be made up in blue serge, wool poplin, gabardine or wool crêpe for street wear, while galatea, albatross, gingham or percale would make serviceable house frocks.

Gowns for Formal Wear

A CHARMING afternoon gown that might be worn to church as well could be made by combining waist No. 5800 with skirt No. 5744. Choose a soft silk, like crêpe de Chine or a dull charmeuse in sage green, eggplant or taupe, with collar of self-color chiffon over cream Chantilly lace. A lining is needed, of net or China silk, into the armholes of which the sleeves are sewed. The waist armholes are loose from the sleeves, and they may be finished with a hem or a piping of bias silk. If high neck is preferred, a lining of fine net or lace may be applied to the lining, which is then cut away underneath as low as desired, and the standing collar should be of net also, fitted carefully to the neck, and neatly boned. So many women are careless about the way they finish the collar or sew in the bones, yet nothing looks more slovenly or detracts more from the style of a frock than an ill-fitting collar.

Very attractive is the skirt, a smart development of the fashionable Russian tunic style, gathered a little at the sides and back, but open in front to show the skirt. Do not draw the girdle into the waist. Keep it as straight as possible, and make it of the same silk as the dress, with a flat bow in front. In the October patterns you will find another pretty afternoon gown, No. 5857, in drop-shoulder style, with plaited panel on the skirt front and back. Light weight wool fabrics or silk would make up stylishly. Chic, yet simple is waist 5837 combined with tunic skirt 5869, the tunic plaited below a hip yoke; another desirable model is costume 5878, though for the stout woman, the skirt band should be omitted.

Any further information you may desire about patterns, styles, materials, etc., I shall be glad to send by mail, if you enclose a stamp for reply.

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The Fashionable Woman Wears with the New Tunic Skirt
A Smart Semi-fitting Waist or Basque
Long and Close of Sleeve

(For Descriptions and Back Views see Page 74)

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Redingote Costume 5876

Costume 5885 with Russian Tunic

Costume 5857

Costume 5872 with Russian Tunic

5876
5885

A Quartet of Street Gowns Exploiting The Vogue of Plaits, Russian Tunic, Sashed Bodice and Redingote

(For Descriptions see Page 74)

5857 5872

For a complete assortment of Costume Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York. Price of each Pattern on this Page, 15 cents, including Cutting and Construction Guide

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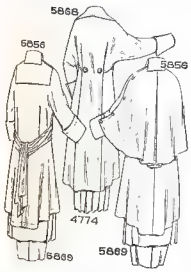
Inverness Coat 5834
Skirt 4670

Redingote 5883
Tunic Skirt 5823

Jacket 5868
Skirt 4774

Cape Coat 5856
Tunic Skirt 5869



Sharing Favor Are Voluminous Coats Akin to the Cape Family, and Long Semi-fitting Jackets

(*For Descriptions see Page 74*)

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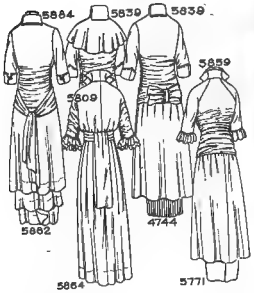

For Social Functions

The Gown of Lace or Satin Adds to Its Daintiness a Piquant Touch in the Sash Draped About the Hips

(*For Descriptions see Page 75*)

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Exquisite Evening Gowns

Flounce and Tunic of Net or Chiffon Give the Delightfully Airy Look That Is So Charming

(For Descriptions see Page 75)

Cape 5694
Waist 5712
Girdle 5880
Skirt 5882

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 236 West Madison Boulevard, Chicago. 606 North 7th Street, St. Louis. 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.: 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.: 116 Bedford Street, Boston; 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto. Price of each Pattern on this Page, 12 cents, including Cutting and Construction Guide.

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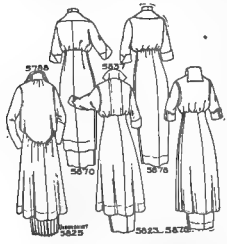
Gowns for Informal Wear Are of Simple Type

Coat Waist with Russian Tunic 5788
Underskirt 5825

Costume 5870

Waist 5837
Girdle 5880
Skirt 5823 with Russian Tunic

Costume 5878



5788 5825 5837 5823 5870 5878 Basement 5825 5623 5876

5788-5825—Practical and serviceable for autumn street wear are these coat dresses of dark blue serge or gabardine, cleverly combined with black satin. A vest and softly rolled collar of white crêpe de Chine lighten up the effect wonderfully, while a touch of braiding adds the note of individuality so necessary this season. Over an underbody with long sleeves which makes use of the black satin, is mounted the coat waist, tucked snugly into the girdle in front, but hanging free at the back—for all the world like a smart little coatee. Nothing better for making over a last season's dress could be found, working the old material into waist and tunic and purchasing new satin for the two-piece skirt which pays toll to fashion in the smart plaited or plain flounce by which it is lengthened. Coat waist No. 5788, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards 44-inch material, ¼ yard contrasting and 2 yards satin. Price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 12089, transfer pattern, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5825, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch satin and 1¼ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

5870—Velvet, in rich dark colors, such as plum, burgundy, Russian green and tête de nègre, which is a lovely dark seal brown is one of the most popular fabrics for reproducing such gowns as this, and of all trimmings, fur is the most favored. In construction the gown though elegant, is simple, a sleeveless underbody of net or China silk forming the foundation for the blouse, the back of which extends over onto the front, giving a raglan effect to the sleeves. These while pictured full-length are perforated for shorter length, and the choice of high neck with standing collar, or open neck with flare collar is given, with the added possibility of rolling it over as shown. A deep tuck just above the hem of the four-piece skirt is edged with fur giving the effect of a trimming band. A width of 1¾ yard provides comfortable walking room, and both regulation and shorter length are allowed for.

Costume No. 5870, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch material ¾ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11939 transfer pattern, 15 cents. Many of the newest fall and winter models show a touch of braiding in black soutache that is quite effective. Even newer is the open braiding design worked out in half-inch braid, or narrow folds of the dress material.

5837-5825—For comfort and practicability nothing quite equals the tailored shirtwaist of which this is a strikingly clever example. The large armhole, tucks in panel effect front and back, long close sleeves and fetching collar all proclaim allegiance to the newest modes. Perforations permit of shortening the sleeves, and an adjustable shield provides the possibility of high or round neck. Fashioned of white charmeuse, it would combine effectively with a Russian tunic skirt of white serge, a waistcoat girdle of black moiré adding just the right note. A three-piece model is the skirt about 1¾ yard wide, and with two-piece circular tunic that may be attached as illustrated, or cut off at yoke depth. Waist No. 5837, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, for ladies and misses, sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1 yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5823, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5878—In modified form, many new style features are presented in this model of black satin, with flare collar, fur-edged and cross-over sections of lace allover. Long sleeves perforated for short length, and adjustable shield with high, round or square neck offer many possibilities, and the trimming band relieves the severity of the four-piece skirt, which has a lower-edge width of about 1¾ yard. Costume No. 5878, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material, ¾ yard organdy. Price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 12058, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5876—Featuring one of the dominant autumn fashion notes, this chic redingote would be a smart addition to the winter wardrobe, developed in cinnamon brown broadcloth, with collar and revers of white satin. The underbody may show the popular open neck, or high neck with standing collar, and long sleeves perforated for short length are sewed into the armholes. An incroyable collar makes an effective finish for the outer front, cut with large armholes. Attached at high waistline is the three-piece skirt over which is hung a four-piece plaited tunic. Costume No. 5876, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material, 2 yards for underbody and vest, ¾ yard for collar and revers. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery 12078 on collar transfer pattern, 15 cents. Braiding No. 11653, on tunic, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

Redingote Costume 5876

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Street Frocks That Follow Fashion's Trend

5811—While the coat dress boasted an exceptional vogue for Spring and Summer, the Fall is its rightful season, and so eager was it for individual favor that it put in a late summer appearance, in many chic combinations of serge and taffeta, or gabardine and taffeta, the two materials running close race in the fabric list. In this smart model, unlined, we have the rather unusual feature of tab waist extension, which gives the effect of added length of line, heightened by the widely popular Russian tunic below. There are long one-piece sleeves conveniently perforated for shorter length—if preferred; and the adjustable shield affords a choice of high, round or square neck, practical for all seasons. Regulation or shorter length may be used for the skirt, which consists of a three-piece foundation lengthened by a two-piece flounce, the mounted tunic being a four-piece model slightly gathered. Many of these street dresses are made with crisp white vest of piqué or gabardine, and in many cases the soft girdle is being replaced by a stiff one of the material, which is unlined, very loosely fitted and hangs almost straight about the waist, with both edges in picot finish. Costume No. 5811, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material, with 1 yard 27-inch taffeta or satin for girdle and collar. Price, 15 cents. Braiding design No. 11151, 9 inches high by 1¼ inches wide, transfer pattern, 15 cents. A pretty finish in keeping with the much used braiding design may be carried out in buttons of the same tone, covered with the dress or trimming material or crocheted in the tone color.

5887—Many salient style points are combined in this frock, appropriate for all materials of the serge and silk families. Revers and long shoulders are becoming to the slender and stout figure alike, and the long sleeves will have fall preference, though perforations permit of shorter length; while the adjustable shield provides for high, round or square neck. Attached at modish high waistline, the six-gored skirt shows a delightful return to the plaited front, and despite its trim lines, discloses an ample lower-edge width of about 2½ yards. Costume No. 5857, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 44-inch material, 1½ yard 27-inch satin for revers, collar and girdle, and 1½ yard embroidery. Price, 15 cents. Girdle 8680, small, medium and large. Price, 10 cents.

Costume 5857
Girdle 5880

Costume 5878

Costume 5796

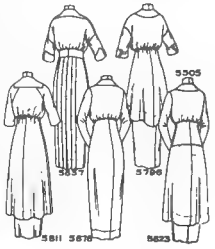
Waist 5505
Skirt 5823
with Russian Tunic

Coat Dress 5811
with Russian Tunic

5878—For its popularity this frock depends upon lines and material rather than superfluous trimming. Such a frock is, moreover, a boon to the business woman, and there are many lovely plaids, checks and stripes in serge and novelty weaves suitable for its development. No lining is required, an adjustable shield settles any preference as to high, round or square neck, and there is a strong style signal in the set-in sleeves, which may be in full length or shorter—as you desire. Featuring the waist are the chic vest and flare collar, while a trimming band is provided for the four-piece skirt, measuring around the lower edge about 1¾ yard. Costume No. 5878, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material, with ¾ yard sheer embroidery for vest trimming, ⅓ yard 27-inch material for vest and girdle and ¾ yard organdy for collar. Price, 15 cents.

5796—Fresh morning and street wear are suggested in this tunic frock of striped serge or novelty material, equally appropriate for ratiné, rep and silks. The blouse is smartly designed with back and upper part of sleeves in one, the latter to be finished in either full or shorter length; and high, round or square neck are made possible by an adjustable shield. The circular tunic, gathered at top, adds a distinctive note to the skirt, which is a three-piece model, attached at fashionable high waistline, and closing in front under a plait. At lower edge the skirt measures about 1¾ yard. Costume No. 5796, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch material, with ⅓ yard 27-inch contrasting material for collar, and ¾ yard 18-inch allover for the dainty chemisette. Price, 15 cents.

5505-5823—Feminine and tailored notes are combined, as well as separate waist and skirt, in this costume suitable for any demand of the day. An adjustable shield, and long sleeves perforated for short length, make the waist highly practical. The skirt of to-day bespeaks its full share of smartness, and this three-piece model, attached at high waistline and measuring about 1¾ yard at lower edge, is unquestionably attractive with its circular tunic which, as shown, may be cut off and stitched to the skirt in yoke effect, and is perforated in front for cutaway style. Waist No. 5505, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5823, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6¾ yards 44-inch material, with ¼ yard 27-inch velvet. Embroidery No. 11900, transfer pattern of 32 sprays, 10 cents.



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Cleverly Designed Frocks for Big and Little Sister

(*For Descriptions see Page 75*)

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1P60—Faultlessly Tailored Suit, cut on the latest fashionable lines, designed in the new Redingote effect. This model is made of high grade All-wool Mannish Serge. The coat of the suit has a wide stitched belt which fastens at front with fancy enamel buttons. It is a graceful semi-fitted model cut 46 inches in length extending to way below the knee as pictured. The collar which may be worn turned down or rolled up at back as preferred is inlaid with velvet and trimmed in the back with a row of small self covered buttons. The cuffs are of self material. The skirt is arranged in plaits at each side extending from waist to hem. Coat is lined with high grade guaranteed satin. The skirt is made with a yoke to hip depth. Front is plain and in the back are 3 side plaits, box plait from yoke to bottom of skirt. Suit comes in Russian green, navy blue, black or prune. The new dark purple shade. Price we pay all charges. Sizes 32 to 44 bust 34 to 38 hips, 37 to 40 skirt length. Also to fit Misses and Small Women. Price All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us **$15.00**

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What Is New in Separate Waists and Skirts

Waist 5832 Skirt 5879 with Russian Tunic

5832-5879 -A mannish box-plait or coat closing may finish the front of this smart kimono waist, having two highly popular neck and sleeve possibilities. A novel version of the tunic skirt is this high-waisted model shown in gabardine, with four-piece tunic having a yoke front, and mounted over a three-piece foundation lengthened by a flounce section. Shirtwaist No. 5832, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch linen. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 12008, transfer pattern, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5879, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

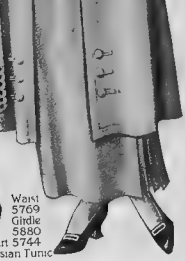
5777-5869—Appropriate for dainty lingerie materials and silks, this waist is also smart for the one-piece frock of serge or gabardine. The open neck is universally accepted, though the adjustable shield may be nicely used, and the raglan sleeves are given in both full and elbow lengths. Much individual style is displayed in the three-piece skirt, side plaits distinguishing the tunic, perforated for the open front shown. Waist No. 5777, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch taffeta. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5869, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 5 yards 44-inch serge. Price, 15 cents.

Waist 5777 Skirt 5869 with Russian Tunic

5841-5875 -Many unique possibilities are shown in this splendid waist and two-piece Russian tunic skirt. Waist No. 5841, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1½ yard 44-inch satin. Price, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5875, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5769-5744-5880—Oddly designed with back extending over the shoulders in front yoke effect, this charming waist is enhanced by a striking girdle, and worn above a two-piece skirt in widely-popular Russian style. Waist No. 5769, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires ¾ yard 36-inch piqué. Price, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5744, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch serge. Price, 15 cents.

Shirtwaist 5841 Girdle 5880 Skirt 5875 with Russian Tunic



Waist 5769 Girdle 5880 Skirt 5744 with Russian Tunic

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Effective Combinations Are Possible with These

Waist 5802
Skirt 5823
with Russian Tunic

Waist
5719
Skirt 5882
with Russian Tunic

Waist 5837
Skirt 5864

Waist 5339
Skirt 5823
with Russian Tunic

5802 5837

5823 5864

5719

5339 5882

5823

5802 and 5823—Shown in a combination of striped and plain material, this waist and skirt are very attractive. The waist is a simple one, with a plain yoke and a full blouse portion, which may be tucked or plain. The sleeves are in the popular three-quarter length, and are finished with a deep cuff. The waist is closed at the back. The skirt is a plain one, with a panel front and back, and a deep hem. Waist No. 5802, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5823, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5719-5882—Shown in lustrous taffeta, we have another interesting variation of the separate waist, equally desirable for street dress and afternoon frock of taffeta, voile, crêpe or serge. An adjustable shield may augment the vest and modish Gladstone collar, and the long sleeves may be shortened at the perforations. Two rippling tunics (perforated for shorter length) mounted above a three-piece foundation lengthened by a flounce make up the charming skirt, which has a lower edge measurement of about 1¾ yard. Soft materials which hang in graceful fulness are most appropriate, as voiles, crêpes, soft silks and crêpe de Chine. Waist No. 5719, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 5¼ yards 44-inch material, with 5¼ yards satin banding. Price, 15 cents. Girdle 5880, small, medium and large. Medium size requires 1¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5837-5864—Fashion's latest stamp rests upon this shirtwaist, individual and smart to an exceptional degree with its distinctive long sleeves darted snugly in at the wrist. They may be shortened at the perforations given and an adjustable shield in high or round neck outline insures practical general wear. Attractive in its simplicity, the skirt is a straight side-plaited model. Waist No. 5837, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5864, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5339-5882—Tucks are creeping into their old favor, and with long and short sleeve provision, high or comfortable open neck with roll collar, this waist is essentially neat and practical. A three-piece foundation skirt with high waistline supports the circular tunic which may be cut off and stitched to the skirt in yoke effect. Waist No. 5339, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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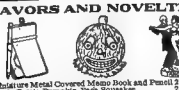

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Costumes of Unquestionable Smartness

5591-5785—A charming separate waist is attached to an equally charming skirt below, in a frock equal to the most formal social or sorority demands. Yoke waists are extremely girlish and becoming, especially in the soft silk pictured; and the blouse with cap sleeves (in modest kimono style) is made over a lining which provides long sleeves, with perforations for shorter length. An unusual play of materials makes the softly gathered tunic appear to sever its connection with the waist to top the sheer gathered or side-plaited skirt tunic, which is perforated for shorter length. High waistline is the connecting link, and the skirt consists of a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight flounce section, measuring at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Waist No. 5591, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Entire costume requires 2¾ yards 44-inch silk, with 3¼ yards figured chiffon, 1¾ yard lining.

5715-5880—Appropriate mediums will make this frock equally desirable for morning, afternoon or evening wear. The long sleeves are cut off at perforations for the frock beautifully developed here in charmeuse and net-top lace flouncing. There is pretty choice of straight or rounded outline at lower edge of the two-piece skirt, attached at high waistline and measuring about 1¼ yard. It may be effectively finished with or without circular tunic softly gathered at top and having a plain lower edge, which may be prettily scalloped in the linen and lingerie developments; and an adjustable shield makes the frock highly practical. Costume No. 5715, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4¾ yards 36-inch charmeuse, with 2 yards 36-inch lace flouncing for tunic and waist trimmings. Price, 15 cents. The girdle No. 5880 in medium size requires 1¼ yard 44-inch charmeuse. Price, 10 cents.

5873—In serge, voile or crêpe the Fall Miss finds fitting expression of a much favored style in this attractive little frock. With white collar, revers and abbreviated cuffs of piqué or gabardine, and large pearl buttons, the frock is the embodiment of smart simplicity. High, round and square neck are among the commendable possibilities, and according to popular dictate, the long sleeves (perforated for shorter length) are in one with the underbody while the revers form part of the outer front. The tunic is the signal feature and marks a return to the box-plait favor of old. It is mounted above a three-piece foundation skirt, attached at high waistline and lengthened by a flounce section measuring about 1¼ yard at lower edge. Costume No. 5878, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 5¾ yards 44-inch serge, ¾ yard satin 27 inches wide for girdle and ¼ yard same width white gabardine for collar and revers; 1¾ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

5862—Few street dresses will rival this exceptional design; and the vogue for satin being never more pronounced, the chic little frock appears in black and white striped satin, with a pronounced note of plain. The waist and underbody may be in high or open neck, the latter having long or short sleeves. Large armholes are a strong style feature, as is also the tunic, this model having a three-piece yoke and modishly disposed over the two-piece skirt. Costume No. 5862, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3 yards striped and 3¾ yards plain 44-inch satin. Price, 15 cents. A belt of satin or one of patent leather may be worn.

5867-5880—Nothing smarter has been provided for the Fall Maid than this frock, enviably attractive and cut on most distinctive lines. Long raglan sleeves receive most favor, though shorter length is permissible, and three neck outlines are given in the adjustable shield. The attached skirt is a four-piece model, with the accepted high waistline, and finished with a flounce section having a lower edge measurement of about 1¾ yard. The tunic bespeaks the newest possibility of lower edge extension, which, however, is optional. Costume No. 5867, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch gabardine, with 1¾ yard white piqué for finish—including the snappy girdle. Price, 15 cents. Girdle 5880, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 12090, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

Aside from being a distinctive trimming note itself, the girdle may have a finish of its own; also the vest, collar, revers and cuffs. This is found in the many neat braids and satin bindings which add a smart touch of suit color, or appear as often in the ever-dressy black.

Costume 5862

Costume 5867 with Russian Tunic Girdle 5880

Costume 5873 with RussianTunic

Waist 5591 Russian Tunic Skirt 5785

Costume 5715 with Russian Tunic Girdle 5880

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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Misses' Coats Are Novel in Line and Detail

Redingote 5881
Skirt 4696

Cape Coat 5850
Skirt 4719

Jaunt Coat 5810
Skirt 5249

Jacket 5806
Skirt 4881

Jacket 5850
Skirt 5785
w.th Russian Tunic

5881 4696—Styles have become so youthful that matron and maid alike frequently share the identical design, as evidenced in this chic little frock of plain and check serge. What is more distinctive than the Directoire collar?—unless it be the unquestionably becoming tunic length. Round collar may replace the Directoire and the waist may have long or short sleeves, joined to the smart long shoulder. High, round or square neck may be had in the convenient adjustable shield, and two lengths are allowed in the three-piece tunic, according to individual preference; the most notable feature being the cape which, however, is also a matter of preference. Particularly neat and conservative is the skirt, prettily carrying the deep tone color suggested in the checks. It is a six gored model with high waistline, and measures about 2¾ yards. Redingote No. 5881, for ladies and misses; sizes 32 to 44 bust, and 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4696, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Costume in 16-year size requires 4¼ yards 44-inch plaid, with 2¼ yards same width plain material. Braiding design No. 13514, transfer pattern of 3 yards, 15 cents.

5850-4719—In obedience to Fashion's decrees this snappy coat in strictly military style is provided with a circular cape of marked favor, which in mock severity buttons snugly over the figure giving well rounded lines. The most practical feature of the coat is the possibility of closing the revers to the throat, and the skirt with straight front may be preferred to the much-favored cutaway outline. From neck to lower edge the coat measures 44½ inches at center back. This length emphasizes the attractiveness of the high-waisted skirt, prettily laid in plaits all around and measuring at lower edge about 2¾ yards. Coat No. 5850, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4719, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Developed in gabardine the suit in 16-year size requires 7¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¼ yard 27-inch velvet to trim.

5881 5850 5810 5850 5806

4696 5881 4719 5249 5785 4881

5810-5249—In spite of the tendency to the close-fitting coat, this voluminous model is one of the most popular for general wear. It is single-breasted, has an odd yoke at back, and the collar may be closed in military fashion or rolled open as illustrated. Shorter length sleeves may be preferred, and the coat shows a smart back length of 38½ inches. Trim lines characterize the plain two-piece skirt, having a chic plaited section inserted between the gores at left side, and measuring about 1¼ yard at lower edge. Coat No. 5810, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3 yards 44-inch wool plush, with ¾ yard 36-inch white gabardine for the collar facing. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5249, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5850-5785—Shown with a tunic skirt, this coat—described before with skirt 4719—illustrates the cutaway front possibility. Capeless and in cutaway outline it depends more upon the smart skirt for completeness. According to fancy the fronts may be closed to the throat and the long sleeves shortened, while the coat is highly desirable without the cape. A flounce section, measuring about 1½ yard at lower edge, lengthens the three-piece foundation skirt over which is mounted the one-piece tunic with straight lower edge. It is perforated for shorter length and plaits or gathers dispose of the fulness at high waistline. Coat No. 5850, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. The costume in medium size requires 4 yards 44-inch serge, with 1¼ yard 36-inch satin.

5806-4881—The new length is given in this striking jacket, used for both separate and suit wear. It is semi-fitted and the single-breasted closing, regulation notched collar and two-seam sleeves bespeak the severely tailored model. Although the generally accepted length is shown, there are perforations for shorter length in either of three outlines, the long jacket measuring 41 inches at back. Yoke skirts are much worn, and this four-piece model, closing to left of center-front, measures about 2½ yards at lower edge. Jacket No. 5806 sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4881, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. The costume in 16-year size requires 5⅝ yards 54-inch whipcord, with ¾ yard 36-inch velvet for collar and cuffs. Other fabrics suitable for making this suit are serge, wool poplin and gabardine.

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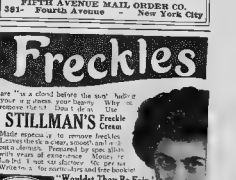

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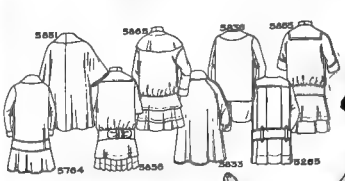

Cape Coat 5851

Dress 5838

Dress 5865

Coat 5764

Dress 5855

Suit 5836

Reglen Overcoat 5833

Dress 5265

5764—Ripple flounce coats are smart even below the Land of Teens, and appear in serge, gabardine and corduroy. The shawl collar is always becoming and the long sleeves are in two-seam tailored style. Coat No. 5764, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2½ yards 44-inch material; ⅛ yard velvet. Price, 15 cents.

5851—Cape coats are being much worn by the young folk and this design may be rolled back at the throat or closed securely against rain or cold. Coat No. 5851, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5838—Another loan from the grown-ups is this snappy fall model. Perforations allow for short sleeves, an adjustable shield provides high or round neck, and the side-plaited skirt may be made with or without the circular tunic. Dress No. 5838, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 3½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5865—This striking model for plaids and plain fabrics has long or short sleeves attached at long shoulder and a novel circular cape or yoke facing. A two-piece lower part finishes the skirt. Dress No. 5865, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yard 54-inch plain, with 1 yard 27-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents.

5833—The little man of good taste chooses a jaunty rain or storm coat in raglan style. The neck may be opened or closed to suit any weather. Overcoat 5833, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5836—One of the newest provisions for the well-dressed boy is this suit, including a long-sleeved jacket in straight or rounded outline at front, vested and collared in Dickens style and straight trousers, closed at side. Suit No. 5836, sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5265—In this neat little frock high neck with turn-down collar may replace the open neck and square collar, and the sleeves may be full length. Dress No. 5265, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5855—Long or short sleeves—in one with the body; and high or open neck outlines, make this a desirable frock. Dress No. 5855, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 8 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11689, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

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Crisp School Frocks for Little Women

5855—Both school and play are suggested in this neat little frock, provided with long and short sleeves, three styles of neck outlines, and a smart tunic. Dress No. 5855, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery scallop No. 11979, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5840—A smart variation of the sailor blouse is here combined with the popular side-plaited skirt. Perforations permit of shorter length sleeves, and there is an adjustable shield provided. Dress No. 5840, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 14-year size requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Anchor design No. 11202, transfer pattern of 6 designs, 10 cents.

5804—In this charmingly designed frock the front and back gores of the flounced skirt are extensions of the body. One-piece puffs lengthen the short sleeves, in one with the body having high or round neck outline. Dress No. 5804, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 12047, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5860—Modish long shoulders, straight gathered skirt (provided with circular tunic), long or short sleeves and an adjustable shield feature this practical school frock. Dress No. 5860, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yard 44-inch plaid, with ¾ yard 27-inch plain material. Price, 15 cents.

5847—A unique closing outline distinctively marks this dress. One-piece sleeves join the long shoulder, and the skirt is a three-piece model. Dress No. 5847, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 14-year size requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 12073, transfer pattern of 3 designs, 15 cents.

5822—Fashion favors the direct front closing, and in this frock, with adjustable shield, she adds the popular raglan sleeve, also the tunic skirt of smart style. Dress No. 5822, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 14-year size requires 5¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5844—Desirable for its simplicity, this dainty dress is cut with body and sleeves in one, with perforations for short sleeves and either of three neck outlines. Dress No. 5844, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 8 years. The 4-year size requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 12027, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5842—In linen or serge, this design may be neatly developed, and there is a choice of high or open, round or square neck outline and long or short sleeves. The two-piece skirt is a smart circular model. Dress No. 5842, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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5381—Dear little garments are these for Baby's first wardrobe, consisting of a tucked dress, kimono perforated for the short sacque, and a dainty cap. Infants' Set No. 5381, cut in one size. Of 36-inch material, the dress requires 2¼ yards, the long kimono 1¼ yard, sacque ¼ yard and cap ⅛ yard. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design, No. 11994, transfer pattern, 10 cents. Scallop No. 11979, 15 cents.

5632—Nothing is more effective for the short frock than the smocked or shirred finish. In this with front and back in one and having long or short sleeves, the wee girlie is easily and appropriately dressed. Dress No. 5632, sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. The 2-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch batiste. Price, 10 cents. Smocking design No. 12028, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5356-4887—With the first wardrobe the indispensable coat may be dainty as well as serviceable. Some prefer to omit the cape, which with the collar, may have square or rounded lower outline. Coat No. 5356, cut in one size only. The coat with cape requires 1¾ yard 44-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Cap No. 4887, sizes ½, 1, 2 and 3 years. The 1-year size requires ¾ yard 20-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery design No. 11908, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5833—Smartest lines and most practical wear are insured in this good-looking raglan overcoat, the two-piece sleeves being finished with or without cuffs. Cravenette, cheviot, serge, reversibles and mannish mixtures are especially durable. Overcoat No. 5833, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 3 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

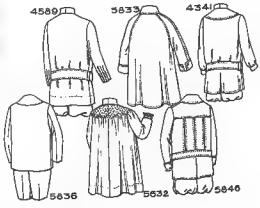
5846—Decidedly English is this good-looking suit, suggesting the many attractive tweeds, flannels, mixtures and serges. The yoke-jacket is much pocketed and regulation cuffs finish the two-seam sleeves, while knickerbockers and knee trousers both bespeak correctness for the schoolboy. Suit No. 5846, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

4589—The little man of to-day delights in the simple suit of fine serge, French flannel, rep, ratiné, linen or galatea. Both high and square neck outlines are becoming, and the long dart-tucked sleeves may be worn in shorter length, while the sturdy side-closing knickerbockers are the small boy's pride. Suit No. 4589, sizes 2, 3 and 4 years. The 4-year size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Anchor design No. 11862, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5836—Both short rounded and the regulation square outline in coats are sharing equal favor this season. Shown here, the suit may answer the small boy's most formal demands and the blouse plays an important part. If preferred, the turnback cuffs may be omitted from the long sleeves, neatly plaited in at the wrist. The knee trousers are along the newest lines, essentially mannish, and are closed at side. Suit No. 5836, sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards 44-inch material, with 1¼ yard 36-inch linen or batiste for the blouse. Price, 15 cents.

4841—Easily made and as easily laundered, this little suit is neat for play or kindergarten. The blouse slips on over the head and has simple one-piece sleeves. Many mothers find it practical to make two pairs of knickers with each blouse. Suit No. 4341, sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. The 4-year size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch striped, with ¾ yard plain galatea. Price, 15 cents.

Our wee boys and girls are borrowing styles from one another as well as from all the family, this season. For instance, the Little Man borrowed the deepest pink and rose tints from his tiny sister's summer rainbow of colors, and quite appropriated them for dress and play hours. Just as cunning as in the deep blues he has always worn, he does not mean to give them up during the Winter. Moreover, he encroaches further upon feminine rights when he discards his jaunty leather or dressy kid belt, and appears girded in at very low waistline by a fine cord in the figure or stripe color of his little suit. Big Brother borrows Father's overcoat materials; as mannish mixtures, tweeds and polo cloth.



For a complete assortment of Children's Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, FALL NUMBER; for sale at all agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

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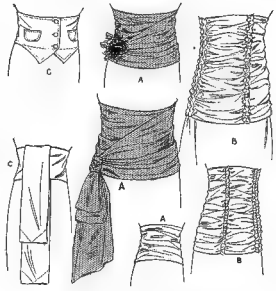
Models That Are Adapted for Many Uses

Combination 5853

5853—A combination corset cover and open drawers, with drawers loose, or gathered in knickerbocker style. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11728, transfer pattern, 15 cents.



Ladies' and Misses' Girdles 5880

5852—Dress and rompers with long or short sleeves. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. The 4-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5888—Girls' Nightgown, sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Scallop No. 11698, 15 cents.

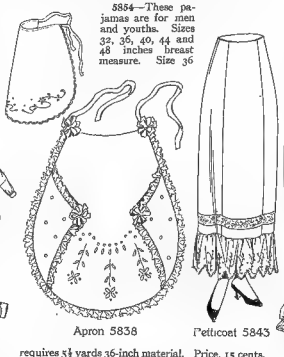
5846—Princess Slip, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36. Price, 15 cents. Transfer No. 11964, price, 10 cents.

Princess Slip 5849

5854—These pajamas are for men and youths. Sizes 32, 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches breast measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5880—Several charming girdles may be developed from this pattern. Sizes, small, medium and large. Medium size requires for girdle A, 1½ yard 44-inch, girdle B, 1¼ yard 36-inch, and for girdle C, 1 yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5843—Very simple is this four-piece petticoat, dart-fitted. Sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material, 2 yards embroidery. Price, 10 cents.



Apron 5838 Petticoat 5843

Dress and Rompers 5852

Nightgown 5845

5838—Apron in one size, requiring 1 yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery 11990, transfer, 15 cents.

5863—In seven gores is this princess slip. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

5845—Nightgown with raglan sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5866—Matinée and Empire Slip. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Pajamas 5854 Nightgown 5835

Princess Slip 5863

Matinée and Empire Slip 5866

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Lines of the New Fashions

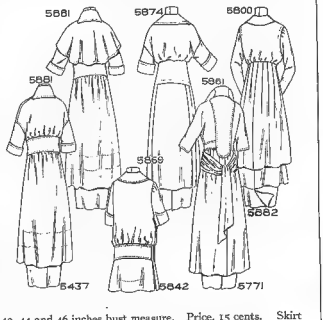
(Describing Models Illustrated on pages 57, 58 and 59)

5881-5437—This redingote, provided with a chic circular cape, disregards years and includes both ladies and misses in its favor. A round and Directoire collar are allowed for. The sleeves—long or short, are attached at long shoulder and the adjustable shield provides three neck outlines. The three-piece gathered tunic, perforated for shorter length, falls gracefully above a three-piece skirt with high waistline. Redingote No. 5881, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5437, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6¾ yards 44-inch poplin with ¾ yard velvet. Braiding design No. 11451, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5842—Some of the choicest frocks are the heritage of the little folk. This model may have high neck and standing collar, but open neck and Dickens collar finish the smartest frocks. Perforations provide lower neck outlines, also furnish means of shortening the sleeves, and the two-piece skirt is a trim circular model. Dress No. 5842, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 8-year size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch velveteen, with ¼ yard linen for collar. Price, 15 cents.

5874-5869—The fall street dress is one of the most individual frocks of the day. Long shoulders, long or short sleeves, adjustable shield in three neck outlines and a plaited peplum—omitted here—make the waist an effective design, primarily featured with a vest and shaped collar. A yoke emphasizes snug hip lines below which a plaited tunic, perforated for open front, falls over a three-piece foundation skirt. Waist No. 5874, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5869, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6¾ yards 44-inch green faille, with 1 yard 36-inch white taffeta.

5861-5771—This smart afternoon frock is beautifully developed with basque of shot taffeta which also appears in bands on the charmeuse skirt. There is a sleeveless lining with high, round or square neck, and the body and long or short sleeves are lining with high, round or square neck, and the body and long or short sleeves are in one. Hanging in soft folds below the basque, the gathered (or plaited) tunic surmounts a three-piece foundation skirt lengthened by a straight flounce section. Basque No. 5861, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5771, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4 yards 36-inch taffeta, 4¼ yards 36-inch charmeuse.



5800-5882-5880—Excellent lines distinguish this frock of wool crêpe and black satin, vested and girdled in white crêpe. The waist is built over a lining having high, square or V-neck and full or shorter length sleeves. Large armholes mark the smart conjunction of waist and sleeve materials. Two one-piece tunics hang in ample fullness above the three-piece skirt, lengthened by a straight flounce section, the upper tunic being plaited or gathered. Waist No. 5800, sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, sizes small, medium and large. Price, 10 cents. Costume requires 5¼ yards 44-inch crêpe, 1¼ yard 36-inch satin, 1⅔ yard 44-inch white crêpe.

5876—The Redingote basque model was a late summer herald of a most popular fall style. There is an underbody (with this frock) having high neck with standing collar, perforated for open, round-collar outline, also long or short sleeves. The tunic is attached to the three-piece skirt. Costume No. 5876, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 44-inch gabardine, 3¾ yards 36-inch black velvet and 1¼ yard same width white corduroy. Price, 15 cents. Braiding design No. 12089, transfer design, 15 cents.

5885—Individual and conservative, this coat waist model has a lining providing high, round or square neck and long sleeves perforated for short length. The front waist extensions cross—Directoire fashion—and are looped at back. Mounted over the four-piece skirt, lengthened by a flounce section, is a two-piece tunic with yoke. Costume No. 5885, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch serge, 3¾ yards 36-inch black satin. Price, 15 cents.

5857—The embodiment of a widely-accepted style is this street dress. Unlined and easily constructed, the waist, girdle and skirt are prettily attached at high waistline, an adjustable shield furnishing high, round or square neck; and the long sleeves—perforated for shorter length, seem but a continuation of the becoming long shoulder. The six-gore skirt model has plaits disposed in becoming panel effect at front and back. Costume No. 5857, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch silk poplin with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting silk. Price, 15 cents. Braiding design No. 13083, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5872—Lovely autumn shades are best shown in the rich taffetas and corded silks. In this attractive frock the upper waist section is in one with full or shorter length sleeves, and an adjustable shield makes practical the chic vest with flare collar. Gathered tunics are charming in taffeta, and the two-piece skirt is mounted at the wearer may defy wintry blasts, this coat is equally becoming and smart. With it is worn a six-gored skirt that shows the trend toward plaited models. Cape coat No. 5854, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5870, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5883-5823—There is a decided tendency to favor the long coat suit, and the redingote type such as is shown in this model with semi-fitted upper section and flaring lower part is especially popular. An added style feature is the Directoire collar. A particularly smart model is this high-waisted coat with circular tunic that may extend to the top of the skirt, or may be cut off in yoke effect. Redingote No. 5883, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5823, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4¼ yards material, 1 yard velvet and ⅔ yard lining.

5868-4774—Rippling fulness and raglan sleeve cut in one with the back of the coat are distinctive features of this smart model, equally good for suit and separate wear. The straight side-plaited skirt has the fashionable raised waistline. Jacket No. 5868, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4774, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5856-5869—Topping a good-looking Russian tunic skirt with cleverly cut yoke, is a stunning loose coat with cape at back only, big revers and Incroyable collar. The four-gore plaited tunic is perforated for the open front illustrated. Coat No. 5856, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5869, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth. Price, 15 cents.

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Styles That Will Be Worn

(Describing Models Illustrated on pages 60, 61 and 64)

5884-5888—Back from a period of long ago the basque is so quaint and demure, that fashion devotees of every size are eagerly adopting it. Shown in black satin the basque, in either of two lengths, is built over a lining providing high, round or square neck. The sleeves are preferably long, with perforations for shorter length. Sharing equally in the quaint effect, the skirt is a three-piece model with straight lower part, surmounted by two full tunics suitable for flouncings, the upper one to be plaited or gathered. Embroidered net is effectively used, with wide bands of the satin. Basque No. 5884, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5888, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. The costume requires 5¼ yards 36-inch satin, 4½ yards 40-inch net.

5809-5864—Modestly feminine lines are accentuated in every fold of this afternoon frock of crêpe meteor. Mousquetaire sleeves are dressy and are in one with the sash blouse, which is cut with charming extensions looped in girdle effect at back; the whole mounted over a lining with long or short sleeves and finished in high, round or square neck. A dainty model is the skirt, attached at high waistline, prettily laid in soft plaits. Waist No. 5809, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5864, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6¼ yards 44-inch material, 6 yards ribbon and 2½ yards lace.

5880-4744—Many unnecessary garments are obviated in this ultra-fashionable costume composed of a basque with attached tunic and worn above an attractive underskirt. The cape may be omitted, and the close-fitting sleeves finished in full or shorter length, as preferred. Quite in keeping is the Directoire collar while the lining provides high, round or square neck, and the slightly gathered tunic may be made with open front. The skirt is an accordion-plaited model. Redingote basque No. 5839, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 4744, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5859-5771—Another development is found by combining a separate basque and skirt in chiffon taffeta and net-top lace. Shirred or gathered, the basque is made over a sleeveless lining in high, round or open neck. The long raglan sleeves are dart-fitted and may be shortened. Attached at high waistline, the skirt has a three-piece foundation lengthened by the conventional flounce section. Of one piece is the tunic, in two lengths, and gathered or plaited front and back. Basque No. 5859, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5771, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta, with 2¼ yards lace. Girdle No. 5880, 10 cents.

5419-5813—Rivaling the tunic in fashionable favor is the flounced skirt of net or lace combined with a blouse exploiting the new overblouse effect, and while pictured with the low neck and short sleeves prescribed by social usage for evening wear, the pattern provides the possibilities of high, round and open neck, and long sleeves. On a simple two-piece high-waisted skirt four circular ruffles are mounted. Waist No. 5419, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5813, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4 yards 36-inch satin, 3¾ yards 40-inch net, ¾ yard princess lace.

5821-5808—Graceful, flowing lines of double tunic, and deep swathing of the new hip girdle give a distinct chic to this evening gown of charmeuse and chiffon. Equally attractive and smart is the soft fulness of the blouse. Allowance is made for an underbody with high neck, perforated for round neck in two depths as well as square neck. Long sleeves are also provided, with perforations for shortening. The skirt displays a double tunic mounted on a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight flounce section. Waist No. 5821, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, price, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5808, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6 yards 36-inch charmeuse, 5 yards 40-inch chiffon and 1¾ yard lining.

5894-5712-5882—Combined with a different waist the skirt of this costume is described above. The deep shirred girdle registers a distinctly new fashion note and should be developed only in soft fabrics. The kimono blouse is mounted on an underbody with high, square, round or V-neck, and long sleeves perforated for short length. Waist No. 5712, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Girdle No. 5880, price, 10 cents. Skirt No. 5882, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 8 yards 44-inch taffeta, 2½ yards lining. Cape requires 5¼ yards 45-inch velvet.

5889-5825—She who wears a long front-buttoning basque and long flare tunic is in the very latest mode. In this gown, basque and tunic are combined, forming what is known as the redingote basque, fashioned of a combination of satin and embroidered net. To hold the gathers of the blouse, a lining is provided with high, round or square neck, so that including the V-neck of the basque many possibilities are allowed for. The tunic may be worn open in front or closed all around. A plain two-piece skirt lengthened by a plain or plaited flounce section makes a good foundation. Redingote basque No. 5839, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5825, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 6 yards 36-inch satin, 2½ yards embroidered net.

5877—There is a delightful crispness about these trim street frocks. A high-neck underbody perforated for open neck outlines, is the foundation for the waist, smartly featured with large armholes and long or short sleeves. High waistline attaches the skirt, having a four-piece foundation with a lower flounce section, and topped by a tunic, plaited at front and back, with or without yoke. Costume No. 5877, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2¼ yards 44-inch serge, with 2¼ yards satin. Price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 11809, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5871—Pictured in silk crêpe with fascinating frills of chiffon, this little dancing frock is fashioned over a lining which provides three desirable neck outlines and long or short sleeves. Charmingly cut, the body is in one with girlish sleeves, and sash softly looped at back. Costume No. 5871, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 6 yards 36-inch crêpe, with 1½ yard chiffon for ruffles. Price, 15 cents.

5803-5880—Much beruffled and girdled this fascinating, though formal frock savors of the débutante's receiving hours. High neck and long sleeves may be substituted for afternoon Costume No. 5803, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch taffeta, including waist ruffles, 4 yards allover lace for skirt and sleeve ruffles, and 1¼ yard 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents. Girdle 5880, 10 cents.

5873—The characteristic morning frock there is an underbody providing long or short sleeves, high or low neck, and the revers are in one with the waist. A deep girdle joins the waist and skirt, while the three-piece foundation —with the lower flounce section—is snappily finished with a box-plaited tunic in four pieces. Costume No. 5873, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4¾ yards 54-inch Canton crêpe with 1 yard 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents.

5801—Satin is popular for this semi-fitted basque dress with sleeveless lining, and having long or short sleeves, high or open neck, side-plaited tunic and two-piece skirt. Costume No. 5801, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 7¼ yards satin, 3 yard organdy. Price, 15 cents.

5727—The best party or matinée is none too good for this lovely frock. In kimono style the waist, with softly gathered Japanese neck, is made over a high or open-neck lining provided with long sleeves. Dress No. 5727, sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. The 12-year size requires 7 yards 44-inch crêpe, with 1¼ yard soft silk. Price, 15 cents.

5855—A most practical little dress is this for the schoolgirl. The kimono waist is easily constructed, perforations being given for short sleeves; and high or three open neck outlines. Dress No. 5855, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen. Price, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11979, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5772—Wee girlies look best in the simplest frocks; this one closes at left-front under a plait, and needs no trimming save the dainty embroidery shown. Dress No. 5772, sizes 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. The 6-year size requires 3 yards 36-inch piqué or serge. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery design No. 11994, transfer pattern, 10 cents. Scallop No. 11979, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5860—Long shoulders, long or short sleeves and adjustable shield make up the waist, while a chic tunic is provided with the gathered skirt. Dress No. 5860, sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 3½ yards 44 inch material. Price, 15 cents.

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W. B. Nuform Style 472

(See Illustration)
For medium or well-developed figures. Defined waist, medium bust, flesh color or white coutil, attractively trimmed. Price $2.00.

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For Misses, sizes 14, 16 and 18.

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Small Ostrich Plume, 18 in. long, 7 in. wide, best African male stock, silver white fibre, full curled ostrich. It is No. 82 in our catalogue costing $6.00. A limited number offered at $2.65 with your request for catalogue of 800 plume bargains. Send money or mention these with and we'll pay postage. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Your Old Widows, Etc.,
Made into beautiful French Plumes, Stick Ups, Fascines, Bands, etc., at slight cost. Our catalogue tells how. Send for it today. *Save it in time.*

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Why the Pure Food List?

(*Continued from page 14*)

to make their own wise selection of either grocer or goods, I believe they should be stimulated into acquiring it, rather than treat them by Montessori methods. The intelligent woman needs no pure food list, the decent grocer needs no blue label, and it is a species of advertising which merely adds to the expense of living. The poor woman who may need the list can find on it few things she can afford to buy."

Years ago when Pure Food Exhibits were first so popular, more than one producer groaning over the expense of an advertising plan which he did not like, was heard to say: "I cannot afford to go in, but I can less afford to stay out." They were sandbagged, coerced by the promoters of a money-making scheme in which the returns to exhibitors were not sufficient to make it a paying investment. They could not afford to stay out because their competitors had entered.

For a time this form of advertising was "out of fashion." It has been revived under a new form—the censored exhibit. Now, those who stay out do not merely lose the chance to display their goods beside their competitors, but they have also to bear the possible inference that they were disqualified for entry. It is this point which makes of the present Pure Food Exhibits not an educational thing, but a species of the same idea which the president of the suburban club denounced as "sandbagging."

If pure food lists and pure food exhibits are to clear themselves from the suspicion of commercialism, they must first exclude all such methods and conform themselves to the standards established by science rather than prejudice.

IS there *a* food standard? Is there any such thing as *a* standard of anything? For years attempts have been made to induce home economic people and others, to give *a* standard list of kitchen equipment, to state what is *a* model kitchen, *a* standard bill of fare, *a* model sewing, and to establish a standard in other things of like character. It should be obvious to any one that a fixed thing of that kind is impossible, for it cannot take into consideration the variant factors which surround the situation and change it for each family, each person. A standard of living, fitting and possible for Mrs. Websterly may be wholly out of place for Mrs. Worcester. Twelve families moving into twelve similar flats in an apartment house adapt themselves comfortably or uncomfortably in twelve different ways, making adjustments until each family is somewhat fitted to the conditions. Perhaps but one out of the twelve finds in those conditions the best opportunity for the development of personality, which is the contribution of the home to society.

How is it with foods? What is a distinctive brand of tea? What is *the* standard tea by which all others can be measured? What is the standard baking-powder, olive-oil, cereal, coffee, flavoring extract, cracker or canned soup? Is to-day any one could definitely state that a certain kind of babies' food established a standard to which all others should come if babies were to be fed aright, what a relief and help it would be. All mothers who have the unfortunate task of adjusting some patent food to a baby, know that out of every twelve an average of perhaps two will thrive on exactly the same food. Its mother's milk is the baby standard unless that is lacking somewhere, just as the Holstein calf thrives best on the milk of its Holstein mother, and the Jersey calf needs Jersey milk.

There are *standards*, not *a* standard in such things. In the matter of foods, even of that most important one, milk, various states and cities and communities have established different standards which the cow giving the milk occasionally upsets. This question has been raised again and again. If the cow produces milk which is below grade, can the seller be prosecuted for adulteration? What do you think about it?

There are certain things we can claim and insist upon. Foods should be pure, which actually means that they should accord to the legal standards established by the Federal Government and by the state. Producers and consumers alike should be educated in the real meaning of this, and standards of ethical conduct established which will tend constantly to improve our food supply. But this should be done with the view of increasing food supplies not decreasing them; of inducing the manufacture of more not less food material, with a constant effort not to increase cost to the consumer.

Foods should be clean; how to insure their being so is one of the problems occupying the attention of our best known scientists. Mr. C. E. A. Winslow, Professor of Biology of the College of the City of New York, and Curator of Public Health in the American Museum of Natural History, recently said: "In no field of public health work is a clear sense of proportion more needed than in connection with the problem of the food supply. There are impure foods which constitute a large and serious menace to the health of the community, such as polluted water, carrying pathogenic germs, and contaminated shell-fish. There are impure foods which though of minor significance now and then cause sickness." And here he cites cases of infection in the homes of the consumers, giving as the most notable one, that of "Typhoid Mary," the cook who caused eight different house epidemics of typhoid fever, before it was established that she was the disease carrier. The possible infection of food by flies and by carelessness in the homes in many ways, is beginning to attract our serious attention.

There are impure foods which have not the slightest relation to the public health at all, and here in general are to be found those foods excluded from pure food lists and pure food exhibits. As a matter of fact, the pure food list can answer for but one thing and for that only, if it have adequate laboratory facilities and skilled workers, who devote their time to the chemical investigation of the foods submitted to them. It can say what a baking-powder contains if its staff is equal to quantitative analyses of that character. It cannot truthfully claim to analyze a product which no chemist can analyze, as it repeatedly has done.

Not long ago one of the women most interested in promulgating the doctrine of sanity in food matters wrote to a man, who is known as a peer in knowledge of foods from the grocer's standpoint, as to the importance which should be attached to a pure food list. His reply said: "No greater relative importance should be attached to it than would be given to any *partial list* of the great number of *pure* and high standard foods that are sold by all good grocers. Because an article is not listed therein, it does not mean that it compares unfavorably in any respect with those that are. And the laboratory declarations the *artificial are not leaders* in this line, meaning that there are more prominent brands of absolute purity and high standard *unlisted*."

IN other words, from such a list just as from such a food exhibit, the unfortunate inference is drawn that all the other goods of like kind on the shelves are not good, not pure, and *this is not so*. Such a list cannot be economic and it is certainly unjust.

The two great impediments to the progress of the public health campaign in so far as the food supply is concerned are the passive ignorance of the consumer, and the active misrepresentation of the right facts by those who pose as public benefactors. The remedy here lies partly in the education of the consumer in an actual knowledge of the composition and value of foods, and what is done in foodstuffs in the process of manufacture. Then the public could not be induced to believe that what is harmless in New York is harmful in Indiana. What injures people in Michigan, North Dakota and Wyoming cannot injure them elsewhere. What is most needed is not so much *more* legislation, as more uniformity in it, and a knowledge, sanity and wisdom displayed on both sides, by both producer and consumer.

The Last Lullaby

By Richard Wightman

Little heart, a bird is flying!
Ease thyself for thou art dying,
Wearied long by need and trying—
Take thy meed of rest.

Little heart, the sun is setting,
Symbol of thine own forgetting
Of the chains, the lash, the fretting—
Not one soul has guessed!

All My Corns Are Gone

Every day, legions of people get rid of their corns with **Blue-jay.** This easy method now removes a million corns a month.

You who suffer with corns do yourselves an injustice. **Blue-jay** will instantly stop the pain. And in 48 hours, without any soreness, the corn comes out completely.

About half the people know this now. When a corn appears they put **Blue-jay** on it. Then they forget it. In a couple of days they lift out the corn and bid it good-bye forever.

You can't do that by paring corns. And you can't with old-time treatments. You may get relief for a little while, but the corns simply stay and grow.

Try this modern, scientific way—the way now employed by physicians and hospitals. Get rid of the corn. It is just as easy, just as painless as the ineffective ways.

Blue-jay
For Corns
15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
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Makers of Physicians' Supplies

My Beauty Exercises

Will make you look Younger and more beautiful than all the external treatments you might use for a lifetime. No massage, electricity, vibration, astringents, plasters, straps, filling or surgery—Just Nature's Way.

Results come soon and are permanent. My System makes muddy, sallow skin clear, and the

complexion as **fresh as in girlhood;** firms the flesh, and never fails to lift drooping and sagging facial muscles, thereby obliterating resultant wrinkles. The tone cles, thereby obliterating resultant wrinkles. The tone thin face and neck are rounded out and hollows filled in. No one too old or too young to benefit.

My System makes double chins disappear quickly and it leaves the **flesh firm,** after the superfluous fat is worked away.

No matter how tired, five minutes of my Facial Exercise will freshen, complexion and give it a most exquisite coloring.

Write today for my New Booklet on Facial Beauty Culture, Body Culture, and New Beauty Suggestions —FREE.

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Why Children Are So

(Continued from page 11)

house he should remove his cap as instinctively as he should rise when mother or sister or any other woman comes into the room, and should remain standing while they stand. He should be drilled into deferential silence while his elders are speaking and "never to contradict." With respect to table manners, his education should begin as soon as he can sit in a high chair and be fed from a spoon. I have seen a year-old baby eat with a grave decorum which his elders might well emulate.

I repeat that manners must be made, and that they are never inborn. I also emphasize the fact that to form them is not an easy task. Nor am I prepared to deny the allegations of our Bachelor Uncle against the prevailing works and ways of the new century boy and girl. I hear the like from scores of other observers of the young of our generation who have been left to grow along "natural lines."

HERE lies the marvel in the conduct of the sticklers for the exercise of unrestrained individuality in their offspring. They love their children. I cannot doubt it. Yet each lays burdens, heavy and grievous to be borne, upon the child who, in after life, must teach himself the wholesome discipline of speech and deportment needful for the decent discharge of a man's duty to his fellows.

And the unlearning is harder than the self-education—it is weary and disheartening work! I have a painful recollection of a fine young fellow of twenty-five or thereabouts, whose many lapses in table manners and his distressful recognition of his deficiencies, his painstakings and attempted reforms, so wrought upon the sympathies of my eight-year-old girl that she confided to me with tears in eyes and voice how Mr. H— had begged her to touch him quietly under the table whenever he put his knife into his mouth

"He says that he fell into such shocking habits through being away from home at school and college for so long. I suppose he doesn't like to blame his mother but I can't help thinking, Mama, that she couldn't have taught him not to eat with his knife when he was little. If he had learned better then, he couldn't do it now, you see, *for he wouldn't know how!*"

A finger can bend the twig. The sapling must be bound into shape; the tough fiber of the tree must be subjected to steam and cruel weight to make "bent-wood" furniture of it.

"My eldest granddaughter and my namesake!" said a proud grandmother, leading forward a girl of twelve.

"She has the right name," I observed, after acknowledging the introduction, still holding the child's hand and looking from one to the other. "She looks like you!"

"O Good Gracious!" cried Miss Pert, with a grimace and shrug, "I hope not!"

"My dear!" said the mother in gentle reproof, while the grandmother colored and tried to laugh.

"Well, I don't care, Mama! I'd go out and hang myself if I thought I looked like Grandmama!"

Her grandmother is far from being homely and has an air of distinction that betokens the true gentlewoman. Had she been hideous the girl should have had manners enough at three, much less at twelve years of age, to hold her back from such outrageous rudeness.

I met her at a reception last week. She is now twenty, a graceful girl—still marvelously like her grandmama. You may be sure I did not tell her this when she begged leave to recall herself to my recollection, said many pleasant things of the ancient friendship between our families, and her desire to become better acquainted with me. The veneer was perfect, the polish was of the latest patent. Unfortunately, I knew what lay beneath. I can never lose the impression of that first interview and the pained look in my old friend's face. Such candor stings like an adder.

Which brings me to the question of curbing the growth of individuality in the young human animal. Essays are written, lectures are spoken, books are published in support of the theory that every young immortal should be allowed to live his or her own life, to grow into the pattern designed by the Lord of Creation—not as the whim of the parent may suggest.

What I and other grave-eyed mothers of the Old School would brand as a spoiled child, is "an eager young spirit" quickened by burning zeal for knowledge and a benevolent desire to impart it to others as soon as he gets hold of it. In allowing him to have his say at all seasons and in whatever company, the parents obey a natural law, according to our New Woman. Still graver of eye and thought, we ask ourselves—not the parents—to what purpose the eager youngling's seniors have lived, if what we could tell him is not of more value than what he can prattle of to us.

"The child must be himself and not another," we are warned. "The product of pinching back and pruning and tying to uprights, may be the parent's ideal. It is not what Nature designed in sending this fresh creature into the world."

Let me illustrate: A friend of a New School mother brought a bunch of moss-roses as a birthday gift to what I should characterize as a "Cherubic Nuisance." Dressed in the most approved mode, he received with his mother upon the sixth anniversary of this day that had seen his terrestrial *début*. When the flowers were smilingly offered to him, he scowled blackly then struck them from the visitor's hand and fled howlingly in the folds of his mother's skirts.

"No! No! she's a wicked woman to put nasty green moss on the pretty roses God made!"

This representative anecdote has been told in coterie and in council, in evidence of exquisite sensibility and passionate love for the beautiful. I read it the other day upon a Woman's Page under the headline, "Untrammeled Criticism." To my unromantic mind the performance was partly pathetic, partly inane, and wholly disgraceful. If the Nuisance really shrank from the imagined disfigurement of the flowers, a very limited knowledge of the minor courtesies of life should have made him aware that more respect was due to a well-meaning human being than to an insensate plant. God made his mother's friend as well as the roses. Evidently common humanity and a sense of proportion had not entered into his "Spontaneous Development."

As a matron of the Old School, my decided conviction is that the danger to the child is in *not* breaking such spirits as these. The sooner they are curbed and properly directed, the better.

One plea I may enter in behalf of myself and other sufferers from the practise of the "Non-Interference Fad." I cannot dignify it by the title of principle.

The bantlings' characters may, as the New and Broad School maintains, work out their own purification and rectification in time, and what are now nuisances may become harmless, if not useful, members of society. The process of fermentation is offensive to lookers-on. While seething and souring spontaneously, or because of the sugar stirred into the brew by overindulgent or theoretical parents, let them be kept out of sight and hearing.

There should be private paddocks, well fenced in from the view of passers-by, where such colts and calves can romp and riot and roar to their hearts'—and their parents'—content.

A CLEAN-OUT-OF-DATE moralist who occasionally and effectively "dropped into poetry," wrote no dogma more obnoxious to the modern theorist than:

"He that spareth the rod hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

That "betimes" is a bundle of myrrh in spiciness and antiseptic qualities. "Before it is too late; seasonably," is the definition given by the lexicons. The nuisance should be abated before it becomes chronic and incurable.

No other domestic plague is comparable to the spoiled child. It would seem to be a far cry from consideration of the crowning glory of Womanhood and Maternity, its joys and responsibilities—to similes of the exceeding bitterness of the rotting pippin and the stench of the festering lily, but they are apposite here.

A learned Hebrew scholar told me once that the "children" who mobbed Elisha on the high road to Bethel were—according to his interpretation of the original youths in their teens and not mere infants, as we have been led to believe. Furthermore, that the bears probably killed none of them but "tare" them enough to teach them better behavior to elderly travelers. I pass on the modern and more humane rendering of the sanguinary story for the edification of the Bachelor Uncle. Reviewed in this light, we may find in it excuse for his occasional longing for the appearance of the beasts who might scare his irreverent kinsfolk into a semblance of respect for years and dignity.

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(663)

The Pellet of Death

(*Continued from page 23*)

"Eulalie!" cried Bowlan, using that name for the first time in his life.

"Eulalie!" cried the frantic pharmaceutical chemist. "Eulalie! Why did you do it? I loved you! I loved you!"

He clasped her in his arms. With a face convulsed with emotion, he stared down at her slowly closing eyelids. Her own countenance, so used to being thoroughly stared at by admiring masculine glances during life, had now taken on the expression of eternal peace. Beneath his arm Henry could feel the lift of a great sigh.

"Prussic acid," he groaned. "Too late!"

The girl's lips, parting, exposed her even white teeth.

"Don't muddy my waist," said she.

Suspicion suddenly began to creep into Henry.

"Speak to me," he said, stepping away.

Eulalie's eyes opened slowly, and a trace of color rose to her cheeks.

"It makes me mad to have you think I'm a fool," she said with a little show of anger. "I don't try to be a highbrow and society conversation is distasteful to me. Being up-to-date is not my specialty, but I've got more common sense in a minute than you've got in forty years. Do you think I let that man go out of here with his poison? Say not so! When he came in he had it and when he went out I had it. Not one of the five pills he took with him would hurt a dying baby, my friend. I've just swallowed one of them and I'm well enough right now to tell you that your talk of love is out of place in any death-bed scene of mine. On second thought no ex-post-mortem love for me—no matter how much I like it. So *that* for yours!"

"I'm sorry," said he finally. "I——"

There he stopped. Eulalie had turned her back; so he disappeared behind the screen in front of the prescription desk.

FIVE minutes later, when the Dicker-Ainsworth clock, regulated from the United States Weather Observatory, clicked at the hour of twelve, Henry reappeared.

"Time to close," said he, assuming an air of carelessness.

"Yes?" replied the girl.

"It's kind of—of dark to-night," he suggested. "Maybe I'd better walk home with you. Maybe you're a tired girl. Maybe you'd let me take you home in a taxicab."

The girl sniffed.

"Eulalie!"

"Yes."

"Please! Be reasonable. Give me a chance."

"You never gave me any attentions before," said she.

"I know. I didn't realize. I didn't know my own heart."

"Heart?" cried Eulalie with the joy of simple souls.

"Yes, heart, I said. I know now that I've always——"

"Get your taxi," said Eulalie.

When they had reached her door and Henry had dismissed the chauffeur in order to avoid useless charges—and observation—he plucked up courage to take her hand.

"Since you are willing to marry me," said he, "I think you might be willing to kiss me."

"Ow!" cried Eulalie with a cry of pain.

"What's the matter?" asked the young pharmacist.

"Don't ask me!" said the girl, limping up the brownstone steps.

Bowlan, in perplexity, not knowing whether to follow her or stand still on the sidewalk, licked his lips.

"Eulalie!" he exclaimed. "What is the matter? You are hurt. You are in pain."

"It's the poisoned pill," she replied. "You took it?"

"Took it? Yes, I took it. Not in my mouth. I took it from that crazy piano-tuner."

"And where did you put it?"

"Ow! It's gone all the way down. Put it? Put it? Why, I put it in my stocking."

She had opened the door and was now pulling it shut after her.

"Efficient and—beautiful!" Henry exclaimed to himself.

And so the Dicker-Ainsworth stores lost a gold-haired cashier whose fingers were coral-lined and whose eyes were heliotrope and filled with the calm of centuries.

Henry knew it then. He started off on his long walk home with great, determined, satisfied strides, expressing youth, life and victory.

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The Mourning Veil

(Continued from page 19)

feel like that and I won't go."

"Where are you going, Miss Miller?"

"It's quite a long way," said Letty primly, and now, thrown back upon himself, it appeared that he could feel some slight offense.

"Oh," said he, "I didn't mean to be curious. Only I thought it might admit of my communicating with you."

That, Letty felt, would be a wonderful thing, but she knew she had forfeited it by what had gone before.

"I've got to go," she said desperately.

"Then," said young Trumbull, "I'd better say everything I came to say now. I didn't mean to burst in upon you with it—it isn't because I don't understand your grief—" Letty fancied she heard Mrs. Simpson and all the neighbors, in a well-trained unison chiming in with him here—"but it's something that's got to be said."

"No," said Letty. Her voice sounded loud in her own ears. "I don't know of anything that's got to be said."

YOUNG Trumbull sat for a moment looking at her as if considering how he might best begin. Letty thought she never saw more honest eyes. They were like the Colonel's, in their gaze, kindly and direct. Suddenly he seemed to make up his mind that if the thing was going to be done, it might as well be done in a salutary haste.

"Miss Miller," said he, "I suppose you know my uncle didn't leave a will."

Now Letty felt actual terror. It seemed to her the little imps of circumstance were lying in wait to hound her on to certain retribution. It began to look as if the imps would get her.

"He didn't leave a will," pursued young Trumbull. "He was like a good many men that put off the very thing they want most to do. Did he tell you anything about his property?"

"I don't know anything about his property," said Letty, in a loud voice. "Nor I don't want to."

Trumbull nodded.

"Just as I thought," he said. "Uncle was old-fashioned, hated to speak of those things. He wouldn't have spoken of it, even to you."

"No," said Letty coldly, "he never spoke about it to me. So don't you."

"I've got to," said Alan solemnly. "You'll see I've got to in common decency. If Uncle had known he was going to die, he'd have made his will. And if he'd made his will, who'd have inherited? Why, you, of course."

Letty rose to her feet, and her weak ankle forgot to hurt at all.

"I never heard of such an awful thing in my life," she cried.

Alan spoke quite slowly, in a reminding way.

"Of course Uncle meant you to have his property. Of course he meant you to have the house. I'm his only living relation and so I've inherited. But you know perfectly well if he had known he was going to die I shouldn't have had a cent. Don't need it, either. I'm doing mighty well. This last business of the mural decoration 'll set me up for good. But s'pose it hadn't? S'pose I was fighting for life as hundreds of better men are? There's simply only one way to look at it. You were as good as Uncle Alan's wife, and what was his is yours."

LETTY was so frozen now with the horror of it that she could only look at him and try to keep the breath in her nostrils. She wondered weakly if this could be the way people felt when they were going to die. Or was it only when they were going to faint? Suddenly he smiled, a bright, beautiful smile. He was very sorry for her, she could see, and the smile was meant to reassure her.

"We won't talk anything more about it," said he. "It's a horrid thing anyway to do business when you're sad and lonesome. But to-morrow I'll be over again, if you'll allow me, and we'll arrange things a little bit. I shall need to know whether you'd want to keep the house or have it sold. That's all. The personal property can be transferred without troubling you. Awfully sorry you have to think of these things at all."

He got up and, still holding his hat and stick, stood at the foot of the veranda steps to say good-by. But Letty could not speak. She could only look at him in terrified amazement, as she might at a messenger charged specially to torment her.

"To-morrow, then," said he. "May I?"

Letty summoned her lost voice and it came weakly. "Not before afternoon," said she.

"No, not before afternoon." Then he turned away and she watched him down the path.

(Continued on page 80)

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The Mourning Veil

(Continued from page 79)

When his light gray back had passed the space between the twin elms, Letty got up and with a little gasp went indoors. She forgot all about her ankle, and when it refused to support her without twinging, forced it angrily. She ran up to her own room where her trunk still stood with a layer of white things in the bottom. She began to put in more, and then stopped suddenly and took off her black dress. It was a pretty dress, but she did not treat it with the delicate care it merited. She tossed it at a nail in the closet, and when it hung there in a despairing fashion, looked balefully at it and went on packing.

The next day was a beautiful one of bright weather, a "proper nice one," Mrs. Randlett said, "to take a journey in." Letty had gotten up at four o'clock to wash her hair and now it hung down her back in a great golden braid, over her blue muslin to her waist. She had come out on the veranda to call to Simon, hoeing corn across the road, and bid him remember to take her over to the noon train.

"I beg your pardon," said Alan Trumbull. He had risen from his knees behind the hollyhocks, and Letty gave a little scream. But it looked as if he had not come to see her. He was carrying a beetle wonderfully barred with turquoise blue, and this he brought to her.

"I never saw such a color on any bug person in my life," he said. "I really never did."

SUCH reverent wonder, Letty wisely concluded, must come from his being an artist and hunting color everywhere. But he had set the beetle on his open palm and let it fly away, and now he looked at her in an ecstasy far more fervid than he had given the turquoise blue.

"What extraordinary hair!" he said. "You must forgive me, but we fellows that paint, you know, we have to say things. And what a blue for it. You're burning up with color. But where in thunder is your black?"

This last seemed to be an afterthought, and Letty guessed she needn't answer. He was smiling at her now in a vivid way that made it appear as if they were very intimate indeed and he could say anything.

"I came over this morning," he began, "because I didn't dare to wait for afternoon. Something told me you'd get away from me."

Letty tried to speak with dignity enough to freeze this strange new intimacy.

"I'm going away for awhile. I'm going to take the noon train. But I've got something to say to you and I'll write it when I get there."

"Of course you'll write," said Alan tumultuously. "And I shall, too. But I'm going to talk to you a minute now, train or no train. Why, it's early in the morning, and you don't go till twelve o'clock. I've been thinking. I thought about it most all night. If you don't need the house, why not let me buy it? And then, if you ever changed your mind—if you ever wanted to keep on living here—Summers you know—why, 'twould be right here."

"I don't want to hear anything about the house," said Letty hotly. Now she felt quite angry, and able to meet whatever he said. "I don't want your uncle's house nor his land nor his money either. I won't take 'em, and it's a sin and shame to plague me so."

Alan spoke quite gently, as if she needed to be calmed.

"Why," he said, "I never saw such a furious little aunt. If you'd married Uncle, you know, you'd have been my aunt."

Then all prudence and all propriety of speech departed from Letty, and she flushed a redder rose and said: "Well, I shouldn't have married him anyway. He was a good, dear man, and I liked him same 's everybody did, but I wouldn't have married him if he'd been one great solid diamond."

Alan was looking at her out of a black cloud of frowning brows, and she quaked perceptibly.

"Then what were you engaged to him for?" he demanded.

"I never was engaged to him," said Letty. It began to be delightful to free her mind, and she went on in a torrent of broken words. "The neighbors got it up. I never told 'em so. They just drew their own conclusions because he used to come down and sit with me here on the piazza and talk about the war."

"You never were engaged at all?" cried Alan.

He, too, looked very excited and Letty thought of telling him he needn't call so loud, for the chances were Mrs. Randlett was sweeping the back hall.

"No, never," said she, "never as long as I've lived."

And it began to seem to her a very sweet and fortunate thing to have kept herself so free.

"But you must have liked him awfully," said Alan, "to put on mourning for him. Especially," the wise artist added, "when you wear that shade of blue."

NOW Letty knew that the terrible moment had come. A man might even have forgiven her claiming troth with Uncle Alan, but he could never forgive a silly such as she. Hot tears came into her eyes and her voice choked so that he had to come nearer to be sure.

"It was the mourning veil."

"The mourning veil?" asked Alan. "What about the mourning veil?"

"I've always," said Letty, still in the same piteous tone, "I've always been bewitched to have a mourning veil. And I've been pretty much alone all my life; father and mother died when I was little, and Aunt Letty brought me up. And when she died, I was so sorry I guess I never thought of veils. But since I've been living here alone, I've thought lots of times that if 'twasn't anybody I cared a lot about, I'd give anything to have a mourning veil."

Her voice had sunk very low indeed now, and Alan was so silent that she could not tell how much he blamed her. At any rate, he was not laughing at her, she could hear anything better than that.

"And so," she said, "when your uncle died, we'd been friends and seemed to me there wasn't any reason why I shouldn't put on black for him if I wanted to. He'd have been the first to have me, if I liked it. And I knew he hadn't anybody in the world but you, and he told me you weren't ever coming home."

"No," said Alan softly, "I wasn't. But I'm glad I'm here."

"And when I went to buy my veil," said Letty, in deepest shame, "I saw a little bonnet with a peak in front. And it was so cunning! So I bought it, and when I wore it here Mrs. Simpson said 'We all knew you were engaged to him the minute we saw you 'pear out in a widow's bonnet and veil.' And that's all. And you can tell the neighbors. And I wish I was dead."

"Now, what," said Alan, in the same tone of careful softness, as if she were a bird and he feared to frighten her, "what should make you want a mourning veil?"

"Why, I'll tell you," said Letty, in scorn of herself, "and if you could think I was any sillier 'n you do now, that'll make you. When I was a little girl, there used to be a summer boarder with a lovely complexion and yellow hair, and she wore a mourning veil. And she'd come into church with it hanging down below her waist, and she'd go walking and the wind would take it out behind, and it just bewitched me, that's all. Maybe I was a fool not to outgrow it, but I never did."

"Letty," said he, and she didn't even notice that he used her name, "where is the mourning veil now?"

"It's in my fireplace up-stairs," said Letty viciously, "torn into forty thousand bits and stamped on before I set fire to it. That's where 'tis."

"And a good place for it, too. I guess Uncle Alan would laugh if he could know. Uncle Alan liked his joke."

"Yes," said Letty. The tears were running down her cheeks. "But this is a pretty bad joke. I guess there couldn't anybody laugh."

HER hand lay on the veranda rail and Alan had been looking at it while she talked thinking, with his artist's mind, how white it was and that the grain of the skin was finer than a rose. Now he put his own hand over it, and it did not seem strange at all to Letty to feel it there.

"What have you done with the black dresses, Letty?" he asked her, and she answered with the same vicious tone the veil had drawn from her.

"I'm going to burn 'em up when there's a bonfire outdoors where nobody'll see me."

"Oh, no," said Alan, "I wouldn't do that. I'd put a pink ribbon on one and a blue ribbon on another. I'd wear 'em till I wore 'em out. They're pretty dresses. I know by the one you had on yesterday."

"Yes," said Letty faintly, "they're pretty dresses. But I don't ever want 'em, I hate 'em so. I did like your uncle. He was real dear to me. But I thought this morning when I put this dress on if I'd done anything to make him seem queer to folks—well, I should wish I was dead, too, and I don't know but I do now."

"He'd laugh," said Alan. "I knew him like a book. We're going to laugh, too. But I'm glad the widow's veil is burned."

"Oh, yes," said Letty. "I couldn't have lived in the same house with it."

"And I'll tell you what," said Alan, "it's going to be a good long time, if I keep as husky as I am now, before you put on a widow's veil again."

Little Eva, the Angel Child

(Continued from page 13)

to toast "the little star of the movies," it was found that Eva La Grange had disappeared from the parlor.

"Leave it to me: I'll find her," said Mrs. Mahoney, putting down her glass of lemonade. "Don't let the monkey dip out my cherries. Leave it to me." And she lumbered into the hall, calling Eva. No reply came. So Mrs. Mahoney sailed on, up to the third floor back.

The door of the La Granges' room was ajar. The shears that Eva La Grange had snatched from Mrs. Mahoney's work basket lay open on the floor. Scattered about them, and in a mass beside them, were long curls of golden hair. Face downward on the floor, small hands clutching the curls, lay the juvenile whirlwind, sobbing out convulsively: "I *have* to have my curls, I *have* to have my curls, I *have* to have my curls!"

Mrs. Mahoney steamed into the third floor back with outstretched arms. "Eva!" she cried. "My angel child!" She gathered up the curly-mopped figure in the boy's brown Norfolk suit and carried it, soothingly, to a rocking-chair.

"Just tell it all to Mrs. Mahoney, darling," she crooned. "Just cry it out on Mrs. Mahoney's bosom. You, the mainstay and prop of your family, the sweetest child in the world, all by yourself up here, grieving your little heart out, and Mrs. Mahoney never knowing! Darling, curls grow again. There, there. Cry it out on Mrs. Mahoney's heart. And then we'll wash your pretty face and go down-stairs and drink out lemonade, and Lizzie will give us a piece of chocolate cake. Ain't it the truth, that you've been and gone and done what your parents couldn't do? What Mister Freddy French couldn't do. What Mrs. Mahoney herself couldn't have done. There, there. Ain't it the truth,"—rocking the juvenile whirlwind with comforting rocks—"*ain't it the truth*, that a little child shall lead us!"

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